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**MEMOIRS**  
**of**  
**COUNT LAVALLETTE.**

**WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

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# CONTENTS

OF

## THE SECOND VOLUME.

### CHAPTER I.

Sensation produced by the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire.—The First Consul sends me on a mission to Dresden.—My journey to Berlin in 1801.—The First Consul recalls me to Paris.—The Infernal Machine.—Conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru.—Sentence on the Duke d'Enghein . . . . . Page 1

### CHAPTER II.

Reflections on the death of the Duke d'Enghein.—Suicide of Pichegru.—Georges is executed with nine of his accomplices.—The Emperor Paul assassinated.—Consternation.—The Continental War breaks out again.—Campaign of Austerlitz.—Organization of the General Express service.—Interior Administration.—Prodigious memory of the Emperor . . . . . 25

### CHAPTER III.

Campaign of 1809.—Marriage and Divorce Plans.—Singular Conversation with Marshal \* \* \*.—Despair of the Empress.—Unfeigned grief of the Emperor.—Courage of Josephine.—She is abandoned by almost every one.—Marriage.—Birth of the King of Rome . . . . . 43

## CHAPTER IV.

Breach between France and Russia.—Campaign of 1812.—Fatal System of the King of Naples.—Conspiracy of Mallet . . . . . 68

## CHAPTER V.

Intelligence of the disasters of the Russian Campaign.—Firmness and intrepidity of the Emperor.—Campaign of 1813.—The Emperor returns to Paris.—My evening conversations with him.—His prodigious application to business.—Forming and composition of the National Guards . . 81

## CHAPTER VI.

Campaign of 1814.—Intrigues of the Royalists conducted by M. de Talleyrand.—Perplexity of the Council of Regency.—Energetic advice of Boulay de la Meurthe to the Empress.—Departure of the Government for Blois.—Battle under the walls of Paris.—Capitulation.—Arrival of the Emperor at the Stage called Le Cour de France.—His dejection.—Entrance of the Allies.—Aspect of the Metropolis.—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.—Weariness and falling off of the Chiefs.—Abdication . . . . . 94

## CHAPTER VII.

Departure of the Emperor for the Island of Elba.—Attempts to poison and murder him.—Entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris.—Spirit of the Populace.—Various Impressions.—Sittings of the Senate.—Reflections on the State of the Nation . . . . . 118

## CHAPTER VIII.

My singular and perilous situation.—The Empress Josephine at Malmaison.—The Emperor Alexander.—His opinion of the Bourbons.—Death of the Empress Josephine.—Errors of the Government.—Discontent of the Army.—Anger of Marshal Ney . . . . . 140

## CONTENTS.

v

### CHAPTER IX.

Conspiracy.—Affair of General Exelmans.—General Lallemand, Marshal Davoust, the Dukes of Otranto and Bassano are at the head of the Conspiracy.—Prudent conduct of Marshal Davoust.—News of the Emperor's landing.—Various sensations produced by it.—I seek refuge at the Duchess of St. Leu's.—Departure of the King.—My visit to the Post-office . . . . . 157

### CHAPTER X.

Aspect of the Tuileries.—Arrival of the Emperor.—Fouché at the Police.—Carnot at the Home Department.—I again resume the service of the Post-office on the 21st.—Proclamation of the Congress of Vienna.—Situation of the Emperor; its danger and novelty.—Champ de Mai.—Declaration of the Council of State.—General Bourmont.—Singular and painful discovery.—Fouché . . . . . 186

### CHAPTER XI.

Assembling of the Champ de Mai on the 1st of June.—Mass.—Affecting speech of the Emperor.—His departure.—Battle of Waterloo.—Return of the two Chambers.—My conversation with Napoleon at the Elysée.—He retires to Malmaison.—Last conversation.—His departure . . . . . 218

### CHAPTER XII.

I am arrested.—General Labedoyère.—My confinement at the Prefecture of Police.—My examination.—Anecdote of one of the Accomplices of Georges.—I am transferred to the Conciergerie.—Marshal Ney.—His delusion . . . . . 237

### CHAPTER XIII.

My thoughts and occupations.—The female prisoners.—Apartment of Queen Marie Antoinette.—My examination before M. Dupuis, Supernumerary Justice.—His generous impartiality.—Animosity of the Royalists against me.—



Visits and comfortings of my friends, Messrs. Alexander de la Rochefoucault, Vandeuil, Briquerville, Tascher de St. Rosea.—I see my daughter again for the first time.—M. Tripler 258

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Letter of the Duke de Richelieu against Marshal Ney.—My anxiety respecting Madame Lavallette.—Opening of the Debates.—The List of the Jury communicated to me.—M. Heron de Villefosse. My sentence of death is passed.—The fatal news announced to Madame Lavallette. She solicits and obtains an audience of the King.—Words of Louis XVIII. . . . . 278

#### CHAPTER XV.

Madame de Lavallette comes to see me.—Count Carvoisin.—Some particulars concerning Emilie Beauharnais.—My Marriage with her.—I leave her to go to Egypt.—My Mission to Saxony.—My journey to Berlin . . . . . 296

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Conduct of General Clarke towards me.—M. Paquier.—The Duke de Ragusa.—His friendship for me.—My prepossession.—I grew familiar with the idea of a violent death, and its horrible details.—The Princess de Vaudemont takes measures in my favour.—Trial of Marshal Ney.—Disguised Life-guards.—The Marshal's execution.—My Sentence confirmed by the Court of Cassation.—The Duke de Ragusa accompanies Madame de Lavallette to the Tuileries.—His courage.—Answer of Louis XVIII.—Harsh conduct of the Duchess of Angoulême . . . . . 311

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Consternation of the Turnkeys.—Affecting trait of one of the female turnkeys.—Madame de Lavallette makes me acquainted with her plan of escape.—My objections.—Its execution is put off to the following day.—Last attempt of Madame de Lavallette with M. de Richelieu.—Visit of M. de Carvoisin.—My daughter comes to see me.—I send her

away.—Madame de Lavallette brings her back.—She gives me my instructions.—Last visit of M. de St. Roses and Colonel Briquerville.—Old Madame Dutoit.—Our Supper.—My disguise.—I go away.—I meet the sedan chair.—The chairmen not at their post.—My perplexity, and the resolution I take.—Count Chassenon.—New disguise.—I follow M. Baudus on foot.—We meet Gendarmes.—We arrive at the Foreign-office.—Delicate attention of my hosts . 327

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Particulars related by M. Baudus.—M. and Madame Bresson.—Their vow.—They both come to pay me a visit.—Sensations produced by my escape.—Various reports.—Precautions I was forced to take.—Fresh anxiety.—I hear cried under my window the Police Ordinance against those who might give me a refuge.—Joincau and his wife.—Visit of Madame Bresson . . . . . 353

## CHAPTER XIX.

Account of what happened at the Conciergerie.—Rage of the Turnkey.—Their brutal conduct to Madame Lavallette.—M. Bellart examines her with excessive severity.—(Chief cause of her illness.—Her terrors.—She is placed in solitary confinement.—My daughter returns to her boarding-school.—Conduct of the Superior towards her.—The Police pursue their investigation.—Various plans to get me out of France.—Mr. Bruce.—Sir Robert Wilson.—Preparations for my disguise.—I leave the Hotel of Foreign Affairs.—M. de Chassenon brings me to the Rue de Helder.—House of my Reporting Judge.—M. Hutchinson.—I set off . 369

## CHAPTER XX.

Various adventures.—Conversation of Mr. Hutchinson with the gendarmes at La Chapelle.—Our arrival at Compiègne.—Difficulties started by the Postmaster at Valenciennes.—I pass the frontiers.—I take leave of my two deliverers . . . . . 385

## CHAPTER IX.

I travel under the name of Colonel Losack.—I arrive at Worms, where I read the Newspapers.—The Police discover the generous guilt of [redacted] Wilson.—Bribery and [redacted] mations.—I pass through the Grand-duchy of [redacted] the Kingdom of Wirtemberg.—I arrive in Bavaria.—Words addressed to [redacted] by the King.—I retire by [redacted] orders to Prayssingen.—Information laid by an [redacted] Emigrant.—The King [redacted] Starnberg.—Prince [redacted] see me twice a-week.—Fresh change of abode.—Kindness of [redacted] King [redacted] Bavaria.—I go [redacted] live [redacted] Munich [redacted] feigned name.—France demands my expulsion, [redacted] as that [redacted] General Drouet d'Erion.—Answer of [redacted] King [redacted] Bavaria.—I [redacted] refuge [redacted] Eichstätt, [redacted] afterwards at Augsberg, with the Duchess of St. Lou.—I go [redacted] France . . . . . 398

## APPENDIX.

- I. Extract of a Letter of the Duke de Ragusa to M. . . . . 407
- II. Letter of M. . . . ., Aide-de-camp of the Duke de Ragusa, [redacted] . . . . . 410
- III. [redacted] of Sir Robert Wilson to the Right Honourable the Earl Grey . . . . . 417
- IV. Extract of a Letter from Count Lavallette to M. . . . ., dated from London . . . . . 425
- V. [redacted] of M. Ballouchey [redacted] Count Lavallette, dated 10th May 1827 . . . . . 431
- VI. First Letter of Count Lavallette to the Duchess of Ragusa [redacted] Starnberg, [redacted] July [redacted] . . . . . 433
- VII. Second Letter, 14th August 1816 . . . . . 439
- VIII. [redacted] Citizen Lavallette [redacted] his departure [redacted] a [redacted] [redacted] Saxony, [redacted] Paris, 15 Pluviose, Year VIII. . . . . 441
- IX. Abstract of the General Instructions given to M. La- [redacted] [redacted] above-mentioned Mission to Saxony, dated 2 Pluviose, Year VIII. . . . . 443
- [redacted] Instructions for [redacted] Lavallette, from [redacted] Talleyrand . . . . . 454
- XI. The [redacted] of the Foreign Department to Citizen Talleyrand, Paris, 12 Nivose, Year IX. . . . . 459

## MEMOIRS

### COUNT LAVALLETTE.

#### BOOK I.

produced by the Revolution of the 18th

—The First Consul sends me on a mission to

—My journey to Berlin in 1801.—The First Consul

calls me to Paris.—The Infernal Machine.—Conspiracy

of Georges Danton and Pichegru. — Sentence on the Duke

d'Enghien.

THE expulsion of the late Government caused  
in manner of regret to the public, though the  
fact that expulsion created some anxiety.  
Notwithstanding the violence of the preceding  
Governments, the nation was not yet accus-  
tomed to them. She had not forgotten the  
aim towards which all her exertions had been

directed for the last twelve years; the establishment of liberty founded on solid and respected laws. She found however, in the new constitution, none of those securities she was entitled to expect. Although the First Consul crowned the country with his own glory, and though his genius left him no room for the independence, France wished to find in the result of victory all the advantages of peace, and all the wealth of industry and trade. Therefore, when the periodical press was consulted on the question of the consulate for life, an immense majority of citizens expressed their approbation in the most striking manner, convinced that a lasting magistracy related to the interests a greater security.

One of the earliest measures of the First Consul was, to send new diplomatic agents to foreign countries. To me he entrusted a mission to Dresden,\* ordering me, immediately after my arrival, to write to Vienna, that I had powers to insist for a cessation of hostilities,

\* See Appendix, No. 1, 2.

in 1805 the Cabinet of Vienna should prefer addressing itself to me. The conditions were in the form of preliminaries of peace. The circumstances of the war on the Rhine hastened its conclusion, and it was signed after the battle of Hohenlinden by the Under-chief of the Staff of Napoleon.

The apparent object of my mission to Dresden was to maintain good friendship between Saxony and France. I had superseded a man of considerable merit; but he having been an agent of the Directory was supposed to make his situation perplexing and unpleasant. Mine was nearly the same. The Elector was still officially at war with France, as a member of the empire, though he had recalled his troops a long while before. I should have been obliged, in a moment, to force the posts, and thus give displeasure. My instructions gave me full authority to act in that manner; but such proceedings were not to my taste; and I entertained so great a regard for a prince who had rendered his throne venerable by his virtues,

that I should certainly never have been able to surmount the aversion I felt to give him the least uneasiness. I never even saw him. I lived at Dresden in the greatest retirement. The climate did not agree with my wife's health, and my want of activity was disagreeable to me. When I received the news of the battle of Marengo, my mind was filled with grief at the thought, that a military career was for ever closed against me, and that I should never be prohibited from wishing for still greater glory or advancement. I was however somewhat comforted by the permission I received to pass the carnival of 1801 at Berlin.

A great many emigrants lived at Leipsick and Thuringia who owed their safety and maintenance to the generous bounty of the Elector. My arrival at that place spread alarm among these small colonies. My predecessor had been unable to afford them much protection, but he had at least removed persecution. They imagined that an aide-de-camp of General Bonaparte would not fail to drive them out of the

only ~~because~~ they ~~had~~ left. ~~During~~ ~~all~~ that, I endeavoured ~~to~~ remove their ~~harm~~. I ~~had~~ no great merit in showing them ~~marks~~ of humanity. I ~~was~~ naturally inclined ~~to~~ consider them in ~~the~~ light of unfortunate countrymen, who had ceased to be dangerous from the ~~time~~ they had laid down ~~their~~ arms. ~~Which~~ which, I had received from the First Consul a positive order to facilitate the return to France of all such ~~as~~ appeared willing to carry back to their country feelings of peace. I ~~made~~ ~~no~~ distinction, and, during twelve years, I ~~had~~ no cause to repent. I ~~now~~ seek ~~to~~ forget that, in 1814, some of them repelled the gratitude they owed me as an insult. During these twelve years, at least, the Imperial government ~~was~~ ~~not~~ displeasing ~~to~~ them. The greatest part ~~of~~ them had solicited and obtained ~~official~~ situations.

At ~~Paris~~ ~~we~~ lodged with the French Ambassador, General Burnonville. His polite ~~and~~ delicate friendship enhanced the pleasure that reigned that year in the metropolis of the ~~French~~ ~~Republic~~. It was during my



stay there that peace was signed with Russia; and I could not help remarking, ■ a curious circumstance, ■■ sudden eagerness with which the ■■■■■ sought ■■ when ■ a few days before a member of the diplomatic body would not have ■■■■ to dance in the same quadrille with a French lady. I ■■■ the honour ■ ■■ and approach frequently the Queen, who ■■■ still more ■ be respected for her virtues than admired for her beauty. It ■ impossible to imagine ■ ■■■■ charming person united with a more dignified and majestic demeanour.

The simplicity of her ■■■■■ added a still ■■■■ sacred character ■ the feelings of veneration she inspired. ■■■ had ■ splendour, no retinue. She went out every day in the plain-■■■ carriage, ■■■ frequently on foot, when ■■■ weather permitted. The ■■■■■■■ of Berlin, ■ ■ ■■■ many persons attached to the Court, used ■ ■■■ time to express themselves with perhaps ■■ great ■ ■■■■■ respecting their Sovereign ■■■ his family; but ■■■■ was ■■ slightest blame mixed with ■■ praises

bestowed on the Queen. Surrounded by her lovely children, lavishing on them the softest caresses, with the most touching tenderness, and without the least affectation, she received the French with a grace and a feeling of preference dictated by policy ; and it was easy to perceive that her attentions were owing to the title of Frenchmen more than to any particular merit in the person to whom she addressed them.

She had then with her the Princess of Mecklenburg, a sister of the Emperor Alexander, whose beauty was dazzling, but whose noble features already bore traces of the complaint of which she died a short time after : the whole expression of her countenance presented something so profoundly melancholy, that whenever she spoke she seemed to bid you a last adieu.

The most singular man of the Court of Berlin was Prince Henry of Prussia. Posterity, which has now begun for him, fully justifies all the praises of fame, and I owe respect to his sentence ; still I must say, that his memory has not been rewarded by the city of

Berlin. He ~~was~~ become a general object of raillery and disregard. ~~His manner~~ of living, the eccentricity of ~~his~~ tastes, ~~the~~ singularity of ~~his~~ dress, certainly contributed a great ~~deal~~ to ~~the~~ feeling of the public towards him; but it was chiefly owing to ~~his~~ hatred for Frederick ~~the~~ Great, ~~to~~ which he frequently gave ~~vent~~ in the most bitter ~~expressions~~. Louis ~~De~~ parte, having passed through Berlin, ~~was~~ for a few days to Rheinsberg, the usual residence of the Prince. On ~~his~~ ~~return~~ to town, he repeated ~~to~~ ~~me~~ with indignation the following words the Prince had uttered ~~at~~ table: "You have a great ~~idea~~ in France of my brother Frederick; but how greatly mistaken you Frenchmen are! You do not know the secret of his victories. He ought to have written as long as he lived—it was for that alone ~~he~~ ~~was~~ destined him." A thousand traits of ~~this~~ kind have been related ~~to~~ me ~~at~~ Berlin by persons of rank. The ~~most~~ strange eccentricities may be united with the greatest merit; but ~~as~~ much hatred, ~~as~~ a constant wish to lower in public estimation so

great a ■■■■ and particularly ■■ attack him in his ■■■■ justly acquired glory, ■■ conduct unworthy of ■■ patriot, a prince, and ■■ man of good ■■■■.

The truce with Austria was signed on the 4th of Nivose, and, according ■■ the promise of the First Consul, I was soon after recalled. When I arrived in Paris, I found the public still in the first excitement occasioned by the shocking event of the Infernal Machine. The execrable attempt showed how much hatred the House of Bourbon had conceived against Bonaparte. It must be entirely attributed to the Princes; for, in 1814, the emigrants, then masters of the field, openly boasted of it, and made no secret of the means they had employed. Limoelan, Carton, and ■■ Rejant, were all three Vendéans, who ■■■■ come from England expressly for this noble enterprise. Limoelan escaped, ■■■■ nothing farther ■■■■ been heard of him; St. Rejant also escaped ■■ first, but ■■■■ retaken afterwards with Georges. I ■■■■ here mention ■■ what ■■■■ ■■ was discovered.

I expected, ~~on~~ returning ~~to~~ the ~~First~~ Consul, ~~to resume~~ the functions of aide-de-camp: I ~~was~~ mistaken. After passing a few days ~~at~~ Malmaison, the First Consul ~~said~~ me word by Duroc, ~~that~~ ~~his~~ intention ~~was~~, I should fill an ~~official~~ post, ~~and~~ ~~next~~ morning I read in "The Moniteur" that I ~~was~~ appointed one of the directors of the Sinking Fund. This appointment, which had been made without consulting me, and of which I received the first ~~account~~ through ~~a~~ newspaper, vexed ~~me~~. I felt ~~for~~ that ~~sort~~ of employment, ~~and~~ for ~~my~~ life in general, ~~an~~ aversion, which the catastrophe of ~~1804~~ ~~has~~ but too well justified. I went ~~to~~ M. Maret, Secretary of State, ~~and~~ declared that I would not accept the situation; and that I preferred living in obscurity, to accepting a post ~~in~~ which I ~~felt~~ aversion. At five o'clock I went ~~to~~ dine ~~at~~ the Tuileries, ~~as~~ usual. General Lannes, who was ~~on~~ duty, had heard of my refusal: he came ~~up~~ ~~to~~ me, approved of it, and encouraged me. "This ~~man~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ send away his most ~~valuable~~ friends: ~~we~~ ~~shall~~

see what he'll gain by it." The approbation of the General [redacted] in the [redacted] to my resolution, which [redacted] firmly taken. The First Consul passed by, in going to dine; and perceiving [redacted] he took me to the window, and said, "You do not wish, then, [redacted] enter into official employment?" I answered rather drily, "No."—"Well," he replied, "you [redacted] [redacted] as you please; I'll have nothing [redacted] to do with you." Saying that, he left me. Those [redacted] the only [redacted] words I [redacted] ever heard from him; but they went [redacted] my heart. I retired in [redacted] rage, and sending all to the d—l. Three days after, observing my absence, Bonaparte sent Clarke and Eugene to order [redacted] to go to speak to him. I went; [redacted] he spoke so persuasively, that I accepted the [redacted]. He then [redacted] me that [redacted] intention [redacted] to make [redacted] Postmaster-general, in the room of a man who [redacted] wholly devoted to [redacted] de Talleyrand; but [redacted] [redacted] secret having been discovered, he had encountered an opposition which [redacted] wished to [redacted] by [redacted] measures. At [redacted] time he

was not yet absolute master. In fact, a few months afterwards, I received an order to take possession of the Post-office. I entered it against my will. I nevertheless did my duty there during thirteen years, with a devotedness and a zeal which were not sufficient to ensure my welfare, and for which I have been cruelly punished in 1815.

When I took the management of the Post-office, I found the bad custom established of delivering up to the police of every town of France all the letters claimed as suspicious. I immediately put an end to this practice, by sending out of office those directors that had been guilty of it. From that time, at least, the members of families were no longer pried into by the worst set of men. I soon resolved to cut off all communication with Fouché,—a measure which he never forgave me.

Government, however, was with the approbation of all France. The new system of administration was better appropriated to the spirit of the nation. The magistrates had been

chosen from among the enlightened of society. All the public officers wish to please, and the necessity of being friends. Politeness, and the good customary in civilized states, had taken place of the vulgar forms of the Republic. Order re-appeared on all. The First Consul had promised peace: he gave it with every appearance of durability.

France proud of her First Magistrate, and her glory carried to the highest pitch. Northern Italy had been added to the several conquests of the Revolution,—a brilliant acquisition that delighted the nation, which always destined to pay dearly for it. Peace with England gave the finishing stroke the national glory. Imagination itself could set bounds to the expected prosperity of France; and all those golden dreams seemed on the point of being realized. The expedition in St. Domingo, entrusted in too feeble hands, and which ought perhaps not to have been undertaken at all, was a disappointment; and



the renewal of the war with England, a misfortune. But France was full of energy, and shared the boldness and good fortune of her chief. He had no other fear but that of losing him; and his fate could not be averted amidst the perils of war, the Princes of the House of Bourbon attempted once more, and nearly succeeded. Experienced casuists may perhaps find the means of conciliating the maxims of the Gospel, and the inspirations of piety, with a resolution to commit the greatest of all crimes, murder. Certain at least it is, that the Princes commanded that murder, entered into all the details of its execution, and marked out the victim; whilst some of them were even for that purpose his most faithful servants and most devoted friends.

It was in 1793 that this event took place. For some time previously, the First Consul, who had the English newspapers carefully translated for his perusal, was surprised not to find in them the usual threats against his person. Their absence appeared suspicious;

and ■■■ night, being ■■■■ to sleep, ■■■ ■■■■ and looking over the reports of the police he had received several months before, he found that ■ person, called Querelle, had been arrested ■ the ■■■■ of Normandy, with two other individuals; that they ■■■ been kept in prison ■■■■ that time, ■ they ■■■ strongly suspected of being Chouans, and of having come ■■■ from England with ■■■■ black design. He immediately sent ■ order to put these young men on their trial. They ■■■ probably found guilty, for they were sentenced to die. The commander of the division delivered the sentence to the chief of the staff for execution. That gentleman ■■■ ■ a ball: he conned the letter ■■■ his return home, and went to bed. If the order ■■■ been given immediately, and executed next morning at ■■■■ o'clock, it is probable that the secret of those unfortunate ■■■■ would have been for ■■■■ buried in their graves: but when daylight appeared, the horror of approaching ■■■■ dismayed the mind of Querelle. ■■■ fell into

such violent convulsions, that he was supposed to have been poisoned. The doctor, who was called to his assistance, tried to comfort him; and some broken medicines which escaped him, led the doctor to the idea of sending him a person who might draw from him important disclosures by promising him pardon. The promise was made. When his companions were ready to go to the fatal spot, they exhorted him to remain firm. One of them said to him, "Thou'lt say more than thou knowest. Death is near, and the pain short; a little courage, and all will be over!" He resisted: his two accomplices left him, with a shrug of the shoulders, and went calmly to be shot. However, Querelle acknowledged that several emigrants were to have left England to assassinate the First Consul; that Georges and his companions had a share in the plot. He mentioned General Pichegru. This slight indication gave a clue to the police. Fouché was then no longer Minister of that department;—it had been joined to the department

of Justice; an odd adjunction, universally blamed, and which the Government an appearance of odious despotism: Justice seized her and lowered it the judge. The whole structure of Fouché remained; although the Grand Judge, Regnier, did not know how to make use of it, perhaps because he used it against his will, the heads of the police on this occasion all their skill to work. It was known that M. de Rivière, and the son of the Duke of Polignac, had arrived in Paris. They were arrested, and with them a dozen wretched bravoës, who had gained no reputation in the Vendée,—robbers of diligences, polluted by the vilest and most odious crimes. Some of these wretches declared that Georges was at the head of the conspiracy. One of the accomplices said that he had seen in Georges' lodgings a man for whom that chief showed the greatest consideration, and whom he treated with evident respect. This person was supposed to be the Duke d'Enghein; and Bonaparte an aide-de-camp of Ettenheim,

to inquire what the Duke d'Enghein was doing there, and whether he frequently left his residence. The aide-de-camp came back, saying, that the Duke was absent from home twelve days, and that nobody knew where he went. From that circumstance it was concluded, that he came to Paris incognito, and that he was he whom Georges treated with so much respect. His name was disclosed. A few days after his death, Pichegru was also arrested; and then Picot, who had made the declaration about Georges, being confronted with the prisoner, said, it was he whom he had meant when speaking of the superior chief. When the First Consul heard this, he trembled with despair, and cried, "Cursed report! my aide-de-camp!" Pichegru being arrested, Bonaparte resolved also to make use of Moreau. The enmity between those two men ought to have concluded in no other way but by a desperate duel. The former had been betrayed by the latter before the 18th of Fructidor. Bonaparte had, nevertheless, obtained

certain proofs ~~that~~ their quarrel ~~had~~ been made up by the interposition of an Abbé David. He did not however produce these proofs, ~~and~~ he acted wisely. In the hearing of ~~the court~~, no doubt ~~was left~~ but Georges and ~~his friends~~ had come ~~to Paris~~ to murder the individual ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~interest~~ of the government; that M. de Rivière, ~~was~~ aide-de-camp to Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, ~~was~~ in ~~the~~ plot; that he ~~had~~ been sent over to take ~~a~~ leading part in it; that Messrs. de Polignac, attached by affection and birth to the House of Bourbon, ~~had~~ ~~acted~~ with the ~~same~~ intentions; and that Pichegru and Moreau ~~were~~ to profit by the attempt to recall the Bourbons and replace them on the throne. I say, ~~he~~ profit by; because ~~he~~ appears, by an observation that escaped Pichegru, that he had refused ~~to~~ take ~~a~~ direct share in the murder of a warrior ~~in~~ whom, ~~at~~ least, ~~he~~ owed consideration. On his arrival in Paris ~~he~~ saw Georges; and hearing from ~~him~~ ~~that~~ the ~~act~~ was not yet committed, he ~~came~~ with ~~a~~ haughty air, "What mean all these delays and precautions? In

London you thought of calculating any thing. Speedily fulfil your promise. I do not wish to see you until he is ready." In fact, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Georges, on his arrival, had not calculated every thing. He remained five months and a half concealed in Paris: during so long a space of time, fortune presented him with only two opportunities of committing the crime he meditated, with a due regard for the chances of success and his safety. The First Consul was not to be attacked in the Tuileries, for it was very difficult to surprise him in his walks, for which he had no regular hours. To assassinate him in a play-house was become impossible, since the attempt of the Infernal Machine had miscarried. The design of Georges could therefore only be put in execution during one of his journeys; and still it was possible at the moment of his starting. The army was then at Boulogne. The First Consul went twice thither. The first time he started from Paris; and I only learned his departure a ball the

The Consul gave. Bonaparte was there. It was at five o'clock: he perceived me, as he was walking in the saloon; having made a sign, I stepped into an apartment where there were but few people. He said to me, *passant*, "I intend to start off in two hours for Boulogne: two coaches, six horses, eight ponies, General Duroc." I was prepared. The usual express went off an hour before him, and he arrived before any one knew in Paris where he was gone. But his return was easier to be known. It was natural to imagine that he would not remain long at Boulogne. The plan of Georges, according to his own confession, was to waylay him on his return, dressed with some of his accomplices as guides, who, mounted on ponies, fatigued by the express service, generally followed the coach at a considerable distance. They were to stop the First Consul, put him in a cabriolet escorted by them, drive rapidly to Normandy, and embark him for England. The latter part of the plan was evidently too absurd, for a man of Georges'



to have ever thought it [redacted]. He only invented that fable, because he was ashamed of acknowledging [redacted] murder the First Consul ; and, in fact, nothing would have been easier for him, [redacted] accompanying the coach as a guide, to let off a trumblood, the shot of which Bonaparte could not have survived. At Bonaparte's [redacted] return, Georges had [redacted] yet got together all his people : [redacted] wished, besides, [redacted] the blow in Paris. The [redacted] journey took place with the [redacted] precautions, only that Bonaparte travelled under the name of General Bessieres. I do not know what circumstance prevented Georges from executing his plan that time.

## CHAPTER II.

Execution on the Rhine of the Duke d'Enghein.—Suicide of Pichegru.—Georges is executed with nine of his accomplices.—The Emperor Paul assassinated.—Consternation.—The Continental War begins again.—Campaign of Austerlitz.—Organization of the Russian Express Service. — Interior Administration. — Prodigious memory of the Emperor.

THE death of the Duke d'Enghein was partly occasioned by the mistake into which the report of the aide-de-camp led the First Consul; but I must say, that that was not the only cause of it. Proofs had been obtained that the Prince really did come from time to time on the left bank of the Rhine, where he held conferences with the Mayor of ———, and stopped at the village of ———. It was but natural to conclude from that circumstance, that he was not a stranger to the plots of Pichegru. In

truth, what was the plan of the conspirators, according to their own professions and those of their friends who now boast of it? Pichegru was to throw himself into Alsatia, to proclaim the King, and make that province declare itself in favour of the Bourbons; while Moreau was to do the same with the army of the Rhine. Why then should not Pichegru have acted in as Prince of the House of Bourbon, who lived at seven short leagues distance: a Prince, the only one of his family who had acquired military reputation in those very departments of the Rhine, and whose presence would have warmed the hearts and moved the courage of every one?

Another motive, perhaps the most peremptory, must be sought for in Bonaparte's character,—impetuosity and love of revenge, which might be called *vendetta Corsica*. That feeling was besides, at the period I am describing, raised to the highest degree by his enemies. I heard him say a few days afterwards, "Let them throw all Europe on my shoulders; my

part will then be to defend myself: their attack is a legal one. But to blow up whole streets, to kill or maim more than one hundred persons in the hope of coming at me; to send, as they now have done, forty bravoes to murder me,—that is too much. I will make them shed tears of blood. They shall learn at their expense what it is to make murder legal."

Revenge is but a vulgar passion, and will it be the commonest among kings. The First Consul was worthy of setting himself above it. I should have wished him to have had the Duke d'Enghien arrested and condemned; but after the judgment, to have sent for him, have given him the proofs that were obtained, of his having conspired against him, and then to have immediately sent him over to England. I am sure the Prince's heart was too noble not to be moved by such an act of magnanimity; and his family were destined one day to reign again, Bonaparte would not have found him an enemy, nor in his own heart a reproach which he was unable to silence,

For the rest, their actions served as a foundation to the ~~cloud~~ of horror raised against him all ~~over~~ France ~~and~~ Europe. ~~But~~ without naming all the Princes, who, after having committed ~~the same~~ fault, have ~~incurred~~ ~~the~~ respect of mankind, does not ~~the~~ greatest and ~~most~~ of our writers, Montesquieu, ~~when~~ speaking of Alexander, say, "He burned Persepolis and killed Clitus, but &c." ? I went to St. Cloud a few days after the trial. I was accustomed, ~~while~~ waiting for ~~the~~ order to ~~visit~~ the closet of the First Consul, to stop in the library with a young man named ~~Ripaule~~ Ripaule, who took ~~care~~ of ~~the~~ books, and who told me that the day before, while going out of that room, Bonaparte perceived a bust of ~~the~~ Great Condé placed in a passage leading ~~to~~ his closet : he immediately said to Ripaule, with an abrupt tone and ~~an~~ agitated voice : "Let ~~that~~ bust be placed somewhere else."

The arrival of ~~the~~ Prince and his death were known ~~at~~ the same moment ~~at~~ the palace. Madame Bonaparte burst into tears and threw her-

self at her husband's feet, to obtain the Prince's pardon: it was too late. His sister-in-law, Madame Elisa, made him a letter composed by Fontanes: he remonstrated with her for having sent it, but without any appearance of repentment. Caulaincourt, on his arrival from Strasbourg, learned the fatal news from Madame Bonaparte. His grief was so great that he retired. I have no doubt of his having been a perfect stranger to the arrest of the Duke d'Engheim, and my proof is his having accepted the place of chief equerry. Caulaincourt would never have deigned to receive the wages of blood. His elevation was only owing to his merit and attachment to the First Consul.

This fatal *comp d'état* had not yet ceased harassing Bonaparte's mind, when he received another violent shock by the death of Pichegru. He had been arrested, examined, and confronted. The treacherous behaviour of his subalterns towards him, and the total ruin of his hopes, made him resolve to avert the horrors he had still to encounter, by ridding himself of a life

he had no ~~idea~~ ~~of~~ of prolonging. Perhaps also he was urged to the act by the shame of having associated with such accomplices for the performance of such a crime. He ~~was~~ found dead in prison. It would be insulting both Bonaparte and Pichegru to imagine that one of the ~~two~~ could have ~~taken~~ the other's life in that manner. One must not seek to rob that energetic soul of the glory of having nobly escaped from the ~~hands~~ of his enemies. His retreat was that of a gallant warrior; and if all the particulars that have been published were sufficient to exonerate Bonaparte from the suspicion of having murdered him, the character of Pichegru, well known to those who approached him, had left not the least doubt in their minds.

The condemnations of the other prisoners ~~aroused~~ a general feeling of pity, particularly among the family of the First Consul, and those who were devoted to his person. Too much blood had already been spilled, and every person sought to ~~remove~~ from the Sovereign the

pardon of some victim or other. Napoleon Bonaparte took upon her the M. Rivière the Polignacs. I accompanied Cloud Madame Louis Bonaparte, having by her side the daughter of Lajolais. The mother of the First Consul, and Madame Joseph, the wife of General Murat, and her two sisters, undertook the pardon of the others. When I arrived at St. Cloud, the First Consul, on perceiving me, said: "What are they doing in my wife's apartments? They are weeping, the most of all. It is a heart-breaking sight."

I had found him agitated; his emotion grew more and more visible. He walked two or three times up and down the closet, and said: "The wretches wanted to murder me! What a fate!"

He then went out of the room. A while afterwards, the sister of M. Rivière and the female relations of the Polignacs came in, led by Madame Bonaparte, and fell at his feet. He did not hesitate a moment, but immediately signed the pardon of Madame Polignac and



the British. Georges had written to Murat a very noble letter, in which he solicited, not his own pardon, but those of his companions. The General read it to me with emotion. He offered, however, to be the first to throw himself on the English coast if life was granted to him. It was, he said, only changing the manner of his death; but in that way at least he would be useful to his country. His letter was read in a secret council. Bonaparte himself appeared disposed to pardon, but it was represented to him that those men had killed public functionaries in the streets; that no favour could be allowed to a double murder; that it would be showing a great favour to murderers, and discourage those whose duty it was to punish him; that Georges, an obscure man in his own party, was, after all, nothing but a leader of banditti, famous only for his atrocious acts; and in one word, that if he were spared, nobody could with justice be punished. He was executed with nine of his accomplices; and the mob, according to their custom, went to see the tra-

gedy performed, and to such emotions as the sight of the violent death of individuals who had attempted to crush the Bourbons.

This conspiracy made the First Consul aware that he ought to hasten his ascent to the throne. It was the secret wish of all those whose wishes looked for favours which a Republic was unable to bestow. To Bonaparte it offered not alone protection, but also an outlet of power, of which he felt the want for the execution of his great design. Besides that, it was the only means of reconciling to the government the sovereigns of Europe, who trembled at the thought of a Republic. England alone excepted, being scarcely a monarchy in its foreign relations, all the other powers were convinced that the presence of a monarch in France would stem the torrent of republican ideas, and the discontent that prevailed among all nations. Peace had already been concluded with all, and confirmed during the Consulate. The Emperor Paul had gone farther still. In his hatred of the

English, he found a powerful auxiliary in the French Consul. These monarchs sought to mark their reign by illustrious actions, and their common hatred of the English had brought them a great deal nearer to each other. There had been some questions of an expedition to India by their joint forces. The Emperor Paul imprudently betrayed his secret, and perished. His death was probably as much owing to that circumstance as to the despotism with which he swayed the family and the court.

The return so skilfully prepared from republic to monarchy, was marked by the most solemn ceremony the Christian world had witnessed for the last thousand years. All Christendom most ardently wished, that the kingdom of France, after having presented to the world a deplorable example of impiety, might also offer a majestic instance of a nearer return to the Christian religion. The Pope, rising above all human passions, hatred, and prejudice—convinced besides, that the leader of France was directed by Providence,—

concluded a treaty ~~which~~ by wisdom, policy, and ~~the~~ sanctity of ~~the~~ high calling. He could not have resisted the ~~will~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ expressed to him, to consecrate the union of church and state by the authority of his presence, and the pompous ceremonies of that worship, which acknowledged in him the sovereign pontiff. He left Rome, and ~~came~~ to France. The First Consul received him at Fontainebleau, and the most majestic gravity presided ~~over~~ their mutual relations during the whole of his stay in France. The ceremony of the coronation ~~was~~ the most solemn that ~~was~~ had bestowed a sacred character on ~~the~~ legitimacy of a ~~new~~ reign. The Pope, a venerable old man, ~~was~~ surrounded by all his prelates, and by ~~more~~ than one hundred French bishops ordained with his consent, ~~the~~ chief functionaries of the state, the whole diplomatic body of Europe, ~~and~~ the universal ~~armies~~ of France and the army, have given it that ~~was~~ a degree of legitimacy, which the ~~House~~ of Bourbon will ~~never~~ be able to weaken. These united claims to all ~~that~~ ~~is~~

legitimate among men were perhaps not sufficiently felt by the Emperor, when he abdicated at Fontainebleau. His resistance would undoubtedly have cast him into captivity; but what ought his own fate to have been in his eyes? He was persecuted sovereign. But his son never could justify his right; and although he submitted in his favour, that modified was void, because not expressed by his own sacrifice. I shall have an opportunity of recalling these reflections to mind.

England was not at the peace with the whole Continent, and with herself, would be fatal to her. The expedition to St. Domingo had begun successfully. It was altogether a bold enterprize which ought not to have entered into the plans of the Emperor; but the remembrance of the prosperity of St. Domingo, the numerous colonists who had fled to France and sighed over the wreck of their fortune, called loudly for the conquest of the island. The Emperor yielded to the general delusion, and in a desire of employing his

navy, which was supposed to secure the national glory.\* The Directory had made a bad choice and taken half-measures: this was more than sufficient to produce failure. The general to whom they had given the command of the expedition was a man of little capacity, though of great personal integrity. He failed, and fell a victim to the skill of the blacks. He was shipped off and sent away with the reputation of a dupe, and the disgrace he had cast on the name of the French. The general to whom the Emperor entrusted the second expedition had more energy and talent than his predecessor, but, like him, he had to contend with a destructive climate, and a power augmented by French resources. It must also be acknowledged, that liberty with all its advantages, its energy, and its hopes, had given to the negroes, already

\* It is easy to discover that the writer has here made a slight mistake, or rather has transposed. The expedition to St. Domingo took place in 1802, before the First Consul had mounted the Imperial throne, and Toussaint Louverture was at Fort Jonx on the 14th of April 1803. (*Note of the French Editor.*)

organized, and proud of their former victory, a degree of strength and skill, from which it was no longer possible to triumph. The General-in-chief fell a victim to the climate; and although he had sent to France Toussaint Louverture, the chief man in the country, he sunk under the national energy and advantageous positions of his enemies.

England seized the moment when the success of the expedition was doubtful, to break the peace. Mr. Pitt, accustomed to trample on the most sacred rights and conventions, began the war without declaration, captured trading vessels, ruined merchants, and set the Continent again on fire. Russia and Austria united, took up arms again. The Emperor left the shores of the Atlantic for Austria, and made the admirable campaign which terminated with the battle of Austerlitz. It was then that I adopted for the first time, on a large scale, the system of expresses the Emperor had commanded me to organize, and the invention of which was his. He had felt the inconvenience of let-

ting a single man cross such a vast extent of country. More than once, the couriers, oppressed with fatigue or badly mounted, did not by their speed satisfy his impatience. He did not like either to put in the hands of a single man papers, the speedy reception of which might have a serious, and sometimes decisive influence upon the most important events. Consequently, by his orders I organized the express service, which consisted in sending by the postilions of each stage the cabinet despatches shut up in a portfolio, of which he and I had each a key. When a postilion arrived at a stage, he delivered to the next a little book, on which the name of all the stages was inscribed, and in which the hour of the arrival and departure of the despatches were to be mentioned. Fines and punishment were inflicted for the loss of the little book, or for any negligence of the postmaster in setting down the hour of the arrival and departure of the despatches. I had a great deal of trouble in obtaining a due execution of those forms; but



by means of an active and vigilant superintendence I succeeded at last, and the service continued during eleven years with almost wonderful exactness. I was enabled to overcome exactly the a day's delay on a space of four hundred leagues. The express departed and arrived every day from and to Paris, Naples, Milan, the mouths of the Cataro, Madrid, Lisbon, and, at a later period, also Tilsit, Vienna, Petersburg, and Amsterdam. This plan being ensured considerable economy: the couriers used to cost seven francs and a-half per post, whereas the expresses were no more than three francs. The Emperor received on the eighth day the answer to the letters he addressed to Milan, and on the fifteenth to those of Naples. This service was very useful to him, and I may say without vanity, that it proved one of the elements of his success.

The campaign began by the affair of Ulm, which was like a thunderbolt: Russia was dismayed, and hastened to hide her hostile projects. Austerlitz forced Austria to leave the

knee, and ~~the~~ astonished ~~Prussians~~ to fall back. The following year, ~~Prussia~~ was defeated in the battle of Jena, and ~~afforded~~ a fresh proof to a thousand others, that an absolute monarchy is nothing if its leader be not the most skilful man in the nation. This event was also a proof that Prussia is not a strong nation. Its sovereign, dismayed by the loss of ~~one~~ battle, sought an auxiliary in the ~~most~~ distant north ; while its army, which ~~it~~ contained pupils of Frederick the Great, had lost ~~all~~ ~~its~~ old energy, and even the enthusiasm of its former glory. One day it fought, and the next it ~~was~~ nothing more than a ~~mass~~ of men without discipline or energy. One only saved the honour of the monarchy, and preserved some sparks of the ~~war~~ fire that influences all hearts. This was not done by a prince of the House of Prussia, but by Blucher, and ~~his~~ march towards Lubeck, with his noble defence, gave the Prussians a great lesson of courage in adversity, ~~the~~ most important ~~and~~ ~~most~~ useful lesson men and nations ~~can~~ receive. .

These years' triumph ~~will~~ inspire the Emperor with an ~~idea~~ of conquering Europe ~~to~~ become her master or her president; it was his genius and his character ~~that~~ developed the idea: for those great conquerors of ~~the~~ world are all ~~in~~ the ~~same~~ mould — *everywhere they must be the first, or perish!* He had spent four years of ~~his~~ consulate in discussing the civil code, an edifice which ~~has~~ already been shaken in ~~one~~ of its most important parts, but which will never be destroyed as long ~~as~~ the love of ~~our~~ country and a ~~desire~~ for civilization shall preside over ~~our~~ destinies. In the interval from his second ~~term~~ to his last, he busied himself with the interior administration. Some disorder, occasioned more by want of ~~ex~~perience than by dishonesty, had arisen during ~~his~~ absence. On his return, he displaced some persons, rectified ~~some~~ of his choices, and gave ~~the~~ general administration ~~a~~ lively though steady impulse. His astonishing memory ~~enabled~~ him ~~to~~ of all things, not only in their *ensemble*, but also ~~in~~ ~~their~~ ~~most~~ minute details.

The consequence of this was, that his ~~method~~ ~~method~~ was extremely perplexing for men who were ~~not~~ perfectly acquainted with the subjects they ~~were~~ to demonstrate. It ~~was~~ his ~~constant~~ application to all ~~sorts~~ of affairs, and his excellent method of classing them in his mind, that enabled him to carry his success so far. It has frequently happened to me, to be less sure than he ~~was~~ of the distances of places, and of a number of particulars in my department, which he knew well enough to correct. M. de Talleyrand told me, that ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~very~~ travelling ~~one~~ day with him from Boulogne to Paris, a short time after the army had left the court for the banks of the Rhine, the Emperor met a detachment of soldiers going to join their corps, which they did ~~not~~ know where to find. Having inquired the number of their regiment, he immediately calculated the day of their departure, and the road they had taken, ~~and~~ ~~sent~~ ~~for~~ them—You will ~~send~~ your battalion to such a place. The army was at that time two hundred thousand men strong. The admirable

in which he arranged his ideas, and his prodigious memory, made him as much beloved by the soldiers as respected by the officers of the army. Every one knew that he never forgot the name of a brave man, and that it was always sufficient to recall to his memory some brave action to secure him recompense ; and whenever he promised any thing, he always kept his word.

### CHAPTER III.

Campaign of 1809.—Marriage and Divorce Plans.—Singular Conversation with Marshal \* \* \*.—Despair of the Empress.—Unfeigned grief of the Emperor.—Courage of Josephine.—She is loved by almost every one.—Marriage.—Birth of the King of Rome.

I now proceed to the campaign of 1809. The success of the Wagram campaign had a considerable influence upon the destinies of France: not so much, however, because peace was more ensured to the Continent, than on account of the alliance between the two empires. The firm proposals of the marriage of the Emperor with the Archduchess Maria Louisa were made at Vienna with Prince Metternich, notwithstanding the exertions of a considerable party who would not listen to such an alliance. I first

suspected what was going forward through a singular circumstance. The Emperor did not well know how to divorce a woman who was so deserving of his love, and whose admirable qualities had made her an object almost of worship in the eyes of the French. He would not have been sorry to have seen others set an example which might make some impression on the public, and render the matter less difficult to him: at least, I have always thought so. Marshal \* \* \* came to see me the day after his arrival. We were friends of long standing: he placed in me an unbounded confidence, and he spoke to me of his wife with great discontent. I had always thought him jealous, and I believe he did not do his wife justice. In our conversations he even went so far as to say he could not live any longer with her, and he repeated to me what the Emperor had said to him at Vienna. Napoleon, in pity the Marshal's domestic vexations, observed that the best thing he could do would be to end them by a divorce. "You will never have any

children by her," he added, "and still you ought to wish that I might be like the man you bear to be lost. Divorce her, and then you may choose among the most illustrious families of France a consort who will give you all your rank and titles." The Marshal, when he mentioned the fact to me, and asked my advice, was far from myself from suspecting the motive of the Emperor's words. I had not the least doubt of his wife's virtue: she possessed many amiable qualities, and had brought him a considerable fortune. I advised him not to take a step he might perhaps long regret. He followed my advice, and I believe he acted wisely.

A few days after the Emperor returned from the army, and at the end of two months he went to Fontainebleau. I followed him thither almost immediately. As soon as I arrived, the Empress sent me word to come to her apartment by a back staircase. I found her melancholy, and her countenance betrayed the effect of strong agitation. "Fouché just



left me," she said, "and what do you think I shall do to me? 'Madam, your Majesty must give France and the Emperor a great proof of devotion. It is necessary for the Emperor to leave behind him children who may perpetuate his name, and give to France a family that may deprive the Bourbons of all hopes of return. Ten years' marriage leaves the nation and the Emperor no expectations of his having any children by your Majesty. You are therefore, in this respect, the only obstacle to the solid happiness of France. Vouchsafe to follow the advice of a man who is wholly devoted to you. The peculiar situation in which you are placed, obliges you to make a great sacrifice to your own glory and the interest of all. I know how hard it will fall upon you; but your noble mind will easily learn resignation. The Emperor will never dare to propose it. I know his attachment for you. Be greater than he is great, and give this last token of devotion to your country and your sovereign. History will reward you for it,

and your place will be marked above the most illustrious monarchs that have sat upon the throne of France.' I was utterly disconcerted by that speech," said Josephine; "the only reply I could give to so strange a proposal was, that I would consider of it, and give him an answer in a few days. Lend me therefore your advice,—you who are to me a relation and a friend to me. Does it not appear past all doubt, that Fouché has been sent by the Emperor, and that my fate is already decided? Alas! to descend from a throne is a sacrifice to me. No one knows how many tears I have shed over it! But to lose also the man whom I have bestowed all my affection,—that is an act of self-denial to which my resolution is not adequate."

I shared the Empress's surmise, that Fouché had been sent by the Emperor; but that strange news surprised me as much as it did her, and I asked for some hours to reflect before I gave her an answer. It required, however, but short meditation to be convinced, that whether the

proposal had really been made by order of the Emperor, or that Fouché wished to keep to himself the glory of such a change, it was altogether too advantageous to be abandoned, and that the sacrifice was therefore unavoidable. On the other hand, I was too well acquainted with the attachment of the Empress to her husband not to be convinced that she would of her own accord make the sacrifice. I had been for a long time devoted to her: I was her son's friend, and her niece's husband. It was therefore by no means proper that I should encourage a plan which had perhaps no other source than Fouché's ambition, and break all the ties which united me to that family: I do not mean only the ties that might be of service to me, but chiefly those of friendship. I have, besides, never placed much confidence in that human wisdom which pretends to control events by foretelling them. None but the most enlightened and strongest minds are able to see the future, and even they are often mistaken. I advised the Empress to remain

upon the subject, to let the Emperor begin,  
 and to declare to Fouché, that as her first duty  
 was attachment to the Emperor, her second  
 was obedience, and that in consequence she did  
 not wish to hear any more upon the subject  
 from any other person than the man who  
 held her in his hands. She approved of  
 my advice, and followed it. But the storm  
 was not long before it burst. All was undoubt-  
 edly already concluded with Austria, when the  
 Emperor sent for Eugene from Italy, that he  
 might comfort his mother at the moment  
 of the divorce; and a few days after he held a  
 secret council, where he admitted, besides the  
 grand officers and ministers, the members of  
 the family. He explained in that council the  
 motives which had swayed his decision, by  
 seeking, for the advantage of the state, in an-  
 other marriage, his long lost hope of begetting  
 direct issue. He gave them afterwards an un-  
 derstand, that he was at liberty to choose his  
 residence either in the House of Austria,  
 or in that of Russia, or in that of the

reign Houses of Germany. The grand officers of the empire, who were probably already acquainted with the secret determination, gave their votes for an Austrian princess. Prince Eugene was of the same opinion, and adduced as the principal motive, the Roman Catholic religion, in which the Archduchess was bred. The King of Naples gave his vote for a Russian princess, on account of the advantage that would result from a union with the most powerful sovereign of Europe, and the most distant from France: he opposed the alliance with Austria, by recalling the experience France had already reaped from it. "A family alliance," he added, "never gave to France any real advantage. France will be obliged to support all the wrong steps of the foreign government, and to share its heavy and dangerous burthens. Nothing but the situation of Austria will force her to a connexion which in her proud heart she certainly detests. It is Austria who gives more force to any other power than given the force of a maxim to the idea that

sovereigns have relations. France will be obliged to support her at great cost in her awkward and frequently ill-conceived policy, and in the way she badly manages; and when in turn we shall want her as an ally, we shall find in her neither energy nor fidelity. An alliance with Russia has none of those dangers for us."

These were very sensible observations, but could have no effect against a fixed resolution. I have been told that some proposals of a marriage with a Grand-duchess had really been made, and the person who entrusted me with that secret enjoyed such a high character for honesty, and was in so favourable a situation to get acquainted with the most important affairs, that I have no doubt upon the subject. However, the Emperor was at that time so strongly determined, that the debate which I have been speaking could have had no other foundation than a feeling of animosity, which he was perhaps altogether a stranger, and a political object which I could discover.

A few days before he had come for me. He had been looking out for some friend of the Empress, who might help to remove the bitter about to be presented to her. His choice fell on me. "The nation," he said, "has done so much for me, that I owe her the sacrifice of my dear affections. Eugene is not young enough for me to keep him for my successor; I am old enough to give up all hopes of having children, and yet by Josephine I have none. The tranquillity of France requires my choosing a new consort. The Empress has lived already for several months in all the torment of uncertainty. Every thing is settled for my new union. You are the husband of her niece; she honours you with her esteem; will you not come upon you to acquaint her with the fatal news, and prepare her for her new situation?"

I answered, that my relationship to the Empress did not permit me to undertake that commission; that the attachment I had at all times professed for her left me no plausible pretext wherewith to justify such a misfortune,

and that it appeared to me more proper that His Majesty should select some person for whom the commission might be of a more delicate nature. He did not seem at all offended at my refusal, and he gave the charge to M. N\*\*\*, who acquitted himself with propriety and success. The arrival of Prince Eugene was a great comfort to Josephine. When in the council, before the Emperor, and in the presence of the grand officers of the empire, she was obliged to declare that she consented to the divorce, she displayed so much courage and firmness of mind, that all the spectators were deeply moved. The next day she left the Tuileries, never to return more. The Emperor had during the preceding day passed some hours with her; his grief was sincere; and the man whom the Emperor considered so important could not for an instant, bent his knee before that excellent woman, and shed abundant tears. I went the morning before her departure. Some persons of the Court coolly take leave of her, and



in an embarrassed way, a few insincere wishes; when she got into her coach with the Countess d'Alberg, her lady honour, and with her chevalier d'honneur, one single person remained to show her a grateful face. Every wish, every pretension was already directed towards the court. The Emperor retired for a fortnight to Trianon. His grief was deep and sincere; but the Archduchess arrived, and from that moment he gave himself entirely up to the joy his bride promised him.

Fortune, which then had seconded his genius, bestowed unreservedly this favour upon him. The young Empress was tall, well made, and in excellent health. She appeared adorned with all the grace and beauty that usually accompany youth. Her face, which displayed the family features of the Imperial House of Austria, was remarkable for an air of kindness; and, unlike the looks of her family, her smile was irresistible. The lustre that surrounded her, the splendour of the

throne in the universe, all the arts vying with each other to please her; a young, brilliant, and beautiful court at her feet, the attentions paid her by the Emperor, whose fame for several years already struck her imagination, made her abode in Paris delightful to her. She frequently expressed her satisfaction with a warmth and a naïveté that made her generally beloved. The marriage ceremony took place with great pomp. Many persons, however, recalled to their memory the arrival of the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, and the brilliant fireworks let off in the Place Louis XV. where many lives were lost. The public took some pleasure in comparing the two periods, especially on the occasion of the fête given at the Champ de Mars by the Imperial guard; where the most admirable order had prevailed among six thousand people assembled in a temporary wooden room, surrounded by eighty thousand others who had come to enjoy the sight of the fireworks. All these rejoicings over, when the Emperor thought he could not refuse attending a soirée

given by the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Schwartzberg, in his hotel, near the Mont Blanc. There were at least six hundred persons present; and the house not being large enough for so numerous a company, the Ambassador had ordered a round temporary saloon of wood-work to be erected in the garden communicating with his apartments. The architect had completed all the preparations in four days. Unfortunately he fixed the floor of the saloon on one side to the steps that went down to the garden, and on the other to the rock of a grotto, where there never entered a drop of water. A gallery also of wood had been erected, leading to the Rue de Provence. It was in the beginning of summer, and the heat was excessive. Gause and muslin draperies, with a great profusion of garlands, lined the saloon and all its avenues. An immense quantity of wax candles added to the heat of the atmosphere, and gave to all the ornaments a most inflammable dryness. A candle fell against one of the sides of the gallery and set fire to it. One

of the chamberlains, a man of very tall stature, perceived it and threw it down; but the flames extended with much rapidity, and in a few seconds they reached the saloon, and quickly spread all round the room. Every body ran toward the garden; but as there was only one door, the company crowded to the same point; the floor gave way, and many persons fell into a hollow of more than five feet deep. The confusion then grew excessive. The cries of despair and fright, the dismay and the wish to escape from the danger, that spared neither sex nor rank, made the scene horrible to witness. The flames having reached and consumed the roof of the saloon, the ceiling fell in, and the whole presented the appearance of a vast furnace. In three minutes' time the flames had spread in every direction. The company escaped to the gardens and the streets, half covered with the remainder of their burning clothes. The Emperor retired just as the fire began to communicate with the saloon; but after having placed the Empress in safety, he

quickly returned in a plain dress with Prince Eugene, who had married the Princess Augusta with great presence of mind. At that moment the sight was appalling. Some unfortunate women who had fallen under the blow had attempted to get out through the window that supported it; but already half burnt, they vainly extended their wounded arms through the bars; and when assistance came it was too late. Those who were saved lived a short time after in excruciating pain. The Princess de Dijon, a woman so remarkable for her beauty as she was respectable for her virtue, was married, nearly half burnt, to the lodge of a poor portress of a neighbouring hotel. She was speechless. The old woman covered her with her own clothes; and a Swedish officer, who had saved her, without knowing who she was, brought her in a hackney coach to Passy, where he supposed she lodged, as that had been the only word she had been able to utter. He went with her from door to door, until at last her maid recognised her voice. The un-

fortunate lady died four days afterwards, in the prime of her age, after having given with her blessing to her daughter, who was married, at her bedside.

The wife of the Princess Schwartzenberg, sister-in-law to the Ambassador, was no less tragical. She was with her children : dressed in beauty, splendidly dressed, glittering in diamonds. She saved herself in the garden ; where, not seeing her eldest daughter by her side, and having sought for her in vain, the courageous mother flew back to the saloon. The floor sunk under her feet, and she was engulfed in the flames. A few hours later, when the fire was last extinguished, she was found a shapeless corpse, burnt to the bones, blackened, and shrunk to half her size. She was only known by the rings she wore on her fingers. Some business kept her at home ; the blaze of the fire and the public alarm made me fly in the first moment. It was no longer possible to come near it. The mob filled all the streets. Their unpitiful memory

recalled the misfortunes of Place Louis XV. the marriage of Marie Antoinette. The comparisons, the most sinister predictions accompanied the name of Marie Louisa ; and I went back, my heart deeply grieved by the behaviour of the crowd, who showed little sensibility for the victims, and who, by the cruel malice of their observations, gave but too much proof that they felt no pity for the unfortunate persons, whose pleasures and high rank wounded their vanity.

The fatal forewarnings of the people were, however, not immediately confirmed. The Empress was delivered of a son on the twentieth of March. Her pregnancy had given great hopes ; and the people, who had frequently enjoyed the sight of her, showed her all the interest she could wish to inspire. Government had announced, that if she delivered of a male the salute would consist of a hundred and one guns, but only of twenty-five if she were a princess. At the twenty-sixth gun, the joy of the people was so fit of deli-

rium, not only in Paris, but in France. I call the whole generation to witness that all our wishes were fulfilled. The prosperity of the Empire seemed assured, and France delivered from all fear of revolution. It was then, I have often since repeated with many other people,—it was then that the Emperor ought to have hung up against the wall his conqueror's sword, and sought rest in the administration of his extensive empire. France would have been happy, and the memory of the Bourbons for ever buried in oblivion.

The Empress's delivery had been tedious. She suffered severely for several hours. I arrived at the palace a short time before it was over, although I was not called there by my rank ; but I had free access at all hours. The Emperor was much agitated, and went continually from the saloons to the bedchamber and back again. At last the medical gentlemen appearing in doubt as to the mode of delivering the Princess, the Emperor rose to his feet in a loud voice and much moved : "Do as you would with a citizen's



wife. "Save the mother, by all means." The child, however, safe into the world, and the Emperor immediately presented it to the world. The wishes for his welfare and the general emotions were sincere. May he one day realize all the wishes that accompanied his birth!—and if it be for the happiness of France, may she still one day be proud that he was born among her children!"

## CHAPTER IV.

Breach between France and Russia.—Campaign of 1812.—  
 Fatal System of the King of Naples.—Conspiracy of  
 Mallet.

NOTWITHSTANDING the glorious resistance of the Spaniards, and the varied success of our armies in Spain, the Emperor had kept a part of Prussia in his hands, and established the centre of his military position in the North, at Hamburg, which was intrusted to the care of Marshal Davoust. The Marshal deserved the Emperor's confidence by his noble conduct at Jena, and by his unbounded devotion. The conditions of the Treaty of Tilsit, in regard to England, were only to remain in force for three years. The Emperor Alexander was perplexed by the success of his trade. The produce of

empire remained on hand, the English refusing  
 to receive it; and the great landholders of  
 country, who were noblemen, complained. In  
 a government where the will of the sovereign  
 is frequently exposed to the influence of conspi-  
 racies, it is perhaps more dangerous than in  
 other places to wound the passions and interests  
 of the great, as it is not necessary there to stir  
 up the people, while three or four ferocious  
 rebels and a handful of soldiers may decide the  
 fate of the sovereign and the empire. This con-  
 sideration had certainly a due influence on the  
 determination of the Emperor Alexander.  
 Besides but little with his  
 ally Napoleon. The rigour with which Prussia  
 had been used displeased him, and the sove-  
 reignty of Italy vexed him. The dominion of  
 the French in the latter country, and the pos-  
 session of the Venetian Islands, situated  
 near Greece, made him fear a watchful and  
 terrible enemy, if ever he wished to resume  
 Catherine's old plans in regard to the Ottoman  
 empire: he therefore began by degrees to  
 reconcile himself with England.

His conduct greatly displeased the Emperor, who strongly felt the consequences of it. All the powers of the Continent had suffered severely; Russia alone had preserved all the energy of her immense strength. The Emperor resolved to attack her. He did not, however, carry his resolution into effect without having first exhausted all means of conciliation; but when he saw how stubborn the enemy remained, he opened the campaign. The Emperor Alexander imagined he had disposed all things favourably; but the Russian attacks were so vigorous, that he soon grew sensible he should be obliged to make one of his last resources, and sacrifice every thing if he wished to get the advantage in this giant's strife. He began by making peace with the Turks. Unfortunately for France, the Emperor Napoleon thought the Divan would be too well aware of its true interests, to conclude a peace with its mortal enemy at a moment when the enemy was going to be so powerfully attacked. He thought that the Divan, according to the old

maxims, leaving ~~the~~ ~~the~~ to weaken one another by ~~the~~ ~~the~~ would profit by their exhausted state, either to ~~attack~~ them, or at least to ~~reduce~~ ~~the~~ degree of ~~that~~ which would ensure safety. The Emperor ~~sent~~ off his ambassador, General \* \* \*, ~~the~~ late, and when he ~~arrived~~ at the Turkish frontiers he ~~learned~~ that peace had ~~been~~ concluded between the Ottoman Porte ~~and~~ Russia. Napoleon had another enemy in Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, whom he ~~had~~ thought attached to his interests. I never could conceive why he remained so ~~much~~ concerned ~~at~~ that general's exaltation. He ~~was~~ perhaps ~~was~~ sorry to get him out of France; and accustomed ~~to~~ obtain every thing by force and despise old diplomatic manœuvres, he ~~was~~ certainly had ~~no~~ idea that Bernadotte would be in ~~a~~ situation ~~to~~ injure him. However, the Prince Royal of Sweden laid down a plan ~~of~~ resistance, such as the ~~same~~ inveterate enemy of France ~~could~~ scarcely have imagined. To his natural policy, as Prince of Sweden, he ~~added~~ his hatred of Napoleon, which made him

give ~~like and had~~ advice to Russia; ~~and~~ General Moreau was recalled, with a view of being placed ~~at~~ the ~~head~~ of a Russian army, and invading France as the head of a party. The campaign, which ~~had~~ begun in a brilliant a manner, and which with a ~~little more~~ prudence ~~the~~ Emperor would have concluded in good time, owed a part of its ~~disasters~~ to the fatal conviction of Napoleon that his enemies would always yield, and that accumulated humiliation would never produce any thing but ineffectual fury. I have often heard it repeated that the King of Naples greatly contributed to our misfortunes, by keeping the Emperor in a ~~full~~ security. The Russians caressed that King; they intoxicated him with perfidious praises, which unfortunately had ~~too~~ much power over his mind. ~~He was~~ they said, ~~the~~ hero of ~~the~~ French; ~~the~~ Du Guesclin, the Bayard of his age; he was ~~the~~ prop of ~~the~~ throne, and ~~the~~ support of ~~the~~ glory; it ~~was with~~ him alone ~~that~~ they would consent to treat; every concession ~~that~~ could be made

without danger, they would ~~be~~ in him, happy if he deigned to accept their terms. The return of a courier sent to the Emperor Alexander was looked ~~on~~ with impatience, ~~and~~ then peace was ~~to~~ be immediately signed. The King of Naples, who ~~had~~ already entered into private engagements with ~~the~~ for the preservation of his Neapolitan throne, ~~was~~ delighted by finding in the Russians ~~a~~ security. He therefore kept the Emperor in ~~an~~ illusion, which, to ~~say~~ the truth, he ~~deceived~~ himself, though the still burning ruins of Moscow ought to have taught them, that ~~a~~ sovereign capable of taking such a step, would never sign a disgraceful peace. In fact, the Russians were already preparing ~~an~~ harass, by all possible means, the French army in its ~~return~~. The ~~details~~ of ~~the~~ campaign ~~are~~ known. While they were going on, ~~the~~ city of Paris witnessed ~~a~~ prodigy ~~such~~ as is often seen on the eve of the great convulsions of nature. What all Europe in arms had ~~not~~ dared to plan for the last twenty years, namely, ~~the~~ conquest of Paris, ~~a~~

single man in prison, without friends, money, reputation, was well enough to attempt, and almost succeeded. I had served with Mallet as staff officer in 1793. He was a man of an extraordinary turn of mind: his manners were eccentric, and he was tormented with a deep melancholy, that made him morose and disagreeable to his comrades. The accession of Bonaparte to the throne had displeased him, and he had attempted to hide his feelings. The loss of liberty, added to the grief of seeing so many officers of younger standing than himself rise to the highest rank and acquired great reputation, made him take a part in an ill-conceived conspiracy, consisting of those old remains of brawling Jacobins, who take no council but their rage, and have no means of realizing their wretched projects. Mallet was discovered, and the particulars of the plot having been laid before the eyes of the Emperor, he shrugged up his shoulders through contempt. After seven years' imprisonment, Mallet obtained leave to remove to



one of these private hospitals (Maisons de Santé) which surround Paris, and which were in the police a sort of seminaries, where they kept, subject to a severe supervision, all such persons who could not be convicted, but whom, however, it would have been dangerous to release entirely. We had remained during twenty-six days without any news from the army; such reports were beginning to circulate; when Mallet, after having combined his plan with the *Abbé* Constant, a companion of his captivity, found means to get out of prison, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and went at four o'clock in the morning to the barracks of the Municipal Legion. Having called up the colonel, who was still asleep, he told him with an air of dismay that the Emperor was dead; that the Emperor was intended to restore the republican government in France; and that he, Mallet, who had been appointed commander of Paris, wanted one hundred men of the regiment, to go to the Hôtel de Ville, and protect the Senate, that was assembling there.

At this fatal news, the colonel was at first seized with alarm, and his grief for the death of the Emperor made him dumb. The disorder of his mind did not permit him to reflect on the news he had heard, nor cast his eyes on the suspicious person that stood before him. He ordered the guard to assemble, and, overwhelmed with consternation, left Mallet master of his forces. The name of a Republic, which recalled to mind licentiousness, was a counterpoise to the death of the Emperor. The most brilliant promises and temptations were held out; the officers all believed what Mallet chose to say to them. Each soldier was to be rewarded by advancement and double pay; the officers were to get drafts on the treasury, of twenty or even fifty thousand francs: for Mallet had provided against every difficulty. He soon got together four hundred men, whose head he went to seek his accomplices, and the future ministers of France, in the prison of La Force. In that prison there had been in confinement, for some time, an adjutant-

general, named Guidal, and General Lahorie, of whom I have already spoken. Both served with Mallet, but had heard nothing more of him, and were totally ignorant of his plans. Mallet entered the prison, claimed two old comrades, and told the great news. The jailer refusing to deliver his prisoners, he signed their liberation, introduced two hundred of them, and went to Lahorie's chamber. The first words Mallet said to him were: "You are the minister of police. Rise, follow me." Poor Lahorie, who for the first time during a lapse of twelve years, a man whom he had never looked upon as quite *compos mentis*, imagined all he heard was but a dream, and rubbed his eyes while looking at him. At last the assurance of the death of the Emperor, of the assembling of the Senate, of the re-establishment of the Republic, convinced him that he was not witness to another of those revolutions so common in modern history. He then dressed himself, and found six hundred men at the gate. With Guidal by his side, he

immediately went to the Minister of Police, who was still in bed. The soldiers entered quietly, and without any obstacle; when, finding the door of the Minister's chamber locked, they broke it open with the butt ends of their muskets. The Minister, waking at the noise, jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, rushed upon the murderers. He was seized, and treated in the most brutal manner; but at last, at sight of the prisoner Lahorie, and the intelligence of the death of the Emperor, he began to comprehend that he was the victim and the dupe of a revolution. He obtained, not without some trouble, leave to dress; and Guidal led him, escorted by a detachment, to the prison of La Force. On the Pont Neuf he jumped from the cabriolet, but was retaken. When he arrived at the prison, the jailer burst into tears. Savary whispered to him—"Place me in your darkest dungeon, and take the key of it. God knows what is the meaning of this, but it will all clear up." A few days later, the Prefect of Police was also brought to the

prison: a detachment had gone to fetch him, and had dragged him along. Whilst the heads of the police were thus treated, Mallet went to General Hullin, commander of the military division of the city of Paris. The general was just getting up to receive an order from the Minister of the War Department, but he could not be delivered into his hands; but his name. Mallet was accompanied by some soldiers of his troop. On seeing the general, he said to him with the greatest coolness, and with an air of gravity, "I am very mortified, General, to have so painful a commission to execute; but my orders are to arrest you." Hullin remonstrated; and looking at Mallet, whose name he knew, said, "How! Mallet, are you? You know me—a prisoner? How did you come here? What is your business doing here?"—"The Emperor is dead." These words struck Hullin dumb, and Mallet repeated the fable he had invented. However, the name and the order to go to prison appeared wondrous strange to the General. He continually spoke

of the ~~death~~ of the Emperor and his own imprisonment:—at length ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~in~~ ~~front~~ him his order. "Very willingly," replied the other: "will you step with ~~me~~ into your closet?" Hulin turned round, and ~~as~~ he was entering the closet, he fell, struck by a bullet that touched his head. While lying on the ground, he saw ~~the~~ murderer looking coolly ~~at~~ him, and preparing ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~more~~ more; but, thinking him dead, he left the place. He crossed the Place Vendôme, and went to the staff, whither he ~~had~~ ~~sent~~ before him a letter, acquainting the adjutant-general, N\*\*\*, that he was advanced ~~in~~ the rank ~~of~~ major-general. The latter, when he saw Mallet, could not disguise his doubts. Struggling between his duty and his ambition, he was perhaps ~~at~~ the point of yielding, and ~~entering~~ entering into arrangements, when one ~~of~~ the ~~heads~~ ~~of~~ the military police, the ~~old~~ Colonel Laborde, ~~came~~ into the apartment. The appearance of ~~that~~ man showed sufficiently that he ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~either~~ deceived ~~or~~ seduced.

Mallet was therefore going to lose his brains, when Laborde seized him abruptly by his arm, called for assistance, and had him arrested. This Laborde was an old soldier, who, having long retired from active service, had chosen Paris for his camp and the scene of his observations. Attached to the police under all possible governments, he could impose upon him by illusions. His youth had been passed in vice, and he felt pleasure in pursuing it in its last holds. He made use of his privilege with all the despotism which subalterns of that class love to exercise upon the rabble. Rank, titles, glory, virtue, crime itself, were all to them so long as it remains prosperous; but, on the day of misfortune arrives, they trample upon every thing, and neither respect nor pity must be expected from them. Laborde saw Mallet in prison. At the first report of the Minister of Police being arrested, he placed himself at the head of a platoon of infantry, went to his office, and found Laborde calmly seated at his desk, writing

ders, ~~after~~ those ~~he~~ had given ~~at~~ the Hôtel de Ville. He ~~and~~ him immediately seized and tied ~~to~~ his arm-chair, while ~~he~~ addressed to him reproaches that opened the unfortunate Lahorie's eyes to the madness of Mallet. He then ~~went~~ to the staff, where he arrested ~~the~~ latter, and, flying to the prison, he delivered the Minister and Prefect of Police. The Pre-~~sident~~ went home; but ~~his~~ hotel being still full of the soldiers who ~~had~~ arrested him, they pursued him, and he was glad to ~~find~~ ~~a~~ refuge in a neighbouring house. All these scenes, well deserving of a place in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, happened between five and eight o'clock in the morning. By nine all ~~was~~ over; and the happy inhabitants of Paris, when they awoke, learned the singular event, and made some tolerably good jokes upon it.

The attempt of ~~Mallet~~ was nothing more than the extravagance of a madman whose imagination had been excited. It made, however, a deep impression ~~on~~ the public, and became a subject of dismal reflection. In ~~the~~



following year, the Royalists did not fail to place Mallet among the number of their martyrs, and honoured with the name of a Bourbonian attempt, the mad death of a man, who, far from ever having belonged to that party, had always been worked upon by Republican ideas. His plan was a sufficient demonstration of that. He had planned the assembling of the Senate; he had spoken of nothing else to the soldiers than the re-establishment of Liberty and the Republic; and he could only hope to succeed by stirring up the lowest classes of the people. Would the confusion have been considerable, and long enough for him to have succeeded, if the Emperor had really been killed? I do not believe it; but at least I must suppose, from the knowledge I had of his character, that he would not have fled, but would have committed suicide. The noble firmness he showed until the moment of his death, is a proof of that. A few days after he had been arrested, news was received from the Emperor. He was by no means discon-

certed, and expressed no other feeling than that of regret for the loss of liberty, and the prolongation of the Emperor's despotism. The most incredible thing was, that in the midst of the confusion, during three hours, nobody thought of the Empress or her son. The Prefect of the Department had quietly slept at his country seat in the forest of Vincennes. He was coming home on horseback, when an express met him, and delivered to him a note, wherein he found, written with pencil, the two words, "Fuit Imperator." At first they appeared inexplicable. The express had not waited for an answer; and it was only after a good deal of reflection, and after having read the note four times, that he at last understood it. He hastened to the Hôtel de Ville, where he found every thing in confusion, and General Lahorie already giving orders for the Assembly. He then burst into tears, and found no other resource but submission. The Colonel, who had been surprised by Mallet, did not show

more presence of mind than the Prefect. All those who had been surprised by the news, carried their reflection no farther. It seemed as if every thing was over by the death of the Emperor, and that he had taken along with him not only the soul of his government, but all the foresight and energy of those who were devoted to him. There is not the least doubt but two hours later every one would have returned to their senses; but then, perhaps, it would have been too late. I did not conceal this observation from the Emperor, who looked very grave when he heard it. Generals Mallet, Lahorie, and Guidal, who was arrested a few hours after the rest, and about fifteen poor officers, who had committed no other fault than obeying generals whom they looked upon as their leaders, were condemned to death. In going to the fatal spot, these officers cried, "Long live the Emperor!" They all died with a courage bordering on indifference: several of them were not killed at the first discharge, and they reproached the soldiers for their awkwardness.

## CHAPTER V.

Intelligence of the Success of the Russian Campaign.—  
 Courage and intrepidity of the Emperor—Campaign of  
 1812.—The Emperor returns to Paris.—My evening  
 conversations with him.—His prodigious application to busi-  
 ness.—Forming the composition of the National Guard.

THE first account from the Emperor, dated  
 from the Beresina, brought the distressing par-  
 ticulars of the retreat. Those that were given  
 in the bulletins, and especially in the 29th,  
 could not be read without horror. It was  
 surprising that many persons should have  
 been deluded by the immense energy that  
 presided over their composition, and should  
 even have shown indignation at it. Accustomed  
 for so long a period to nothing but triumph, the  
 particulars of our defeat, accompanied by

so much calamity, spread consternation all over France. The enemies of the Emperor grew more numerous, and skilfully made use of the circumstance to raise an outcry against his tyranny. Just as the agitation of the public mind was at the strongest, his arrival at the Tuileries was suddenly published. He addressed every body; showed severity towards some,—intrepidity in presence of all. He explained the cause of the misfortune of the campaign, without seeking to diminish the fault that had been committed, he boldly demanded the support he wanted, to begin the war anew, repel the enemy, and conclude a peace, of which he more than any one felt the absolute necessity. His noble courage in wrestling with misfortune electrified the whole country. Three hundred thousand men were granted; the young came forward with courage,—the old, with firmness. Within a few months, an army was raised, admirably brave, though little instructed; and the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen witnessed fresh triumphs. The disasters of the

campaign of **Murad** had brought Russia **into** an understanding, and alarmed the powers of the second **war**. Peace was, however, proposed to the Emperor, but they had no longer to treat with the sovereign of the world. He began to **realise** that, **after** having been conquered by the elements, he would be so by man. Though his last battles had turned out in **his** favour, he now saw **that** he might have rivals. Pretensions **were** brought forward, the **most** important of which was that he should give up his influence over Germany, and abandon that part of the Continent to the left bank of the Rhine. If he had consented, he would have abandoned **the** Confederation, the House of Saxony, and the kingdom of Westphalia—that is **to say**, **he** would have dethroned his brother. He would perhaps have done **so** **one** day of his own accord, but **he** could not bear to be commanded. The Emperor **was** **a** power **tested** in that way is a fallen power. His proud mind, which never knew how to stop, recoiled at **the** proposals. **The** negotiations

broke off, and he began the war again, without considering the youth and inexperience of his soldiers, or the discontent of the generals-in-chief. He fought like a lion, but like a lion thrown into its den. I must however acknowledge that he was badly seconded. A short time after this period, some particulars were told me in confidence, but with so much appearance of truth that I cannot omit mentioning them here. The Cossacks were a new engine which made the war perilous, especially to the officers who went out to reconnoitre. Several of them, and particularly those of the general staff, who were chosen indiscriminately by the major-general, preferred giving reports taken from peasants, thus exposing themselves at a distance to the attacks of the Cossacks. By this means the Emperor could no longer ascertain the truth. The reports he received were all satisfactory, but they were not true. He thought himself able to resist, because he entertained a false idea of the strength of the enemy. He commenced the battle of

Leipsic in the full persuasion that the enemy's forces were but half as numerous as they really were. He lost the battle, and that defeat completely disorganized his army. His reverse was more disastrous still than when he came from Russia. The army still however made one effort at Hanau. A German who owed the first foundation of his fortune to the Emperor, whose praises constitute all his glory, dared to resist him at Hanau, after having abused the confidence of his sovereign, and forced him to abandon his allies; but the troops he commanded were destroyed. This was the last struggle of Antæus in the arms of Hercules. A month later, when he had again set his foot in the land of his birth, his strength returned; and if he was finally levelled to the ground, it was only when nature joined its efforts to those of violence.

The army returned in the most grievous condition. The sick and wounded were innumerable. There were neither hospitals nor private houses sufficient to contain them all;



and the most destructive of all diseases, the typhus, attacked not only the army, but all the towns and villages through which the troops passed.

The Emperor returned for the second time to Paris on the 10th or 11th of November. The enthusiasm of the French for him was so great, that on all sides nothing was heard but cries of grief; and if here and there some insults were uttered, they must be laid to the account of the emigrants, who began to foresee his fall and the return of the Bourbons. He remained about six weeks in Paris. I think I have already said in these Memoirs, that whenever he was unfortunate he turned to me. I must not be proud of this circumstance. My attachment to his person was a duty,—my antipathy to ambition and intrigue was natural to me. A habit of reflection made me in general consider affairs in their true light; and as I was very conveniently placed for observing them in their ensemble, I gave him my opinion with a frankness and sincerity to which the ear of

sovereigns is less than accustomed. At my arrival, he commanded me to come every evening into the bath-room next to his bedchamber. He then had me seated in a chair, while he warmed himself, undressed before the fire. We talked familiarly together for an hour before he went to bed. The first evening I found him so bent down, so overwhelmed, that I was frightened. I went to see his Secretary, who was my friend. I communicated to him my fears that his mind, formerly so strong, had begun to sink. "You need not fear," he replied; "he has lost nothing of his energy; but in the evening you see him quite bent down with fatigue. He goes to bed at eleven o'clock, but he is up at three o'clock in the morning; and till night, every moment is devoted to business. It is time to put an end to this, for he must sink under it, and I shall fall before him."

The principal subject of my conversation was the situation of France. I used to tell him with a degree of frankness, the truth of

which ~~could~~ ~~also~~ make him pardon its rudeness, that France was fatigued to an excess; that ~~it~~ ~~was~~ quite impossible for her ~~to~~ ~~be~~ bear much longer ~~the~~ burthen with which she ~~was~~ loaded, and ~~that~~ she would undoubtedly ~~throw~~ off the yoke, ~~and~~ according to ~~custom~~ ~~and~~ an alleviation ~~to~~ her sufferings in novelty, her favourite divinity. I ~~said~~ in particular a great deal of the Bourbons, who, I observed, would finally inherit ~~the~~ royal spoil, if ~~their~~ fortune laid ~~them~~ low. The mention of the Bourbons made him thoughtful, and he threw himself on ~~the~~ ~~bed~~ without uttering a word; but after a few minutes, having approached to know whether I might retire, I saw ~~that~~ he had fallen into a profound sleep.

He ~~was~~ then busy with the organization of ~~the~~ National Guards of Paris. The choice ~~of~~ ~~the~~ commanders was a very important point. He spoke frequently with ~~me~~ about ~~the~~ ~~organization~~. I wished it to ~~be~~ as military as possible. It appeared to me of very great ~~importance~~ ~~sequence~~ ~~to~~ compose it of ~~valiant~~ warriors,

who, having ~~their~~ homes ~~and~~ ~~the~~ national glory to defend, ~~would~~ electrify the citizens, ~~and~~ easily find in the ardent youth of ~~the~~ metropolis an army of brave men sufficient ~~at~~ least to repel ~~the~~ enemy from their walls. I could not ~~draw~~ from him a single observation ~~on~~ the point, notwithstanding the warmth with ~~which~~ I spoke. The list of ~~the~~ superior officers ~~was~~ at last presented, I ~~do~~ not now recollect by whom ; but, the very day of the presentation, the Prefect \* \* \* came to pay me a visit, to acquaint me that I stood on the list ~~as~~ commander of a division. In the evening I went ~~to~~ the Emperor, according to custom. Marshal Berthier ~~was~~ there, and the Emperor ~~called~~ to him in my presence : " Do you know whom I ~~have~~ appointed ~~as~~ Colonel of the National Guards ? " He then ~~read~~ ~~over~~ ~~the~~ list, and instead of my name, I heard ~~that~~ of Jaubert, Governor ~~of~~ the ~~Isle~~ of France. ~~He~~ ~~thought~~ ~~the~~ choice very good ; ~~and~~ I ~~was~~ ~~not~~ surprised ~~at~~ it. As ~~for~~ me, I ~~was~~ angry ~~at~~ the circumstance, (though ~~there~~ was nothing but

blows to be gained,) and I left the room. The following day, after noon, I stood at the audience next to Jaubert. He was a councillor of State, formerly a barrister at Bordeaux, an agreeable and clever man, but who never had had any thing to do with the army, and who was looked upon rather a little ridiculous as a military man on account of his figure and his habits of life. The Emperor went up to him, and he bowed to him respectfully for the new dignity with which he had been invested. The Emperor smiled, and said with that joking manner which was so common in a sovereign: "You never rode on horseback, I believe?"—"I beg your pardon, Sire!"—"Oh yes, I suppose you rode on a pony from Bordeaux to Tonnelle;" and then he passed on to another. Poor Jaubert nevertheless loaded his two shoulders with the marks of his rank; but he never showed himself more worthy of the lawyer's rank than the day the enemy attacked the capital.

This singular composition of the ranks of the Imperial Guards was explained by the still

more singular than of the *Prussian fortifications*. Plain palisades surrounded, ridiculously enough, the *quarters of the city*; they were barely sufficient to stop a few straggling Cossacks who might intrude so far. He did not wish to frighten the Parisians, and draw them from *their amusements*, by an appearance of formidable fortifications, and by a warlike composition of the National Guards. He undoubtedly thought that if he proved unable to beat the enemy, it would be useless to try to defend a city *thus* presented a few means of resistance and so many *resources* for rebellion. Before he set off, he assembled at the Tuileries all the officers of the National Guards, and taking *his* Son in his arms, he presented him to the Assembly, and made a speech *which* *thrilled* every heart. The cries of "Long live the Emperor!" were so energetic and so unanimous, that I was persuaded for some time that a feeling expressed *with* so much enthusiasm might perhaps produce some *useful* result. A *little* reflection, however, *revealed* the dismal

truth that "penetrated my soul. I saw the Emperor again in the evening: he spoke to me of what had happened in the morning. I told him freely that the disposition of the public mind would remain good as long as the enemy should not come near Paris; but that it ought not to be put to the test if the enemy approached. He smiled, and, pulling me by the arm according to his custom, he said: "You old Roman! you have no illusions."—"No, Sire," I replied; "but I have great hopes in this campaign, and a fine victory will do more good than all this morning's enthusiasm."—"Ah!" said he, getting into bed, "it must be gained!"

I remained that night at the Tuileries. He departed at four o'clock in the morning. He appeared cheerful, firm, and in perfect good health. I had always seen him so when departing, and the state of his mind inspired me with fresh confidence.

General Drouot returned from the army and remained two days at Paris. He gave me

sad particulars of the campaign. The enemies were numerous, the disasters great, the country horribly ravaged, and it appeared difficult for the Emperor to hold out much longer. He soon felt, after the observations I made, how dangerous it would be to make known his alarms, which he had already in some way propagated; and wishing to neutralise their effect, he mentioned the necessity of defending Paris as the only means of saving France. Furious complaints and murmurs arose against him in Talleyrand's circle, and among all the high nobility, who already were in correspondence with the Count d'Artois. He left the capital, hooted by the emigrants; and if he told the Emperor all he really thought, I cannot but think that he was upon the report that the Emperor commanded the Minister of Police to arrest Prince Talleyrand, and send him from the metropolis.



## CHAPTER VI.

Campaign of 1814.—Intrigues of the Royalists continued by Talleyrand.—Perplexity of the Council of Regency.—Energetic advice of Boulay de la Meurthe to the Empress.—Departure of the Government for Blois.—Battle of Paris.—Capitalation.—Arrival of the Emperor at the Stage near Le Cour de France.—His dejection.—Entrance of the Allies.—Aspect of the Metropolis.—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.—Weariness of the Chiefs.—Abdication.

WHILE the Emperor, opposed by the armies of Europe, was struggling like a lion, running from one to another, thwarting all his manœuvres by the rapidity of his movements, deceiving them in all their calculations, and exhausting them with fatigue, other foes, much more dangerous than they, were in Paris entering into a league

foreigners, in order to fall. M. de Talleyrand, whom they had chosen for their leader, did not, however, second their measures as much as their impatience required. The great name of Napoleon,—fifteen years of brilliant victories,—the inexhaustible resources of his genius,—his unconquerable vigour of mind,—the still existing possibility of a peace in the midst of battle,—finally, the sentiments of France, who still wished well to the Emperor,—all these circumstances rendered the greatest prudence necessary. Besides, what had he to expect from the Bourbons? Could they have forgotten that his conduct had been so hostile towards them for the last five-and-twenty years?—Director of the Constituent Assembly,—Minister of the Directory, and Napoleon,—a married priest, how could he find grace in their eyes? On the other hand, France finally triumphed over so many enemies, what would he not have to fear from an irritated conqueror, who would not but be acquainted with his unwelcome conduct? Was he not

timed to end, far from his country and in  
 exile, the last days of an infirm and disgraced  
 old age? He therefore did his utmost to keep  
 his friends in bounds; and, that he might not  
 be crushed by the violent measures of the boi-  
 strous Minister of Police, his ingenuity and  
 skill were exercised to throw trouble and per-  
 plexity in the way of the Duke de Rovigo.  
 It was he who, according to public report,  
 had presided at the execution of the Duke  
 d'Enghein: he had not striven to hide the  
 particulars of it, which had been exaggerated;  
 and nothing could equal the hatred the royal-  
 ists bore him. He had a numerous family,  
 and his fortune was not sufficient for him to  
 do without the salary he drew from Govern-  
 ment.

How could he preserve his rank, or  
 even his tranquillity, under the reign of the  
 Bourbons? Talleyrand, after having  
 presented him with a picture of what  
 his situation would be in case the Emperor  
 should fall, an event which appeared scarcely

be avoided, applauded his fidelity and devotion; but advised him to shut out from himself all possibility of pardon, in return for his favour, in the eyes of Louis XVIII. by taking measures of rigour and violence against the royalists, the consequences of which might befall the Emperor himself, as they might occasion disturbance in the capital, which the police would not be able to suppress. The Minister was most certainly shaken. The Messrs. Polignac, who had been confined in the affair of Georges, first in a state prison, and then in a *maison de santé*, escaped about that time, after having given a thorough beating to the police inspector, who was to have conducted them to a prison at a considerable distance from Paris. The Duchess of Rovigo was their relative; and a few days after the escape of the Count of Artois, the Duke told him that the Messrs. Polignac had just been with him, and had requested him to publish in print that it was to him they owed their liberty. He waved the proposal; but it was easy to judge

that he was sorry the Count should believe the truth of the anecdote.

After the battle of Montereau, the Emperor had given the Duke de Rovigo an order to send M. de Talleyrand from Paris, with a positive injunction to cut off all communications between him and his friends in the metropolis. I was in the Duke's closet when he opened the despatch, which grieved him extremely. "What is the Emperor thinking of?" he said. "Have not I enough to do to keep in awe all the royalists in France? Does he want to throw another Faubourg St. Germain on my shoulders? Talleyrand alone is able to keep them at peace, and prevent them from taking some foolish step. I shall not execute that order, and by and by the Emperor will thank me for it."

The measure would nevertheless have been very wise. The royalists would have been without leaders, and the enemy without disencouragement. They would perhaps not have dared to venture their march

upon Paris, which proved an aid to the Emperor. Marmont would not have signed the truce of the 11th of March, and Napoleon would have gained the twelve hours he wanted to enable him to reach the capital.

That deplorable prepossession of the Duke of Rovigo, who nevertheless remained faithful, was not the only cause of our misfortunes. All persons attached to Government shared the same feeling,—all had fallen into dismay and discouragement; and with the exception of Boulay de la Meurthe, Thibaudeau, and some other retainers of the Revolution, familiar with political disturbances, who had nothing to expect and every thing to fear from the Bourbons, all the others were only intent on saving some part of the wreck for themselves. The Emperor had appointed his brother Joseph Lieutenant-general of Paris. That Prince, though a man of amiable mind and extended information, wanted energy: he could neither persuade the Council, nor excite the people, who were only waiting for a leader.

To say the truth, he was distinguished by ~~the~~ thing but his obsolete ~~title~~ of King of Spain ; and the Peninsular war ~~had~~ ~~cost~~ too much blood ~~for~~ any gratitude ~~or~~ confidence ~~to~~ attach to ~~the~~ person for whose profit it was undertaken.\* The Archchancellor Cambacérès, a learned lawyer, but a stranger, more by character than even by the ~~history~~ of his life, to those energetic resolutions which great dangers require, could do nothing but submit to the common fate. The Duke de Feltre, Minister of the War Department, a good secretary, but a man of a ~~narrow~~ mind, and the slave of his vanity,

\* ~~When~~ ~~the~~ Duke de Ragusa arrived ~~at~~ Meaux, he ~~was~~ his aide-de-camp, Fabvier, ~~he~~ apprised Government of ~~the~~ perilous position. I met that officer ~~at~~ the hotel of the minister, Clarke. ~~He~~ complained bitterly ~~of~~ Prince Joseph ~~and~~ ~~that~~ him ~~three~~ hours waiting in the Luxembourg, before ~~he~~ could gain admittance. " ~~He~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ yet up," ~~was~~ all ~~the~~ answer he received. " Why should we disturb him ?—You will not ~~be~~ ~~more~~ satisfied with this one than with ~~the~~ other," said I. ~~The~~ fact, when Fabvier came out of ~~the~~ closet of the minister, he said ~~to~~ me—" What ~~can~~ ~~be~~ ~~done~~ ~~for~~ us, good God ? ~~We~~ ~~have~~ nothing else to do ~~than~~ to ~~be~~ ~~murdered~~ killed."

which stuck to every thing, served the Emperor with suspicious carelessness, and was already of the prodigious honour he would acquire by being a minister of the Bourbons. A council, in which the Empress presided, held at the moment the enemy entered Nancy, while pursuing Marshals Ragusa and Treviso. The Empress requested that a resolution might be taken in regard to herself and her Son, for she relied no longer on her father, and no accounts had arrived for several days from the Emperor. None but generous advice ought to have been given to her. Boulay de La Meurthe took the task upon himself, and recalling to her memory the conduct of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, in presence of the Hungarians, he said, "Madam, go to the Hotel de Ville; cross the streets of Paris with your Son in your arms. The whole capital will accompany you to the advanced posts. Acquaint the Allied Sovereigns with your resolution to remain in Paris, surrounded by your faithful subjects, to share their dangers, and to descend only by



force ~~from~~ the throne, on which you seated yourself amidst the applause of those very nations and kings who now besiege you."

This energetic advice appeared to the weak-  
ness of the rulers no better than revolutionary  
boasting. ~~Consequently~~ ~~read~~ a letter from the  
Emperor, but of old date, which contained the  
order never to expose the Empress and her Son  
to the risk of falling into the hands of the  
enemy. This put an end to all debate, and a  
resolution was taken to send the Court to  
Blois, with the members of Government.

Among the considerations that determined  
the Council not to follow the advice of keep-  
ing the Empress in Paris, one of the most im-  
portant, and which had a great influence over  
the deliberations, was the fate of the Emperor.

In fact, what would have become of him, if  
the Allies had acknowledged the King in Exile  
and the Regency? Paris would have shut its  
gates upon him. The people, reduced to the  
utmost extremity, would have refused to  
recognize the new Government. The army would un-

doubtedly have ~~been~~ at the idea of a civil war, or the enemy would quietly have destroyed it. Besides, could the Empress sign ~~the~~ destruction of her husband? For it ~~was~~ not possible ~~to~~ keep him at liberty near France, and ~~his~~ situation would have become ~~a~~ very peculiar, ~~that~~ there would perhaps not have been one corner ~~in~~ all Europe, where the Conqueror of ~~the~~ World could have rested his ~~head~~ in peace; whilst his wife and his best friends would have been forced, for the interests of their country, ~~to~~ wish for his everlasting proscription.

When the Empress was leaving Paris with all the Ministers, the two corps of ~~Marmont~~ Marmont and Mortier hastily retreated to the heights round the capital, pursued by the Russians and Prussians, who had ~~at last~~ resolved, by the pressing solicitation of M. de Talleyrand, ~~to~~ advance and make themselves masters of the city. The two corps did ~~not~~ muster above fourteen thousand ~~men~~. Some thousand troops, drawn ~~from~~ the dépôts ~~at~~ Versailles ~~and~~ Rambouillet, were ~~sent~~ ~~to~~ join them.

The ~~many~~ young men of the Polytechnical Institution flew to their aid on the hills of Chaumont, and a few battalions of National Guards went also out of the barriers. All these troops fought bravely; but the ~~forces~~ of the enemy, augmenting from hour to hour, were by ~~no means~~ in proportion with ~~those~~ of the besieged. Prince Joseph, having ~~no~~ precise instruction for so unforeseen a circumstance, did not dare to take upon himself to prolong ~~the~~ defence, without any appearance of success. The people, and especially the inhabitants of the suburbs, would not have refused to fight. Some already prepared to unpave the streets, ~~to build~~ battlements on the houses ~~that~~ were ~~situated~~ ~~in~~ the barriers, and to take all possible precaution against cavalry, and to fire in case the enemy were to carry things ~~to~~ such an extremity. The people, as I have said, were well disposed; but towards the evening of the 29th of March, there were ~~no~~ public authorities in ~~the~~ city but Marshal Moncey, Commander of the ~~Imperial~~ Guards, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Pre-

fects of the Department, ■■■ the Police. In leaving Paris, the Ministers ■■■ enjoined them to do all in their power to preserve the peace, and provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Five days ■■■ elapsed since any ■■■ ■■■ had arrived from the Emperor, and all ■■■ of communication were intercepted. In vain I sent off intrepid couriers, and, during the last two days, several fleet and clever messengers. They were bearers of letters written in cypher, wherein I begged the Emperor to return at any price. I told him that the police ■■■ ■■■ longer strong enough to repress the royalists; that his presence alone could put a stop to the evil, and that ■■■ was lost beyond ■■■ if the enemy got possession of the capital. It ■■■ unfortunately ■■■ that the agents of Government, attached for a long time ■■■ a system of absolute authority, and ■■■ tomed ■■■ to take ■■■ smallest responsibility upon themselves, trembled ■■■ the ■■■ of adopting any ■■■ without the special order of ■■■ Emperor: ■■■ because ■■■ was the master of

all; others, because the passing ~~of~~ appeared ~~to~~ all human power. Prince Joseph was the ~~man~~ who yielded ~~in~~ the general dejection. After casting a look of dismay on the plain of St. Denis, covered ~~with~~ foreign soldiers and smoking villages, he ~~went~~ to Blois, authorizing ~~the~~ two ~~Ministers~~ to sign a capitulation that might ~~save~~ the capital.

Officers, ~~went~~ on parley by Prince Schwartzburg, ~~went~~ to the Duke de Ragusa, and declared, that if the gates of Paris were not opened ~~in~~ them before night, the next day it would ~~be~~ too late, ~~and~~ that the capital would be delivered over to all the rigour of military execution.

The Duke had ~~no~~ news from ~~the~~ Emperor : and although he ~~was~~ given to understand ~~that~~ notwithstanding the threats of the enemy, there could be ~~no~~ danger in waiting till next day,—that ~~it~~ ~~was~~ possible Napoleon might arrive in ~~the~~ night,—that Alexander would certainly not rush madly ~~with~~ ~~the~~ army in the ~~middle~~ of so populous a capital, ~~the~~ ~~likelihood~~ of which

were highly incensed;—yet Marmont, confused, and not wishing perhaps to leave ~~an~~ another ~~the~~ honour of saving Paris, resolved ~~to~~ sign the capitulation, without having ~~received~~ any direct order ~~to that~~ effect from ~~the~~ General and Sovereign.

I went to his house on the evening of the 30th of March. He was still ~~at~~ table, and ~~near~~ ~~to~~ him ~~was~~ Count Orloff, and several other Russian officers. He came to meet me, led ~~me~~ ~~to~~ a private room, ~~and~~ there did ~~his~~ best ~~to~~ prove that he could ~~not~~ have acted otherwise than he had done; ~~that~~ with less than twenty-eight thousand men, any farther defence would be but useless spilling of blood. That, I acknowledged; but could he not wait until the next day to sign? Twelve hours' delay might be of an immense ~~benefit~~ ~~to~~ the Emperor. I could not suppose ~~it~~ possible that he should not ~~be~~ ~~informed~~ by at least one of the great numbers of couriers I ~~had~~ despatched. I was convinced ~~that~~ his presence would ~~re-establish~~ ~~the~~ affairs. The ~~Marshal~~ ~~was~~ ~~informed~~ he ~~was~~ ~~not~~ far

engaged to be able to draw back. The chief heights round the capital were already occupied by the enemy. Our situation was terrible, it is true; but the presence of the Emperor alone worth an army. His people, already well disposed, and full of ardour at the sight of their Sovereign, would have done wonders.

I had received no orders to go to Blois. I therefore thought I would set off with the Duke de Ragusa, who had acquainted me with his plan of going to Fontainebleau. I left him with an intention of coming back, when, on going out of the apartment, I met Prince Talleyrand and his emissary Bourrienne, who were slipping up the second floor. The sight of them was enough for me. These two men, who were in open treason, undoubtedly come to involve the Marshal in their toils. M. Pasquier had accompanied me in my carriage. I communicated my suspicions to him. "What shall I say to you?" he answered: "all must be over; there is nothing more to be done." I left him down the Prefecture of Police, and retired

in my lodgings in the Faubourg du Germain, determined to go to the Post-office. A little before daybreak I received an express with letters from the Emperor and the Empress. The courier informed me that Napoleon had arrived during the night at the stage called La Cour de France, and that there he had heard the news of the capitulation. The unfortunate Prince had been flying with all speed to save his capital. The blow was terrible for him: he fell down on the parapet of the foundation of Juvisy, and remained above a quarter of an hour with his head resting on his two hands, lost in the most painful reflections; after which he rose up again for Fontainebleau.

The following day I returned to M. Pasquier's: he had just come back from the camp, whither he had been summoned by the Emperor of Russia. "You took your resolution last night," he said to me. "I adopted mine this morning. I have received an order to continue my functions. Napoleon's reign is over, and I have written to Fontainebleau to acquaint



them that they must no longer reckon upon me. My family has always been attached to the House of Bourbon. I have served the Emperor faithfully. I have taken no share in the events which have cost him from the throne, and I return to the ancient dynasty."—"I do not pretend to discuss your motives," was my reply; "but for me, I owe every thing to the Emperor: I shall not go into his service. My public career is at an end, and I return to my obscurity. I have only one favour to ask of you: protect me in that retreat where I intend to go and live with my family, and let not malevolence disturb the peace I wish to enjoy."

With those words we separated. I was already convinced that, with the men Louis XVIII. was obliged to make use of, his difficulties would multiply at every step; and without foreseeing yet the events that broke out eleven months later, I was glad to remain a stranger to duties for which I felt so strong an aversion, and neither the sanctity of an oath,

nor the most rigid integrity, could have bound me to them on the 20th of March following, without the greatest struggle and grief on my part.

The Emperor Alexander entered the city at the head of several beautiful divisions of infantry, appointed as a parade. He was preceded by a numerous and brilliant staff. As the procession advanced along the Boulevards, it was augmented by numbers of Frenchmen whom our armies never saw in their ranks. The Montmorencys, the Dondeauvilles, the Noailles, who had faced the enemy for the first time, were eager to welcome him in the metropolis, and to lay at his feet the homage and joy of the French people. One might have thought, twenty years France had been wishing for their presence. A little farther, all the genteel company of the Paris drawing-rooms joined the retinue. Women dressed out as for a *fête*, and almost frantic with joy, waved their pocket handkerchiefs and cried, "Long live the Emperor Alexander!" The windows

of the ~~houses~~ and the ~~rooms~~ windows were filled with people. I was ~~not~~ so ~~far~~ off but that I distinguished among ~~them~~ many ladies whose husbands ~~had~~ long filled elevated ~~positions~~ in the fallen Court, and who themselves, loaded with honour and riches, had been ~~attached~~ to the service of the ~~two~~ Empresses. I might name them,—but wherefore disgrace their memory? Many of them ~~will~~ have descended into the grave before this work appears, ~~and~~ their children ought ~~not~~ ~~to~~ be punished for the shameful conduct of ~~their~~ parents.

The Emperor Alexander had nowhere on his march witnessed ~~the~~ ~~heated~~ enthusiasm of the French for the King ~~and~~ ~~his~~ family. He ~~was~~ candid enough ~~to~~ acknowledge ~~this~~ at a council held at M. ~~de~~ Talleyrand's. It was ~~therefore~~ through motives of policy, and ~~the~~ necessity of circumstances, ~~that~~ the ~~latter~~ persuaded him not ~~to~~ ~~establish~~ a regency. The absence ~~of~~ the Emperor of Austria, ~~the~~ unpopularity of his minister, Metternich, who was present, the force of old recollections, ~~and~~ perhaps ~~also~~ ~~the~~ falling

off of the Duke de Ragusa, swayed his resolution.

While these discussions were going on in Paris, Napoleon, at Fontainebleau, had already recovered from the blow he had experienced. He sounded the danger of his position, and calculated his resources. He every day reviewed his troops, animated them by his presence, and looked on as he wished to familiarize them with the idea of marching back to Paris, and driving the enemy from the capital. Such an act of despair, in a man like him, might have had terrible consequences. Notwithstanding the discipline to which the foreign troops were subjected, the troops being too numerous for the barracks to contain them, were encamped at considerable distances from each other. Many were lodged in hotels, far from their troops. The playhouses, coffee-houses, ale-houses, and bagnios, were filled with them until a late hour of the night. Attacked on all sides, finding at every step every obstacle to their assembling, with enemies in every street, con-

fusion might even have spread among the troops, and the terrible cry of "Long live the Emperor!" resounding on a sudden, would have augmented the disorder, and exasperated the people. If driven out of the capital, and lost in the plain, what would have been the fate of all these triumphant troops? This plan appeared during forty-eight hours, and was secretly whispered among the people. Not only the soldiers, but even three-fourths of the officers, were by no means averse to undertake it. But it was discovered by the Marshals, and they opposed it through apparent motives of prudence, but in fact through weariness and a secret wish to abandon the Emperor. The correspondence with Paris grew every moment more frequent, and the numbers more numerous. Military commanders were all rich; their families were in the enemy's power. To the anxiety with which they were tormented, they added the hope of remaining great men under the Bourbons. The promises by the conspirators were unbounded. The Allies

and the King would open their arms to them. They were already in idea marshals of France, of the old monarchy. The Cross of St. Louis, the Order of the Holy Ghost, governments, Court favours, their uncontested preeminence over the most ancient families, their names placed next to those of Turenne and Villars, seemed to their eyes to give them a lustre that would fear no comparison, even in future times. These childish illusions, this selfish egotism, made them forget natural honour and the faith they owed to their sovereign. A few days were sufficient to deceive most of them.

Alas! at that period was it not requisite that a deep feeling of patriotism should have animated their hearts! Twenty-two years before (I was then twenty-three), when the Prussians spread over the plains of Champagne, Paris and all France rushed against the enemy. French youths, devoid of experience and instruction, but conspicuous for love of their country, exasperated by generous fury, trampled on the most instructed by Fre-

derick the Great. When the barbarians of Russia, and all the European armies we had vanquished, paraded in our squares, insolently round our hearths; and the French, who were again grown polite, whom prosperity and the luxury of a Court had softened and corrupted, looked on the strange scene with eyes of indifference. We deserved but too well our fate.

The fire that animated our soldiers was extinguished when they learned that the Emperor recoiled before ill fortune, and acknowledged himself vanquished. It was then that the army, in despair, felt obliged to submit.

However, the Allied Sovereigns had not expected that submission, and they showed their satisfaction by the treaty of the 11th of April. The title of Emperor was left to Napoleon; the Island of Elba was given to him in full sovereignty; a competent income was allowed, not only for him, but also for his family, and gratuities were granted to almost all the members of his military household. These various ar-

rangements were made in presence of the Bourbons. The King refused to sign them, under the pretence that he would not acknowledge Napoleon as Emperor; but it was agreed, and he engaged his word, that the treaty should be executed in all its stipulations.



## CHAPTER VII.

Departure of the Emperor for the Island of Elba.—Attempts to poison and murder him.—Entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris.—Spirit of the Populace.—Various Impressions.—Sittings of the Senate.—Reflections of the Nation.

MEANWHILE the Emperor departed the Island of Elba, and the rage of his enemies augmented with that circumstance. Neither his fall nor his banishment was able to satisfy them;—they sought his death alone: and war having spared him, they resolved to get rid of him by assassination. This was the last homage paid to the genius of the Emperor. A sort of superstitious awe had seized the minds of all those who had contributed to his overthrow. “As long as that man lives,” they said at the Tuileries, “there will be no repose,—no security

for France." Maubruel's perverseness and desperate character give a great deal of probability to all he has said of the proposals made to him by M. de Talleyrand. That was not the only attempt made against him before his return from the Island of Elba: he was nearly poisoned at Fontainebleau. Generals Drouet and Thiers will undoubtedly publish some day what the latter knew of the horrible scenes that took place during the Emperor's journey through the South of France, and all the efforts made by murderers sent to the Island of Elba by the Governor of Corsica, M. Brulard.

King Louis the Eighteenth made his solemn entrance into Paris on the 3rd of May. The wealthy portion of the population soon took upon them to show their enthusiasm which the mob is accustomed to reserve for the men who dazzle their inconstant and unreflecting imaginations. The sun shone with all the brightness of spring, and added to the magnificence of the novel scene. Gendarmes opened the

procession; then came a great number of officers on horseback: some who, the day before had been our foes on the field of battle, came to solicit a share of the Royal largesse; others, old veterans of the monarchy, had long held out their hands for Imperial favours. By a singular distinction, or a cruel mockery, two companies of the Imperial Guards preceded the golden troop. The aspect of those old warriors, covered with scars,—their eyes fixed on the ground, their countenances dejected, the rage of their hearts depicted on their sun-burned faces,—inspired compassion. At last the King appeared in an open calèche, accompanied by the Duchess d'Angoulême and the two Princes of the House of Condé. The enormous bulk of the Monarch, his harsh look and massive features, disconcerted the enthusiasm of those who had a close view of him; and after the space of a few hours, there remained nothing, in the mass of the population, but cold indifference for the fortunate brother of Louis XVI.

One of the four royal personages ought how-

ever have had very deep interest. The sight of the King recalled his recollections: the two warriors, leaders of a legion had shone with so little lustre, represented nothing but an illustrious name and a cruel loss.—The daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, on the contrary, delivered up in her tender youth to the violence of revolutionary tyranny,—deprived of her parents, who died on the scaffold,—abandoned in the dungeon of an old tower,—was now passing slowly before that same guillotine of Justice out of which her mother had gone in a cart to the scaffold.—In passing that same palace she was about to inhabit, what cruel recollections!—what feelings of compassion and love might naturally have been excited!—and still the marks of joy, the enthusiasm was lavished alone on the old Monarch! Was it that policy got the better of the more refined feelings of humanity? or that the women, who were the most numerous among the crowd, are expected, even when moved by the most noble feelings of the heart, to show

always the essential part in persons of their own sex?\*

The restoration of the Royal Family had been prepared with much skill by M. de Talleyrand. It was however necessary to give it a legal character; and as the Legislative Body was not at that time sitting, they had recourse to the Senate, which almost lost its political existence by one of the most disgraceful acts recorded in history. In despite of all laws, the Bourbons moved from the throne, and were given to foreigners, their lawful Sovereign, whom France had elected, and in whom they owed their existence. They had, moreover, the impudence to insult the Prince they disowned. I am far from refusing

\* The translator is convinced that Count Lavallette was completely mistaken in his surmises. The fact is, men never forgive the wrongs that they have themselves inflicted. The French nation had behaved like savage cannibals towards the virtuous Duchess of Angoulême and her innocent parents, and the sight of her was an everlasting reproach upon their cruelty. To this sentiment the French attributed the filthy caricatures and scandalous libels on the spotless Princess, that have disgraced the French press for the last twelve months.

to acknowledge ~~the~~ ~~many~~ qualities, ~~the~~ eminent services, and ~~even~~ the conspicuous virtues, by which ~~many~~ members of the Senate ~~were~~ recommended to public esteem; but the ~~same~~ will nevertheless remain for ~~some~~ ~~time~~ on that Assembly, since ~~no~~ ~~effort~~ was tried, ~~no~~ resignations offered, no protest uttered by any one against that ~~fatal~~ sitting over which M. ~~de~~ Talleyrand presided.

The first measure of the ~~new~~ Government was to ~~install~~ the administration, and punish ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ disturbances which disordered passions might occasion in the provinces at the ~~time~~ of ~~the~~ installation.

But ~~before~~ we follow that Government in ~~its~~ measures, it is necessary to cast a look upon the nation over which it ~~was~~ about to rule. France had been subjected to ~~the~~ forms of a Republic, ~~in~~ which had succeeded the Imperial monarchy. In 1814 but few influential ~~members~~ of the Republican Government survived. With ~~the~~ exception of Carnot and Barras, who had not bowed to Napoleon, the rest ~~had~~ ~~been~~ mowed by the

scythe of Time, ~~is~~ ~~cut~~ by the head of the empire. Merlin, Treilhard, Sieyès, Fouché, and many others, ~~had~~ donned the robes of ministers and senators; the Brutuses of ~~1793~~ were now designated by the titles of duke, count, and even monseigneur. In the army I find none but Jourdan, who did not enlist among the titled generals. Kleber, Hoche, Desaix, and Moreau, were, ~~it~~ ~~is~~ true, no more; but would it ~~be~~ too much to suppose that these illustrious warriors, who fell in defending the independence of their country, would have also bent under the Imperial yoke? The whole nation had, on the 18th Brumaire, preceded the conversion of the army. The First Consul found everywhere among the people an equal disgust for republican forms and government. He took advantage of this, ~~to~~ establish the Consulate,—and misused it, ~~to~~ place ~~the crown~~ on his head. Vanity, so powerful ~~over~~ the French, ~~and~~ ~~led~~ to a yoke sprung from under ~~their~~ feet, ~~imposed~~ insupportable ~~on~~ them an authority, brutal in its forms, and an offensive equality. The persecu-

and violent which, during more than ~~two~~ years, had spread mourning and dismay, left such a deep impression on the people's minds, that they were resolved, ~~what~~ what it might, ~~to go back~~ to them. The defeats the French armies suffered in 1799, the violent and unskilful measures of the Directory, their *coups d'état*, ~~and~~ especially that of the 18th Fructidor, added to the general impatience, ~~and~~ to ~~the~~ disrepute in which they ~~had~~ fallen ; so that when General Bonaparte returned from Egypt, all classes of citizens opened their ~~eyes~~ to him, and begged him to save France. The 18th Brumaire took place. But the Conqueror of Italy was accustomed ~~to~~ enforce obedience : he therefore organized the country, and commanded ~~it~~ it as he would ~~lead~~ an army. The wonderful success ~~at~~ Marengo, — order re-established in the finances, as if by enchantment, everywhere excited enthusiasm. The odious attempts of ~~the~~ infernal machine, and of ~~the~~ Chouans, commanded by Georges ~~and~~ Pichegru, ~~excited~~ indignation against the English and ~~the~~ ~~the~~ to



the highest pitch. Then it was that Napoleon, convinced that he might have all he wished, again raised up the throne of France with a view to ~~renew~~ Europe. ~~French~~ years' glory and an arbitrary government had ~~made~~ the French ~~more~~ supple; and the Bourbons never ~~desisted~~ but their government, which they called paternal, would be ~~received~~ with transports of joy, especially as it appeared a ~~sure~~ pledge of sincere reconciliation with the ~~rest~~ of Europe.

~~But~~ Louis XVIII. ~~astonished~~ by the ~~easy~~ obedience of the nation to his predecessor, was far from suspecting what had been hidden under the Imperial purple. He did not know what troubles, what ~~causes~~, what increasing obstacles, perpetually ~~rose~~ against the former Government. He did not suspect that the passion ~~for~~ Liberty had only ~~been~~ compressed, and that the contempt the nation felt for the last kings of his race extended to him. The hatred of the old Court ~~and~~ ~~the~~ nobility, indifference in regard to religion, and contempt for the clergy,

had acquired new energy under the Imperial reign. The King did not know that the Emperor had lost many adherents in all classes. Finally, after the departure of the present King in 1791, a new generation had arisen and taken its rank in the social scale. They were a grave population, full of energy, nursed in deep study, free from superstitious mummary, leaving college to fly to the field of battle. To them every career of science and ambition was open, and to their success incapacity was the only obstacle.

Nobody had told the King that all illusion in regard to the majesty of the throne had vanished. The Emperor had, in fact, never been a monarch, or at least the people had never experienced for him the superstitious awe with which they had been wont to look upon Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

He was admired only as a great man. The people beheld in him the gainer of many battles,—the conqueror of many kingdoms,—the invincible, the man of fate: but still he was always Bonaparte,—a glorious name which

his ~~reputation~~ have not ~~been~~ able to tarnish, nor he himself ~~to~~ deface.

Louis XVIII. therefore, ~~on~~ ~~his~~ return, no longer found ~~the~~ ~~state~~ of his House. In the eyes of ~~the~~ ~~people~~ and cool-thinking persons he was ~~nothing~~ ~~more~~ than ~~an~~ old gentleman of Versailles, whom circumstances again ~~raised~~ ~~to~~ a throne. ~~The~~ family and himself returned, however, with the old prejudices of five-and-twenty years before. They thought that the Revolution had been made by ~~means~~, ~~and~~ not by the force of things,—a fatal mistake which had already ruined Louis XVI. They began, therefore, to inquire of all they saw, who they were, and what they ~~had~~ done ~~at~~ various periods. An old rancour against the constituents,—an affected ~~contempt~~ ~~for~~ the nobles who ~~had~~ ~~declared~~ themselves in favour of the Revolution,—a haughty indifference towards all the members of the preceding government—a disdainful ~~and~~ humiliating politeness towards the leaders of the army, because they had still their arms in their hands:—such ~~were~~ ~~the~~ features ~~that~~ marked the conduct of ~~the~~ Court.

The foreign Sovereigns, in the midst of the intoxication of their triumph, were however wise enough not to misuse it; and from treating France with the violence of a conqueror who thinks he may dare whatever he wishes, they seconded the patriot party in their efforts to prevent France, in her misfortune, from being deprived of the laws by which she had been governed for the last thirty years. The pledges required by a civilized age were therefore laid down in a charter granted by the King, under the wretched title of Ordinance of Reformation. The forms of the administration were preserved, the agents of public authority provisionally maintained in their posts. Extraordinary commissaries were sent into all the departments, to enlighten and reform the public mind. These commissaries, chosen from the most part of the interested, and among the enemies of the Emperor, but by necessity, produced a surer effect. The people showed them-

everywhere distrustful; but I have no doubt that if Government had advanced with firmness and good faith in the principles laid down by the charter, it would soon have gained, if not affection, at least confidence, and oblivion of the prejudices with which it was surrounded.

But the intoxication of a triumph so easily obtained, turned the heads of the royalists. The bragging of the emigrants knew no bounds. When they saw the Bourbons seated on the throne, they imagined themselves masters of their Sovereign and all France. They asked, rather demanded, employments, favours, and money. All was lavished on them. Most of them were old officers, who, at the time of their emigration, enjoyed but an inferior rank in the army. Five-and-twenty years' service was reckoned on them. Senior lieutenants became colonels, and colonels majors or lieutenant-generals. The pretensions of these old men to glory,—their warlike disposition, now so out of season, fell on them as a burden which was eagerly taken up by the numerous young officers,

whom peace had brought together in the metropolis, and they became the subjects of biting pleasantry and bitter irony. Songs and caricatures were directed against these people, and contributed to bring them into disrepute.

An unimportant circumstance gave Government an idea of the exasperation that began to spread among the people. An actress of the Théâtre Française died, about that time, in the Chaussée d'Antin. Her funeral was accompanied by most of the theatrical characters in the metropolis. As she had enjoyed a good deal of celebrity, the procession was soon augmented by a great number of those persons who had applauded her talent. When they arrived in front of the Church of St. Roch, they found the doors shut by order of the vicar, according to the ancient custom, by which, in France, actors were considered as excommunicated. The friends of the actress were unable to soften the obstinacy of the old priest. The mob, full of indignation, opened the doors of the church, lighted the wax tapers,

and began to sing the prayers consecrated to the dead. At the request of the King's chaplains, as it was said, to fill the sacerdotal functions, and the ceremony concluded peaceably. For this unforeseen disturbance public authority was unprepared; and if the King had followed his first impulse, which was to repel the people by his guards, a riot would in all probability have ensued, the consequences of which would have been incalculable.

This state of the public mind in regard to Government,—this propensity towards resistance, spread rapidly from Paris to the Departments. The awkward position of the Imperial magistrates and other persons who had been kept in office, and who were all of a sudden obliged to preach other duties, other affections, and contrary opinions, gave them a sort of obloquy; and the necessity of making the Bourbons forget their former devotion to the enemy, communicated to the exercise of their authority an air of violence, that wounded and irritated every one.

The purchasers of national property, who were extremely numerous, ten millions of persons being supposed to be interested in those sales, were much tormented by the former proprietors, who, far from accepting the offers which had been made to them through fear, rejected all manner of arrangement. They declared openly, that their lands would be restored to them by the King's authority, and that they ought to resume the possession of their property by the same title by which Louis recovered his crown; that the loss of the subjects and the monarch having been the same, the restitution ought to be made at the same time; finally, that the charter, which was only a temporary concession—a plain ordinance of reformation, was to be modified on that point, even if it were abolished altogether.

The King had returned with a very small number of nobles who remained faithful to his person; but all the emigrants who had come back in 1801, at the time of the amnesty granted by the First Consul, returned to invade the



Tuileries, and to the joy they felt at the return of the Bourbons, complaints on their former sufferings during their emigration. They appeared every day, by appointment at the chapel of the Tuileries, most of them dressed in plain clothes, ornamented with shoulder-knots, and having by their sides the swords of their decorated regiments. The accounts of their ancient prowess at Coblenz, and in the legion of Condé, appeared pitiful to those who had beaten them with so much facility. They seemed as if they had returned but the day before; and their boastings, supported by the favours of the Court, gave great offence to the warriors who had recently shone with so much glory. Finally, after a space of twenty years, the whole troop of Coblenz, and the banks of the Rhine, insolently triumphed in 1814, as if they had succeeded twenty years before.

The army was a still greater cause of uneasiness. Though wounded and mutilated by the late campaign, still a feeling for glory, and the name of the Emperor, remained alive

in the hearts of the troops. The marshals, and many of the guards, had yielded to necessity; but the greatest part of the officers remained faithful to these noble sentiments. Discipline and the military virtues nevertheless preserved, and shone with a lustre. The King could not review the troops himself, on account of the state of his health; and the Princes affected, every time they saw them, a degree of distrust and neglect, which seemed augmented by the jealousy they felt for their glorious deeds.

The following circumstance has been related to me by Count d'Erlon. The Duke de Berri one day reviewing some regiments garrisoned in the province of which Marshal Duke of Treviso was governor, Count d'Erlon was commander. An officer came out of the ranks and asked the Prince for the name of Louis. "What have you done to deserve it?"—"I have served thirty years in the French army."—"Thirty years' robbery!" replied the Prince, turning his back on him. It is true, the

Marshal having remonstrated, the officer obtained the next day what he had solicited ; but the words were reported about, and I leave the reader to judge of the effect they had among the troops.

The corps, dispersed in the various parts of the empire, were now deprived of a part of their officers, whom disgust and forced resignation banished from the army. The staff, and that crowd of military agents were become useless, returned to their homes, whither they carried the discontent and hatred that filled their breasts. The two last campaigns had been ruinous to them. They had almost all lost their baggages. Exasperated by the presence of an enemy, recently victorious, now master of the country, but who had been master during twenty years, the necessity of submitting to the yoke of the Bourbons, whom that army had brought with them, now grew unbearable. Without fortune or possessions, rejected by Government, accustomed to the adventurous life of a camp, they were nothing but misery and disgrace in the

Bourbons remained on the throne. They wished at any price to alter their situation, and their thoughts were directed with dissatisfaction towards the Island of Elba.

But many causes of confusion were still insufficient to open the eyes of the Bourbons. The three first months passed away in apparent tranquillity. Government thought nothing was easier than to subdue the dispersed disaffected; and the Allied Sovereigns, who began to fear the effect which might be produced on their troops by the example of our easy manners, and especially our opinions, consented to retire, after having settled their accounts. France had immense sums of money to pay; the terms and conditions of payment were settled, not without a good deal of difficulty. The Allies probably carried away with them doubts on the long continuance of a government that began so ill; but they were satisfied at seeing France weakened for a long while, and fallen from the high station to which glory and civilization had raised her.

The Emperor had instituted two chambers.

The Chamber of Peers, which was the former senate, had all consideration. The honourable men it contained added no lustre to it. They had, besides, all risen by the Revolution. The King introduced into it all the old peers of the monarchy, and some of these who had of late served with distinction. The new-arrivals gave to that body, and received from the time from it, habits, and a love for subservience; and if the nation took but little interest in the elevation of men who numbered in their ranks the Count de Bourmont and the Mayor of Bordeaux, the King might at least be assured that this assembly would for a long time still maintain the traditional obedience of the Imperial Senate.

Things were, however, not quite the same in regard to the members of the Legislative Body: they had been chosen at a time when war had laid a burthen on France. Several of them had energetically opposed the demands of Government in 1813. But the number of royalists was yet very considerable;

and if they had consented to abandon the Imperial Government, it was with a view to submit to arbitrary law under the authority of a king. Government found therefore, if not obstacles, at least serious warnings, when the counsellors of the Emperor submitted to the chamber projects which but they agreed with the principles of the fundamental law, and that wounded the feelings and prejudices of the true friends of Liberty. One of them, Count Ferrand, disgusted the Assembly when he came in the King's name, and established distinctions in the conduct of the French, at the different periods of the Revolution, distributing praises to some and reproaches to others. His comparison of the straight line and the curved line applied to those who had rallied round Government, spread alarm and indignation in every one's mind, and the Emperor perfectly well appreciated how serious that imprudence was, when he said: "I came with M. Ferrand's speech in my hand, convinced that the whole nation would rally round me."

## CHAPTER VIII.

■ singular ■ perilous situation.—The Empress Josephine  
 ■ Malmaison.—The Emperor Alexander—His opinion ■  
 ■ Bourbons.—Death of ■ Empress Josephine.—Errors  
 of ■ Government.—Discontent of the Army.—Anger of  
 ■ Ney.

I ■ all these seeds of confusion. I felt that the storm was not far distant, and I separated every day more and ■ from the persons who might take a share in it. I must ■ explain the singular and perilous situation in which I ■ placed.

The day before the Emperor left Paris ■ the fatal campaign of Russia, he kept me with him at the close of the evening ; and after giving me all ■ necessary orders ■ journey, ■ said to me : “ Go to the Grand Marshal ; he will give you drafts on the Treasury for

1,600,000 fr. You ~~will~~ convert them secretly into gold, which the Minister of the Treasury will procure you the means of doing; and you will ~~send~~ my orders ~~to~~ send it me." So much gold was difficult to hide. I addressed myself to the keeper of the Ordnance Dépôt, (M. Rénier,) who ~~was~~ a very ingenious mechanic, and who made for me, in a very clever manner, several boxes which looked exactly like as many quarto volumes. Each of them contained 50,000 fr., and I placed them in my library. When the Emperor came back from the Russian campaign, he seemed to have entirely forgotten the money, and he returned to Germany ~~in~~ the campaign of Leipsic without giving me any particular orders on ~~the~~ subject. The only reply ~~he~~ made to my question ~~con~~pecting it was, "We shall speak of that when I come home." At last, when, a few months afterwards, he ~~was~~ going to leave Paris for the campaign of France, I insisted on his relieving me from the charge of a treasure, for which I might perhaps not ~~be~~ ~~able~~ answer



in the midst of the important ~~affairs~~ ~~which~~ might threaten Paris. "Well then," he said, "hide it in your country seat." It was in vain that I remonstrated, observing, ~~that the chateau~~ of La Verriere, situated on the road leading from Versailles to Rambouillet, might be plundered by stragglers of the enemy; that my occupation in Paris never permitted me to remain long in the country, and that chance and the slightest imprudence might make me lose the money. He would listen to nothing, and I was forced to obey. My steward was an honest and intelligent man. He made, in my presence, during several nights, a hole under the floor of a closet on the ground floor. There we deposited the fifty-four volumes of Ancient and Modern History. Never would any work have been read with more eagerness, more appreciated nearer to its real value. The inlaid floor was carefully replaced, and nothing was suspected. The taking of Paris threw the Emperor into Fontainebleau. I most ardently wished to share his fate, but at last to receive probably

the last orders. But he with one word by the Duke of Vicenza, that it would be dangerous if I were to come to see him; that he wished me to remain in Paris, where I might act as I pleased; and that he would let me know at some later period how I was to dispose of his money.

That circumstance was one of the motives that made me keep so carefully at a distance from Government. My attachment to the person of the Emperor, the oaths of allegiance I had made to him, my gratitude for his kindness and generosity, made me shudder at the idea of devoting to him the remainder of my life; but, on the other hand, honour forbade me to embrace the party of the Bourbons, when I was placed in the necessity of maintaining a correspondence with him. What punishment would I have suffered and deserved, if the King's government, after having received my oath, had discovered that I had in my possession a part of Napoleon's fortune, and that I disposed of it according to his orders? At

the time I was making those painful reflections, three hundred Prussians occupied the ~~chateau~~ Verriere. Fifteen slept in the very room where the treasure was hid. These soldiers were far from suspecting that they would have had only to raise the points of their swords two boards of the floor, to fall upon heaps of gold. They remained there nearly ~~two~~ months. During that time, I was in continued agony. I expected every day to learn that all had been discovered. Fortunately the Prussians went away at last, and I was easy, at least in that respect.

The late Empress Josephine had however returned to Malmaison. After a short absence, during the month of April, the Emperor of Russia invited her to return home. He added such flattering assurances, that she soon resumed, without uneasiness, her usual mode of living. At first few persons went to see her; but the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia having visited her, a great number of foreigners appeared in their train, and were

followed by many Frenchmen, who  
 gratitude and attachment to Josephine,  
 who feared longer to express their feelings.  
 The Emperor of France went frequently, and  
 paid her long visits: their conversations Na-  
 poleon were inexhaustible. The Empress Jose-  
 phine's mind was neither extensive nor culti-  
 vated; but she possessed a sound judgment,  
 ingenuity, a thorough acquaintance with good  
 society, and inimitable grace; whilst her ac-  
 cent, which was rather of a Creole, added  
 a great charm to her conversation. Alexan-  
 der appeared delighted with her. One day  
 he presented his brother Constantine to her,  
 and said, "Do you not think that the whole  
 person of her Majesty, and even the sound  
 of her voice, have a great resemblance to the  
 Empress Catherine?"

Notwithstanding some indiscreet observations  
 escaped her in the freedom of those nume-  
 rous conversations, Josephine retained the  
 tender affection for Napoleon. The  
 revolution was complete, and the throne

ever lost, and still she never ceased to implore the generosity of the Emperor, that he might restore the title of her former husband. The promises he made, and which she repeated to me with sincerity, were speedily forgotten at Vienna, if it be true that even at that time Alexander consented to let Napoleon be taken from the Island of Elba and sent to St. Helena. Prince Eugene came to Paris, about the time I am speaking of. The Emperor Alexander, took a liking to him, made him many professions of friendship, and promised to give him in Germany a principality, the population of which should not be less than sixty thousand inhabitants. These arrangements were afterwards altered: the Prince obtained the principality of Eichstadt, which contains scarcely seven thousand inhabitants. The day before his departure, the Emperor Alexander, in a moment of effusion, said to Prince Eugene, "I do not know whether I shall not some day repent having placed Napoleon on the throne. Believe me my dear Eugene, they

are not good people.\* We have seen them in Russia, and I know from experience what I think of them."

In the midst of these splendid comfortings, surrounded by the homage of the most powerful sovereigns of the Continent, she overtook the Empress Josephine. She was subject to catarrhal colds, which a little rest and repose usually cured in a short time. One day, on the eve of an attack of one of these complaints, she walked round the Park of Malmaison with the King of Prussia. She grew in consequence worse. Three days afterwards she was so ill that Dr. N\*\*\* having been called in on consultation, gave her the painful commission to acquaint Prince Eugene and the Queen of Holland, that within a few days they would be motherless. The Emperor Alexander brought her, the next day, his own physician, who remained

\* If the Emperor Alexander really used these expressions, he was not of the same opinion as our Yorick—"The Bourbons are a gentle race." (*Sentimental Journey*.)—(*Note of the Translator*.)

the whole day with her; but on the Sunday she softly expired in the arms of the Countess d'Arberg, her lady of honour, and her friend. The Empress was fifty-two years of age. She was an excellent woman in all respects: she embellished the throne by the most valuable qualities. Her benevolence and her kindness may serve as models to those whom birth or fortune entitles to wear a crown.

The Emperor Alexander also wished to make a provision for the Queen of Holland. Her husband had left her. Alexander procured for her the title of Duchess of St. Leu. Louis XVIII. did not dare to refuse openly, but the Minister Talleyrand made many difficulties, where Alexander sent his aide-de-camp to the Tuileries, with an order not to leave the palace until the patent was delivered to him, after which he should be obliged to sleep there.

The Empress Josephine was buried in the Church of Ruel. The funeral ceremony was celebrated with great splendour, by special order of the Emperor of Russia, who wished to give a

token of regard to the memory of Josephine, by sending as ~~the~~ mourner, Field Marshal Sacken, ~~all~~ all ~~the~~ generals the ~~one~~ whom he had the greatest esteem, and to whom ~~he~~ had intrusted ~~the~~ government of Paris.

The death of the Empress Josephine was ~~the~~ ~~her~~ blessing fortune conferred on her. Accustomed to all the enjoyment of luxury, and not knowing how to ~~set~~ bounds either ~~to~~ her expenses ~~or~~ to her charity, whilst the ~~the~~ Government refused ~~to~~ pay the pension ~~which~~ had been granted her by the treaty of the 11th of April, she was on the point of feeling all that trouble that accompanies ~~the~~ of order and imprudence. The return of the Emperor on ~~the~~ 20th of March would, besides, have undoubtedly compromised her. ~~The arrival~~ for him, and the enthusiasm his presence would have created, would have led her into measures ~~for~~ which ~~she~~ could not have expected pardon from ~~the~~ Bourbons. She would therefore have been obliged ~~to~~ end ~~her~~ unfortunate days ~~for~~ from ~~France~~ and her ~~life~~.



Prince Eugene was going to return to many. Not receiving any answer from the Island of Elba, I resolved to acquaint him with my situation. He was devoted to the Emperor, and he was my friend. I proposed to him to take charge of 800,000 francs, and send them to the Island of Elba.

Feeling myself a little easier from the thought of having saved half the sum, I exerted my utmost prudence to keep the eyes of the police off me. M. Pasquier was no longer there; and his successor, prepossessed by the idea of the general excitement which was daily augmented by newspapers and pamphlets written by men who observed no moderation, naturally forgot a person like myself, whom the investigators never met with, and whose name was never uttered in his presence.

What I had foreseen happened at last. The charter was infringed by unbecoming practices, and the press complained openly of them. The alliance with which the Emperor was overwhelmed by the Royalist party exasperated all the

adherents and friends of the hero. Recriminations took a violent character, and writers searched the old *Moniteurs*, and published the odious imputation with which the King had formerly been charged at the time of the trial of the Marquis de Favras.

M. Rey, a lawyer from Grenoble, in a work which was eagerly read, all the infringements made on the charter from the day it had been granted. Two young men, Messrs. Comte and Dunoyer, published a periodical work, *Le Censeur*, whence the principles of Liberty were developed with an energy and a strength of argument that gained universal applause. The writings of the royalists contained abuse on the Revolution, and on all, without distinction, who had taken a share in it; in which they uttered such provoking threats, that it was impossible not to perceive that their aim was to punish all.

This hostile disposition had extended all over France, by the very manner in which the Government tried to weaken it. Fearing,

under the colours, they had come to a resolution of disbanding more than half of them. The sufferings of want soon took the place of the happiness they had enjoyed on finding themselves returned in peace to their homes. The fatigues, the dangers, and even the objects of the late campaign were soon obliterated from their memory; and they only retained the enthusiasm with which the recollections of the Emperor inspired them in their idle hours, mingled with pity for his fall, and indignation at the disgraceful treatment he suffered from enemies he had so often vanquished. The glory they had been promised, the military rewards that could not have escaped them, the illustrious title of soldiers of the Grand Army, and the universal veneration that was to embellish the remainder of their days, had all appeared. They returned to their homes poor and humbled, and had reason to suffer from the mistrust of the agents of the new authorities, and from the contempt of that crowd of

nobles, most of them old emigrants, who ranked among ~~their~~ rights and privileges the pleasure of detracting from the military glory, and branding with ~~the name~~ of revolt the heroic exertions of the French to save their country from a foreign yoke.

Most of the generals who had been retained, and even those who commanded military divisions, were perceived, by the reception they met with at Court, that the day was not far off when they would be set aside to make place for the royalists, whose long idleness was repaid by an accumulation of rank.

I met none of my old companions in ~~company~~ but a conversation I had with one of my friends opened my eyes, and made me more attentive to what was passing around me. My lodgings, which were situated in the Faubourg ~~de~~ Germain, placed me under the necessity of frequently crossing the garden of the Tuileries. I met there one day a former aide-de-camp of the Emperor. We talked about public affairs, and he said to me, "I have just met Marshal Ney ;

I have never yet seen a man more exasperated than he against Government. His lady was yesterday so cruelly insulted at the Tuileries, that she went home in tears. The old Duchess insulted her with being the daughter of a chambermaid.\* Her aunt, Madame Campan, has just lost the situation of superintending lady of the establishment at Ecouen, notwithstanding the Duchess's solicitations. The harsh and insolent manner of Count de Blacas, in whom the King referred him, added to his exasperation."

This account appeared so singular to me, from the disposition in which I supposed the

\* The lady of Marshal Ney was a daughter of Madame Angulé, favourite of the Queen. Her unfortunate mother, who was persecuted in 1793 by the revolutionary committees, threw herself into a well, to escape from the scaffold, and to avoid by a voluntary death the confiscation of her property. She had three daughters, all of them remarkable for their beauty and the same excellent qualities: Madame Gamot, (afterwards Madame Delaville,) the lady of Marshal Ney, and Madame de Broc, who met with her death by falling from a precipice near Aix in Savoy. (*Note of the Author.*)

Marshal be, that I could help expressing some ~~idea~~ it might be exaggerated. "If you ~~think~~ me mistaken," returned the aide-de-camp, "let ~~us~~ continue our walk. He will soon pass through here again to ~~return~~ home, ~~and~~ I know he ~~is~~ gone to the ~~house~~ du ~~Mont~~ Blanc, ~~and~~ you may ~~find~~ him yourself."

In fact, the Marshal appeared in about an hour. We stood ~~on~~ the ~~balcony~~ of the terrace, by the water-side. When he ~~saw~~ me, he immediately ~~came~~ up to me, and ~~we~~ walked all three together. "Well," said he, "so you have kept yourself aloof; you ~~are~~ at peace, far from this puddle. How happy you ~~are~~, that have no insult or injustice to suffer! These people are so ignorant, they know not what ~~a~~ Marshal Ney is. Shall I be obliged to ~~visit~~ it them?"

He continued there for half ~~an~~ hour, ~~he~~ vent his passion; and, notwithstanding some reflections ~~we~~ made with a view to ~~calm~~ him, he left us abruptly. ~~That~~ ~~will~~ undoubtedly appear a considerable charge against him; ~~and~~

many persons will be tempted to connect that speech with his conduct in the month of March following. This would however be a mistake. The Marshal was a man who always acted upon the ~~his~~ impulse: he did not love the new Government; but (it must, ~~him~~ ~~be~~ acknowledged) ~~he~~ loved the Emperor ~~more~~ less. A few days after the conversation I mentioned, ~~he~~ went to his seat of Coudreaux, and remained a complete stranger to ~~all~~ that follows.

# CHAPTER IX.

Conspiracy.—Affair of General Excelmans.—General Lallé-  
mant, Marshal Davoust, the Dukes of Otranto and Bas-  
sano at the head of the Conspiracy.—Prudent conduct  
of Marshal Davoust.—News of the Emperor's landing.—  
Various sensations produced by it.—I seek refuge at the  
Duchess of Len's.—Departure of the King.—My visit  
to the Post-office.

THE youngest and most ambitious among  
the general officers were naturally the most dis-  
contented. Stopped all of a sudden in the  
midst of their career, forced to mix again with  
the crowd, fortune and honours escaped from  
their hands, when they seemed to have only  
one step more to take to gain them. Accus-  
tomed to a showy life, their large fortunes  
suddenly cut off, they experienced great  
disappointment in being obliged to keep up



the brilliant rank that had been assigned them in the army and in the world, the enjoyment of which would perhaps have comforted them. I do not say that their love of their country and their devotion to the Emperor had not a great share in their resentment; and all those causes united together, made their situation insufferable. The universal contempt for the Government, and the clamour which was raised on all sides, persuaded them that the favourable moment for an insurrection had arrived; and many of them did not hesitate to employ for that end the troops with which Government had intrusted them for its defence, in full reliance on the oath of allegiance they had taken. I had not the least knowledge of the plot. It was M. de P—— who first spoke to me about it, and who, with the confidence and levity of youth, acquainted me with all the particulars. He did not even seek to hide the names of any of its leaders. By all I had heard, I soon discovered that every body knew the matter except Government. It was Marshal

Soult who held the portfolio of the War Department; but having at that time no other motive than to show by his new zeal the remembrance of the old Republic for the Republic and the Emperor, he consecrated all his time to the Vendéans and their history, making the King sign an ordinance for the monument at Quiberon, and placing them in the army. Far from enlightening the Sovereign on the spirit of the army and the people, he knew so little about it himself, that he thought it quite natural to assemble with great éclat, in the city of Nantes, all the remains of the old rebels of the Vendée, for a solemn distribution of pensions and orders. The Nantese, at the sight of their old foes, who had so frequently shown marks of cruelty, were at the point of insurrection. The agent of the Minister was obliged to flee away, leaving behind him an incensed population, ready to take up arms to repel the counter-revolutionary attempt.

This awkward war was soon after followed by an unjust and brutal summary, which augmented

the exasperation of the military. General Excelmans, one of the most brilliant leaders of the army, had been the aide-de-camp to the King of Naples. One of the physicians of that Prince setting off to join him, Excelmans gave him a letter, wherein he feelingly expressed his attachment to his former general. Some loose words on the energy of the army, which still subsisted notwithstanding the peace, and others of service, concluded his letter. The person who had been in charge of it was arrested; the letter was then delivered to the Minister of War, (then General Dupont,) who reprimanded General Excelmans for the very slight impropriety he had committed. But the letter remained in the office of the Minister. One of the first measures of Marshal Soult, when he took the portfolio, was to decide that General Excelmans should leave Paris, and go and reside, until further orders, in the department where he was born. The General resisted, alleging, with reason, that his natural home was in the metropolis, having property in the

department, where he had not even been for the last twenty years. Finally, he only solicited a respite. Madame Excelmans had been for three days in the pains of child-birth. All the friends of her husband surrounded him, and encouraged him to resist an order which had all the appearance of a *lettre de cachet*. The minister was going to use violence, when one of the General's companions in arms, General Flahaut, helped him to escape. A court-martial assembled at Lille to try him : he went there and was acquitted. This acquittal was a fresh triumph to the friends of the Emperor, and a powerful encouragement to those who were at the head of the plot.

One of the leaders was General Lallemant, whom I had known in Italy and in Egypt, when he was an officer of the Guards, and afterwards aide-de-camp of General Junot. He wished me to take an active part in the conspiracy, and especially to undertake the commission of acquainting the Emperor with it. He observed that I undoubtedly kept my

of corresponding with him. He opened to me his plans, which were to seize the persons of the Bourbons, proclaim the Emperor, and replace him on the throne. Marshal Davoust, the Dukes of Otranto and Bassano, and several others, whose names I forget, were the heads of the enterprise. The more he advanced in his explanation, the more my alarm and uneasiness deprived me of all power of replying. In listening to him, it was not, I acknowledge, the fate of the King that caused my anxiety, but that of the Emperor. I however answered, "The persons whom you have named are very able, and their co-operation undoubtedly makes your success very probable; but still, to attempt to dispose very freely of the Emperor, simply to acquaint him with an undertaking, in regard to which he has not been previously consulted: to dispose of his fate without his permission appears to me a very bold act. First, I positively declare I have no sure means of sending him a letter. I even entreat his friends to

address him any, as I am sure they will be stopped by the posts of France or Italy, and sent to Vienna, where M. de Talleyrand strongly wishes to see him in exile for the Emperor. The motives on which he grounds his demand have not as yet appeared sufficient to induce the Allied Powers to such a measure; but I leave you to judge what effect would be produced upon them by a correspondence such as you wish to undertake. I am convinced the Emperor would be sent to the world's end, and perhaps even murdered. Who knows whether he may not have plans of his own which yours may destroy? Do you think his mind is weakened? Has he no friends left in Italy? Can he not easily be informed of what happens here? Finally has he left his orders with any body? Has he not any over since he has been in the Island of Elba?"—"As you think it dangerous to write," replied the General, "we will strive to send him somebody of great trust. As for our plan, it is too far advanced for us to delay the execution of it

any longer. If we put it off till some other time, the Emperor will be one day unexpectedly removed from the Island of Elba, in spite of the men who guard him, and then all will be lost beyond recovery. For the rest, speak to the Duke of Bassano; communicate to him your anxiety; but be sure we will not. This government is not to be borne; we will break it with our swords; our resolution is taken."

I went the day after to the Duke de Bassano, whom I had not seen since the revolution. After having finished the conversation I had had with Lallemand, I expressed my fears, not only in regard to a correspondence with the Island of Elba, but also in the strange way they reposed in the Duke of Otranto. Murat spoke openly to me—"This is quite a military operation," he said; "we have nothing to say in it: all that concerns us is the return of the Emperor. I know not how to acquaint him with it, if you have no means, and if you think them all dangerous. I am, however, as much convinced as you are that it would be his certain ruin to

commit ~~even~~ a single word ~~to~~ ~~any~~ and, in fact, I ~~gave~~ no letter ~~to~~ ~~Mr.~~ Fleury ~~de~~ Chaboulon, who, you know, ~~left~~ off more ~~than~~ a fortnight ago. To ~~be~~ sure, when he ~~left~~ ~~me~~, the military conspiracy ~~was~~ not yet hatched; ~~and~~ at least, I had no knowledge of it. As ~~to~~ ~~the~~ Duke of Otranto, I ~~do~~ not share your mistrust: ~~he~~ ~~has~~ entered on the business with so much ardour, and he ~~is~~ on such bad ~~terms~~ with the Bourbons, ~~that~~ I ~~am~~ ~~sure~~ he will not betray us."—"Very well; but suppose ~~he~~ ~~is~~ sincere in this, who ~~knows~~ whether he ~~has~~ not ~~some~~ after-thought, and whether he does ~~not~~ intend ~~to~~ work for another?"—"I do not know for whom it should be: he ~~may~~ have no thoughts on the Duke of Orleans. Of ~~this~~ I have indisputable proofs. ~~Flourant~~ ~~he~~ nor any other would dare ~~to~~ touch that question with the Prince. Come and see ~~me~~ often, and I shall make you acquainted with every thing."

My conversation with ~~the~~ Duke de ~~Flourant~~ had augmented my ~~interest~~ for ~~the~~ Emperor. The ~~name~~ of the Duke of Otranto appeared



fatal to me, and I returned a few days afterwards to the Duke's house, to speak again with him on the subject. He was closeted with the Prince of Eckmühl; but I found Count Thi-  
baudeau, who was very well informed of the whole business, and knew the plot in its most minute particulars. I communicated to him my anxiety concerning Fouché. His answer was—"It is not yet very clear in my eyes that he really wishes for the return of the Emperor, but he will remain faithful to us on the occasion."

While we were talking together, the Prince of Eckmühl came out of the Duke's cabinet, and the latter taking us aside, acquainted us that the Prince had just declared he gave up all co-operation in the undertaking. The reason he gave was, the levity of the leaders, and the certainty that the Court had already some suspicion on the subject. His arrival came rather late; his name encouraged all the others. The details of execution had been submitted to him, and he had approved of them;

It was therefore fear that made him recede, for repentance could scarcely find a place in the heart of such a man. Finally, he stopped too late, the motion having already begun, the dike being broken, and the torrent ready to overflow on all sides. The initiated were expecting with great anxiety the news of his rising. Only three days more were wanting for us to receive it, when we learned that Lallemand and Lefebvre Desnouettes had been discovered at La Fere, through the vigilance of General Daboville and Colonel Lyon; that Lallemand was taken with his brother, and that a court-martial was already convoked to try them. The cause seemed lost beyond resource. Anxiety and despair seized all the friends of the Emperor. Without uneasiness with regard to myself, I sighed over the fate of so many brave men, who were going to expiate on the scaffold their fidelity for him whom they still looked upon as their Sovereign, when suddenly an extraordinary event, an absolute miracle, began to be reported about secretly at

I was walking with ~~certainty~~ certainty. It was on Monday the 7th of March. I was crossing the Tuileries at nine o'clock in the morning, when I perceived on the steps of the gate leading to the Rue de Rivoli, M. Paul Lagarde, his Commissary-general of the Police in Italy. I saluted him with my hand in passing by, and continued my way under the trees, towards the terrace on the water-side. Hearing some person near me, I was going to turn round, when the following words were whispered in my ear:—"Make no gestures; show no surprise; do not stop; the Emperor landed at Cannes on the 1st of March; the Count d'Artois met him last night to oppose him." It would be impossible for me to express the emotion into which these words threw me. I scarcely breathe from emotion: I continued walking like an agitated man, and repeating to myself—"Is it possible? Is it not a dream, or the most cruel mockery?" When I arrived on the terrace on the water-side, I met the Duke de Vicenza, went up to

him, and I repeated to him the news word for word, and in the same tone of voice, in which I had just received it. He being of a hasty temper, and accustomed to view things on the wrong side, exclaimed:—"What an extravagance! How! in land without troops! He will be taken; he will not advance two leagues into France; he is a lost man. That it is impossible! However," he added, "it is but too true that the Count d'Artois set off hastily last night."

The ill-humour of the Duke in Vicenza and his fatal forebodings were irksome to me. I left him, to indulge in liberty the joy I experienced. At home I found one who would share it. Madame Lavallette was dismayed at the news, and drew all omens from it. I ran to the Duchess of de Leu, and found her bathed in tears of joy and emotion. After the lapse of a few moments, we began to calculate the immense distance between Cannes and Paris. "What will the generals do that command that road? What the public

authorities? What the troops? What effect will the arrival of the Count d'Artois produce?" It appeared to us as if nothing could ~~prevent~~ the Emperor; and we concluded that, ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~should~~ arrive at Lyons, all opposition would become impossible. From that moment the Duchess closed her door. All the suspicions of the royalists, all the eyes of the police, centered upon her. During the eleven months ~~that~~ had elapsed, her house had not ~~been~~ much frequented. Some generals, a few ~~men~~ and young men of the ~~new~~ Court, visited her often; but ~~the~~ conversation never turned upon the Emperor. A ~~small~~ number of faithful friends alone now and then inquired what was ~~the~~ manner of living,—what would be his future situation.

An undefined feeling convinced ~~us~~ that ~~he~~ would return; ~~that~~ a life of ~~exile~~ would not be terminated on a rock between Italy and France; but how, and by what means, was ~~that~~ ~~to~~ happen, ~~our~~ imagination, active ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~, could not conceive. Every day we ~~mentioned~~

the ~~same~~ Government committed, ~~then~~ they were supposed to commit, and the mass of prepossessions, complaints, violent ~~and~~ satirical writings, in which the ridicule of the royalists and the absurdity of their plans were exposed in light with ~~as~~ much bitter irony. But, notwithstanding ~~all~~ that, ~~the~~ people were ~~amused~~ with laughing and shrugging up their shoulders: ~~the~~ soldiers obeyed, and the mob appeared resolved to remain quiet. How could the Emperor, therefore, think of showing himself ~~as~~ a Government that appeared strong, ~~and~~ to a people that seemed to have forgotten him? And, lo! all of a sudden he lands in France; he agitates the minds of every one; his formidable name spreads dismay and discouragement among those who command, and those who desert him. The days, hours, and minutes were counted. Every morning the newspapers published the ~~most~~ sinister reports: ~~that~~ either ~~had~~ ~~been~~ or ~~had~~ ~~been~~ to ~~the~~ mountains. No ~~word~~ ~~arrived~~ were received. Our consternation augmented from day to day. I took

long walks in the suburbs, and found everywhere the appearance of complete indifference. The labours and efforts of the people remained the same. But the police, who carefully observed the movements of the evening, in the cabarets and other places of resort of the lower classes, were struck with awe at the energetic speeches and terrible plans that were secretly circulated. They dared not however imprison any individual of those classes, for fear of causing riots, the consequence of which might have been frightful.\*

\* I occupied at that time a part of the old Hôtel de Lamoignon, which belonged to M. de Lamoignon's son-in-law, M. de Causmont. Madame de Staël lived on the ground floor of the same hotel. The day after the news of the Emperor's landing arrived, she came to beg I would come down to her. When I entered her drawing-room she came to meet me, her arms crossed before her breast, and said with a faltering but still sonorous voice : " Well, Sir, he is not yet arrived ; the journey is long and full of many obstacles . . . " " He will arrive, he will be here in a few days, I have no delusion ! Oh ! my God ! Liberty is then lost for ever ! Poor France ! After so many sufferings ; notwithstanding my ardent wishes . . . His despotism will prevail, and I must leave the

It must however be acknowledged, the tradespeople, monied men, and lawyers, did not share those sentiments. The position of the Court inspired no interest; the jests in which country,—leave it undoubtedly for ever! The month was not long, and I should have those two poor children. I should have been happy." (She pointed to the room into which her daughter and M. de Broglie had retired).—"But, Madam, why should you take so desperate a resolution? You have nothing to fear from the Emperor; misfortune and public opinion, which is so powerful, will have great influence on him."—"No, I will go. What can I do here? I shall have too much to suffer. Alas! when I saw those Princes in England, they listened to truth. I depicted to them the situation of France, what they wished to have, and it was so easy to give her. I thought I had convinced them; and here, during three months, you have not been able once to speak to them? I saw them advancing towards the abyss, and my warnings have been rejected. I love them, I regard them, because they alone can give me liberty, and because I believe that Bonaparte will not dare to expose me at present, but to live under his eye! never!" Then looking full in my face, she said, "I do not wish to discover your secrets, nor to know what share you have had in this foolish expedition; but I reckon upon you to help me to escape from the persecution which I begin to feel."



it was exposed gained rapid applause ; but still, the too recent presence of the enemy caused great anxiety and a sort of stupefaction at the arrival of the Emperor. Nevertheless, with his arrival ; the army appears to me as well prepared."—" On my part, you may rely on me. If I hear that they are any longer of using you, I will find my way open on any day of the day, and means of escaping through my garden shall be provided for you." I left her, deeply touched by what she said, and with her brave spirit. A few days afterwards she gave a rout to eight hundred persons of the army and the city. There was a concert and a supper. One of my friends who had been there came up to me, and told me what he had witnessed. The scene was conducted with the greatest apparent freedom and gaiety. The news that the Emperor had landed and was approaching Lyons seemed not to excite the least uneasiness. If his name was pronounced, it was only to abuse him. Nobody was obliged to fly, and would perhaps be taken ; and the more feeling of being disturbed the minds of every one ; they seemed to feel the necessity of seeking forgetfulness in noisy diversions, in consternation and terror. I saw Madame de Staël no more. She left Paris a few days before the 20th of March ; and the Emperor, to whom I spoke of her departure, appeared vexed at the step she had taken. It was even reported to me at that time that he made some proposals for her to come back.

the exception of a few young men who remained at Vincennes royalists, nobody appeared willing to fight. The Count d'Artois returned in despair, unable to place any confidence in the army. All the regiments he had met with, all the troops he had assembled at Lyons, had refused to obey his orders. Marshal MacDonald, so beloved by the army, could not even obtain a hearing. The great name of Napoleon had intoxicated and turned the minds of every one. An immense number of peasants had joined the army. A word, a sign, would have been sufficient to make them murder all the nobles and priests. Fortunately, some moderate men undertook to lead the insurrection, and found means to direct it solely towards Bonaparte. "Do not tarnish the Emperor's name!" they cried on all sides; "he will not suffer a drop of blood to be spilt."

Days passed away, and each hour made the danger more imminent. M. Dumas, the Préfet of Police, was succeeded by M. Bourrienne. The friends of the Emperor knew what they

had the fear from that man, who was a former school-fellow of Napoleon, at the military college, and afterwards his secretary. He had been detected for some shabby tricks, and at the restoration he had delivered himself up, body and soul, to the royalist party. The choice of this young man had been undoubtedly fixed upon, because he was perfectly well acquainted with all the tricks of the Emperor and their habits. I knew that he was capable of any act, and I was particularly anxious about the Duchess of Angoulême and her two children, whom it was resolved to take as hostages, in case the Court should be obliged to fly to foreign parts. She was however, betimes, to seek a refuge with an old Creole woman from Martinique, who was entirely devoted to her.

Not wishing to compromise any of my friends, I concealed myself in the closet of the Duchess, but in that part of the house kept apart for the secretaries. It was the 14th of March: I had no news from the provinces; but, notwithstanding the false accounts with which the papers were

filled, I could see that the Emperor advanced rapidly, and that it was no longer possible to oppose any obstacle to his march. The Duke de Berry had just received the command of a camp near Paris. The officers, who had begun by immeasurable professions of fidelity, soon grew colder and more reserved. As for the soldiers, the wind itself seemed to waft to them the name of the Emperor; every bird they saw was to them the Imperial eagle. The rigour of military discipline, exhortations, intreaties, were not capable of keeping them within bounds; and during the three last days that preceded the arrival of the Emperor, were those among the troops who would have dared to abuse him, or designed to attack him!

At last, on the 10th of March, at six o'clock in the morning, I learned that the King and the whole Court had left Paris during the night, and that the city was without magistrates or military leaders. I left my retreat, intending to return home; for I was anxious about my wife, whom I had found indisposed, and whom

I had not seen for eight days. As I went out of the Rue d'Artois, to cross the Boulevards, I met Count Ferrand in a cabriolet. He told me the news of the King's departure; but he knew nothing of the Emperor. "I have a mind," I said, "to go and inquire at the Post-office." I seated myself next to him. When I entered the audience-room that precedes the closet of the Postmaster-general, I found a young man sitting before a table, and asked him whether Count Ferrand was still in the house. He answered that he was, and I gave my name, begging him to ask for me a few moments' conversation with Count Ferrand. I had never seen him before, but had heard that he was an infirm old man, and the father of a family. I was surprised at his delay in setting off; and, through a feeling of generosity, I wished to protect his escape, and secure his safety. M. Ferrand came, but, without stopping or listening to me, he opened his closet: I did not follow him there; but I went to another room, where I found the chief clerk delighted

to see me again, and I disposed to do any thing to oblige me. M. Ferrand, after having put up his papers, went away, and left his closet at my disposal. I had a great desire to fly to Fontainebleau and embrace the Emperor; but I wished to see my wife before I went. To reconcile these two feelings, I resolved to write to Fontainebleau. An express was given me, who went off immediately. I acquainted the Emperor with the departure of the King, and solicited his orders for the Post-office, which M. Ferrand had left vacant. As soon as the express was gone, I went home and remained there an hour. I was far from thinking that the direct and natural step I had taken would be charged upon me as a crime. I had so little desire to take possession of the Post-office, that I went to Prince Cambacérès to consult him on what I was to do. I found him, according to the custom of his whole life, complaining of ill-health, and struggling against the sufferings caused by his daily medicines. I communicated to him my visit to the Post-office. I

pointed in him the ~~treason~~ of Paris, — deprived of magistrates, ~~and~~ perhaps in the point of an explosion of the most dangerous character. I had forgotten to mention, ~~that~~ ~~the~~ the departure of Count Ferrand, my fear ~~that~~ the cash might be plundered, made me go to ~~General~~ Dessolles, the commander of the National Guards, and beg he would send a detachment of soldiers to protect the money. The officer who commanded them ~~did~~ not ~~even~~ consult me in placing the sentries. One of the clerks took ~~this~~ task upon himself. When the Prince learned these particulars, he replied with his usual coolness and gravity: "You have undoubtedly acted very wisely: I foresee all the confusion that will prevail in Paris; but I shall take great heed not to say a word or make a sign, by which the Emperor may suspect that I have anticipated his resolutions. I have ~~not~~ forgotten ~~that~~ he reprimanded me on ~~the~~ ~~return~~ from the Russian campaign. I will tell you the circumstance for your information. You know, ~~that~~ during ~~the~~

absence, it was I who presided at the Council. The affair of the 10th took us by surprise. You know he was surrounded with many of his accomplices. They were executed. When the Emperor arrived at the Tuileries, he sent for me, and as he perceived me, he came up to me with looks that seemed to pierce me through and through. — "Who allowed you," he said, trembling with anger, "to shed the blood of my subjects without my order? They were brave soldiers, who had a hundred times exposed their lives for me and the glory of their country. Have you forgot that the most precious jewel in my crown is to pardon? I know not what prevents me from punishing you severely for it."—"It is not necessary, I think," said the Prince Cambacérès, "for me to say any more in the matter, and you may easily suppose that I have not the least wish to expose myself to his resentment."—"As for me, Monseigneur," I answered, "I do so for his interest, and have despatched him by express. I shall undoubtedly receive an



for which I am going to wait at the Post-office."

On my return there, I was really surprised to learn that Count Ferrand was not yet gone. The post-horses had been waiting with the carriage from six o'clock in the morning. The old man appeared quite beside himself, and all the relations of his family were unable to persuade him to leave the place. He wanted to go to Ghent, and sent to me for a permit for post-horses. I repeatedly refused to give him one, declaring that I had nothing to say there; that he was sole master at the Post-office, and might protect himself by his own signature. But M. Ferrand, prepossessed with the idea that the return of the Emperor was owing to some great conspiracy, of which I was one of the heads, insisted on having some paper in which my handwriting should stand, convinced that that alone would protect him in his journey, and especially in the streets of Paris. His wife said to me: "It is for his safety that we ask you that permit." At these words I hesitated no longer, and I

enclosed the paper, of which he made no use, having been obliged to draw out of his pocket-book, until he arrived at Orleans, where he remained more than six weeks.

The conduct of the ministry in those days, and especially that of M. Ferrand, was inexplicable. The King, before he went away, had issued a proclamation, wherein he exhorted the Parisians, and consequently all France, to submission. This proclamation was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 20th. Its aim was to make all the royalists lay down their arms, and still one of my crimes was stopping the departure of the *Moniteur* and other journals. But of such great importance was attached to the publication of that last will of the King's, why did not M. Ferrand despatch it the day before by expresses? It might have travelled sixty leagues in twenty-four hours, in all directions, except on the road to Lyons, and the Prefects would at least have known how to act. I always suspected that the reason why M. Ferrand did not send it was because it did not please him. The man

He publicly acknowledged his wishes and his opinions, that I do not think I speak ill of him in saying that he wanted a civil war to break out, which the proclamation might prevent. As for the rest, I own I did wrong in stopping the journals; they could do no harm. Besides, the proclamation was stuck up in all the streets; and whoever wished to read it might do so. Though I wish to be sparing in anecdotes, I cannot, however, omit one which paints admirably well the man who at that time had so great an influence over our country. The proclamation I mentioned had been digested by the Chancellor d'Ambray; but the order for its insertion in the Moniteur had not been delivered. The editor of that journal went at six o'clock in the evening to M. de Vitrolles, Secretary of the Council, to ask for the order. M. de Vitrolles sent him to the Chancellor. After having repeatedly rung the bell, the porter appeared at a small window, and said that the Chancellor could then see his master, who was asleep. M. M\*\*\*, vexed at not being able

to obtain an audience, even if the porter, made a great noise, saying that he came by order of the King, and as they were obliged to let him in and walk up-stairs. There he had a fresh ceremony to go through before he could penetrate to his Excellency. The valet de chambre was to be awakened and dressed, and afterwards the master himself roused from the arms of Morphens. At last M \* \* \* found himself in the presence of the ~~King~~ of the law, whom he asked for an order of insertion in the Moniteur. "Oh yes, to be sure, the proclamation! Have you seen it?" Then, without waiting for an answer, my Lord took it from under his pillow, and began to read it slowly, complacently, and with pauses and inflexions of his voice, which showed all his paternal affection for that masterpiece of composition. "This is," said he, "one of the things I have written most correctly, and I fear not to say that it is that will make the greatest sensation. Yes, you may print it." He saying, he laid himself down again on his pillow and closed his eyes.

## CHAPTER X.

Aspect of the Tuileries.—Arrival of the Emperor.—Fouché the Police.—Carnot the Home Department.—I again in the service of the Post-office—the 21st.—Proclamation of the Congress of Vienna.—Situation of the Emperor; its danger and novelty.—Champ Mai.—Declaration of the Council of State.—General Bourmont.—Singular painful discovery.—Fouché.

My thoughts were solely occupied with the fearful burthen I should have upon my shoulders in a few hours later, (for I was resolved not to accept of any other employment than that of the Post-office,) I found myself by degrees engaged in fulfilling the duties of Postmaster-general. I was encouraged and seconded by the commissioners, by all the clerks, who were delighted in seeing the Empire put to

flight, and convinced, as well as myself, that we should never look upon them again. Indeed, they were already so completely forgotten, that their reign of eleven months appeared to be nothing more than an uneasy dream of a few hours. After having arranged the business of the Post-office in the best way I could for the interest of the Emperor, I went to the Tuileries. Five or six hundred soldiers on half-pay were walking in the extensive court-yard, wishing each other joy at the return of Napoleon. In the apartments the two sisters-in-law of the Emperor, the Queens of Spain and of Holland, were waiting for him, deeply affected. Soon after, the ladies of the Household and those of the Empress came to join them. The fleurs-de-lis had every where superseded the bees. However, on examining the large carpet spread over the floor of the audience-chamber where they sat, one of the ladies perceived that a flower was loose: she took it off, and the bee soon re-appeared. Immediately all the ladies set to work, and in less than half an hour, to the great

mouth of the company, the carpet again Imperial.

In the mean while time passed on. Paris was calm. Those persons who lived far from the Tuileries did not come near it; everybody remained at home. The departure of the King and the arrival of the Emperor were such singular events, that the fourteen centuries the monarchy had existed, did not in their course present one so extraordinary. And nevertheless indifference seemed to pervade the minds of all. Were these events above the capacity of common men? or, rather, did not the good sense of the people make them feel that it was not for their happiness the two monarchs were wrestling for the throne, and that they would reap from it nothing but sufferings and miseries?

But it was not the same in the country. Officers who arrived from Fontainebleau, preceding the Emperor, told us it was extremely difficult to advance on the road. Deep columns of peasants lined it on both sides, or

rather had made themselves masters of it. Their enthusiasm had risen to the highest pitch. It was impossible to say at what hour he would arrive. Indeed it was desirable that he should not be recognised; for, in the midst of their delirium and confusion, the arm of a murderer might have reached him. He therefore resolved to travel with the Duke of Vicenza in a common cabriolet, which, at nine o'clock in the evening, stopped before the first entrance near the iron gate of the quay of the Louvre. Scarcely had he alighted, when the shout of "Long live the Emperor!" was heard; a shout so loud, that it seemed capable of splitting the arched roofs. It came from the officers on half-pay, pressed, almost stifled in the vestibule, and who filled the staircase up to the top. The Emperor was dressed in his famous grey frock-coat. I went up to him, and the Duke of Vicenza cried to me, "For God's sake! place yourself before him, that he may go on!" He then began to walk up-stairs. I went before, walking backwards, at



the ~~figure~~ of one ~~man~~ looking at him, deeply affected, my eyes bathed in tears, and repeating, in the excess of my joy: "What! It is you! It is you! It is you, at last!"

As for him, he ~~walked~~ up slowly, with his eyes half closed, his ~~hands~~ extended before him, like a blind man, and expressing his joy only by a smile. When he arrived on the landing-place of the first floor, the ~~ladies~~ wished to come to ~~meet~~ him; but a crowd of officers from the higher floor leaped before them, and they would have ~~been~~ crushed to death if they had shown less agility. At last the Emperor succeeded in entering his apartments: the ~~doors~~ were shut, not without difficulty, and the crowd dispersed, ~~without~~ having seen him.

Towards eleven o'clock in the evening, I received an order to go to the Tuileries; I found in the ~~salon~~ the old ministers, and, in the ~~middle~~ of them, the Emperor, talking about the affairs of Government with as much ease as if we had gone ten years back. He had just

come out of the bath, and had put on his undress regimentals. The subject of the conversation, and the manner in which it was carried on, the presence of the persons who had so long been employed under him, contributed to efface completely from my memory the family of the Bourbons and their reign of nearly a year. However, on one of the tables there stood, in confusion, marble busts of Louis XVI., the Dauphin, father of the present Prince, and some of the Princesses. These busts recalled to my memory the recollection of the day before. On the following day they all disappeared.

When the Emperor perceived me, he advanced a few steps, drew me into another chamber, or rather pushed me gently before him. Then pulling me by the ear, he said : " Ah ! are you here, Mr. Conspirator ? " — " No, indeed, Sire ; and you know, Sir, the truth has been told to you, Sir, I would have nothing to do with any business in which M. \* \* \* \* — " — " It is well, it is well ! "

Fouché was already Minister of the Police.

Our conversation, ■ rather ■ Emperor's everlasting questions, began. He ■ by offering me the Ministry of the Home Department. "No, Sire! your Majesty will ■ a man accustomed to general business, and who ought ■ a name celebrated in the Revolution. I intreat you to give me again the Post-office, where I may be of service ■ you." —"Well then," said he, "I shall ■ Carnot for the Home Department."

■ a good choice. Not but that the manners of Carnot, which ■ rather dry, ■ his want of experience, gave rise to ■ complaints; but he was ■ sincere man, who ardently wished the good of France. Two months afterwards, the Emperor still congratulated himself with ■ choice, and said to me, "Carnot is a very honest man!"

My ■ had been preceded by ■ given ■ M. Molé, who had refused ■ appointment of ■ of Justice and of Foreign Affairs, to return ■ the roads and bridges, which had been entrusted to him before the ■ reign. These

several ~~minutes~~ ~~minutes~~ till very late. At last, ~~at~~ about three o'clock in ~~the~~ morning, the Emperor returned to the saloon, ~~and~~ said, "Make out the patents ~~for~~ ~~all~~ these gentlemen. As for Lavallette, ~~he~~ does not want any; he has conquered ~~the~~ Post-office."

There ~~was~~ in the tone with which ~~he~~ ~~uttered~~ ~~these~~ words, something satirical, ~~and~~ even a little bitter, that made me ~~feel~~ he ~~was~~ hurt at my conduct. In fact, I officiated during ~~the~~ three months at the Post-office without having obtained any ~~patent~~ patent. This strange ~~accusation~~ might therefore have been added to my indictment, and they might have put in—"Accused ~~in~~ having, during the reign of the Emperor, filled the situation of Postmaster-general without any written authorization from him."

~~This~~ was ~~the~~ second time Napoleon had taken possession of France. The first was on the 18th Brumaire, in 1799, when he ~~came~~ ~~back~~ from Egypt. France ~~was~~ ~~then~~ a Republic, governed by the Directory,—a ~~system~~ worn out, as well by the powerful attacks of foreigners, as

by its bad administration. Detested, and fallen into disrepute, civil war was rising up before its eyes. Rebellion triumphed over its power, and the people were only waiting for a man who might help them to get off the hateful yoke. Nevertheless, how much solicitude, how many resources required to arrive at the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire! On his way from Fréjus to Paris, and particularly at Lyons, all ranks of aristocrats, emigrants, citizens, peasants,—all whispered in his ear—"Overturn the Directory; take the power into your hands!" But on all sides also he must have heard the firm voice of the republicans, who said aloud to him—"Take the power into your hands! Conquer, but let us be free!" To succeed, he wanted the aid of Sieyès, a grave and theoretical organizer of the Republic, and of Roger Ducos, his colleague. If the majority of the Directory had possessed energy, they might have had him arrested; and then, even if the sword of justice had not dared to strike him, he would have

expiated his glory and his temerity by banishment, and perhaps transportation.

How wide was the difference in March 1815! Fallen from the throne, erased from the list of sovereigns, banished to the rock of the Island of Elba, he returned almost alone: scarcely did he set his foot on the French shore, when the people everywhere rose up. All France repeated with enthusiasm—"Napoleon! no more Royalty! no Bourbons! It is Napoleon alone that France wishes to have; it is his glory, his genius she needs of. Woe to those who shall dare to raise a finger against him! rather, woe to those who shall not declare in his favour!" And in fact, peasants, soldiers, citizens,—all hastened to him; all hailed him with their wishes and their gratitude, like a good genius, like a Providence. The royalty of the Bourbons was no longer any thing more than a dream: it appeared as if royalists, nobles, emigrants, had never existed. It was the consequence of a conspiracy; it was a great national movement, the result of 1789 for

Liberty, of the 9th Thermidor against tyranny, of the 18th Thermidor against incapacity. At what period did man witness so abrupt, so remarkable, and in some respects so sincere? What were the sentiments which at that time filled all hearts? Patriotism, love of glory, and an enlightened conviction that the newly accepted dynasty was unable to do any thing for the happiness and independence of the kingdom; \* \* \* and three months afterwards, this second dream also vanished!!!

In the mean while I had taken again upon me the business of the Post-office, whither I returned on the morning of the 11th. Nothing had been wanting in the material part of the service, for that would have been impossible; but the late Postmaster-general had thrown the persons employed into the most deplorable confusion. He had not only urged and favourably received the most absurd informations, but he had even rewarded them. In consequence, hatred and distrust had made the greater part of the clerks enemies to one another. They were

all ~~other~~ ~~clergy~~ or noblemen. I learned, for ~~the first~~ time, that in a department I ~~had~~ governed during thirteen years, there were priests, regicides, knights of St. Louis, and emigrants. The latter especially, so supple and incapable, ~~had~~ persecuted their superiors with incredible fury, ~~in~~ hopes to get into their places. I put an end to such scandalous practices, by refusing ~~to~~ take any interest in them; ~~and~~ these gentlemen ~~were~~ the foremost to sign the additional ~~act~~ to the Constitution, and take the ~~oath~~ of allegiance to ~~the~~ Emperor.

Within eight days' time I ~~was~~ perfectly aware of the deep gulf that was opening beneath ~~me~~. The too famous proclamation of the Congress of Vienna ~~had~~ reached France before that of the Emperor. ~~It was~~ impossible ~~to~~ entertain a doubt of its authenticity; and ~~the~~ Emperor, although he ~~did not~~ acknowledge it, was as ~~hostile~~ as any ~~one~~ that ~~the~~ storm ~~would~~ not ~~be~~ averted. I had wished that, ~~renouncing~~ ~~the~~ past, he ~~had~~ taken no ~~other~~ title than Lord ~~Chancellor~~ of the Kingdom,



governing in the name of his Son. I was however soon convinced that such a measure would have been impossible. Nothing therefore remained but to ~~take~~ boldly ~~with~~ the Imperial crown upon his head. Was he to maintain the Constitution? I know that that question was ~~discussed~~ very warmly, and that it found able antagonists. In putting it aside, it was said, nothing remained. The great fault of Napoleon's reign was then paid for:—I mean, the ~~want~~ of *ensemble*, the ~~character~~ of all ~~these~~ laws, ~~was~~ strongly claimed by ~~the~~ ~~old~~ friends of Liberty, which, before, had ruined all, and which still poisoned ~~our~~ present situation. What a deplorable idea it was, to wish to maintain ~~these~~ numerous contradictory decrees, a hundred ~~times~~ more dangerous than ~~the~~ ordinances of the King! It was in the name of Independence that he ought to have spoken; in the name of his ~~law~~ that he ought to have commanded. The enemy were beaten, it was time to think of settling the internal contest. But I must acknowledge that the Emperor

awed by the energy of all that surrounded him. The eleven months of the King's reign had thrown us back to 1792, and the Emperor perceived it; for he no longer found the submission, the deep respect, and the Imperial etiquette he was accustomed to. He used to call for me twice or three times a-day, to talk with me for hours together. It happened sometimes that the conversation languished. One day, after we had walked up and down the room two or three times in silence, tired of that fancy, and my business pressing me, I made my obeisance and went to retire. "How!" said he, surprised, but with a smile; "do you thus leave me so?" I should certainly not have done so a year before; but I had forgotten my old pace, and I felt that it would be impossible to get into it again. In one of those conversations, the subject of which was the spirit of Liberty that animated all on all sides with so much energy, he said to me, in a tone of interrogation: "All this will last two or three years?"—"That,

your Majesty will not believe. It will be for ever."

He was soon convinced of the fact himself, and he more than once acknowledged it. I have even no doubt, that if he had vanquished the enemy and restored peace, his power would have been exposed to great danger among the civil broils. The Allies made a great mistake in not letting him alone. I do not know what concessions he would have made, but I am well acquainted with all those the nation would have demanded, and I sincerely think he would have been disgusted with reigning, when he must have found himself a constitutional king in the manner of the patriots. Nevertheless, he conducted admirably well in his situation,—at least, in appearance. At no period of his life had I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to any one; no impatience: he listened to every thing, and discussed with the most wonderful sagacity and temperance every son that was so conspicuous to him. He acknowledged his faults with much touching

ingenuousness, or ~~assumed~~ ~~his~~ own position with a penetration to ~~which~~ ~~the~~ enemies themselves ~~were~~ strangers.

The enthusiasm of the nation soon cooled. It has often been said that the change was caused by the Additional Acts. That ~~perhaps~~, no doubt, contributed greatly to it; but there was another ~~reason~~ still, which ~~was~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ people felt ~~less~~ love for the Emperor than hatred for the Bourbons. The latter being once repulsed, the nation ~~was~~ satisfied; and when they received the Emperor with so much warmth, the French, according to their custom, did not think of the ~~future~~. Contented to ~~see~~ the royalists, who ~~had~~ made themselves the enemies of every body, humbled and restrained, they were soon shocked ~~at~~ discovering that ~~their~~ victory would cost them peace, the advantages of trade, and all ~~the~~ ~~advantages~~ that an obstinate war draws ~~after~~ it; and nevertheless, ~~such~~ a revolution could ~~not~~ be made without running some risk, ~~the~~ foreign sovereigns considering it a point of honour to ~~restore~~ ~~the~~ House of Bourbon on

the throne. In the mean while, all those who had already fought, nobly answered to the call of honour and necessity; but as it was no longer possible to think of conscription, instead of 400,000 men whom Government declared to be under arms, there were scarcely 100,000 men with which we were forced to begin the war. The Bourbons had been strongly shaken in public opinion; the Emperor was still more so. The royalists, who had not shown themselves, because they had been taken unawares, began to feel more easy under the shelter of a Liberty they were soon going to crush; and all the patriots, who must be carefully distinguished from the friends of the country, found themselves back to back, covered with the colours under which they fought. Old quarrels sprang up again, and the new camp soon presented the image of anarchy. The election was made in the same spirit, and the same divisions appeared in the Chamber of Representatives. The Emperor had thought of the Champ de Mai with a view of making an

impression on the public mind ; but the ~~men~~ who ~~were~~ ~~and~~ there, were shocked at the sight of the throne, at the splendour of the Court, and even at the ~~time~~ that ~~was~~ celebrated ; for their prejudiced eyes ~~was~~ nothing but the Emperor and his arbitrary law, without thinking of the enemies that were assembling. A great many ~~were~~ thinking of the miracles of 1792, without reflecting on the difference of the periods. In 1792 France possessed an almost inexhaustible ~~treasure~~ in her paper money. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ not ~~so~~ ~~barrased~~ by a government ~~she~~ had recently destroyed ; nor by her interior foes, whom the people ~~had~~ all murdered or put to flight ; nor by pretensions, every body being reduced to the same level, now the ignorance of ~~was~~ appeared complete. Still, enthusiasm ~~was~~ raised to the highest pitch, and the French wished for independence at any price. The people were enraged, barbarous, but ~~was~~ corrupt ; the army was brave, ambitious of glory, but indifferent to wealth and favour. Now all was changed. The men who had employments ~~wished~~ to

keep them, and were in consequence wavering and without resolution; the army had its marshals, ashamed of the wretched part they had played at the restoration, and despised by the soldiers,—finally, in presence of their old master, detesting the Bourbons, and fearing their return, but still more fearful of a new war, which they were unable they could no longer wage with the former advantages, which had procured them so much glory and fortune.

The Emperor had resumed all his titles, and even the offensive form of “Napoleon, by the grace of God and the Constitution of the Empire.” The Council of State took a fancy to proclaim the Sovereignty of the People. This declaration was not very agreeable to him, but he let it pass: he could no longer dictate laws. I recollect that the day it was signed at the Council, I was not at the sitting. When I crossed the Hall of the Interior, the Secretary proposed to me to sign it. I did so without even reading it; and meeting Regnaud de St. Jean de Angely, I asked him what it was.

"It is," replied he, laughing, "an ~~act~~ that compromises you strongly." I ~~was~~ ~~not~~ much perplexed ~~at~~ what ~~he~~ said. But M\*\*\*, ~~in~~ whom I mentioned ~~the~~ circumstance the ~~next~~ morning, ~~had~~ ~~not~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ thought proper to sign ~~it~~. I appeared surprised ~~that~~ he ~~should~~ have ~~done~~ it; but ~~he~~ told me in confidence, "The Emperor ~~has~~ not taken ~~it~~ amiss." I then read ~~the~~ ~~paper~~ with attention, ~~and~~ I found, in fact, that it could not have been very pleasing ~~to~~ ~~the~~ Sovereign; ~~in~~ that M\*\*\*, ~~instead~~ of doing ~~an~~ act of courage, made only the ~~salutation~~ of ~~a~~ courtier.

The fatal division of opinions put in part a stop to the national enthusiasm, and extended its influence ~~over~~ all the ~~parts~~ of ~~the~~ administration. Many prefects ~~were~~ changed. That was an indispensable measure; but among some ~~of the~~ choices, favour ~~was~~ produced ~~many~~ bad ones. Several young men, full of ardour, were selected, but who could not inspire much confidence. The reign of the laws was preached everywhere, whilst the commissaries extrac-



dinary of the Emperor, sent him the Departments, everywhere dismissed the persons in employment, to put in their places others who had held the offices before them, or some who had in former times given proofs of patriotism. These measures not only impeded public business, which was greatly required expedition, but added also greatly to the number of the ill-will. Such changes were undoubtedly necessary, in as far as the affairs were concerned, who corresponded directly with the Emperor; but it was easy to have an eye on the subalterns, and their treasonable practices could not be very dangerous in the beginning. I struggled as long as I could against that fatal system, but without success. To my regret they always opposed the situation of affairs, and the success that had formerly been obtained, chiefly by keeping the friends of the Tartars out of all public employments. But they did not sufficiently consider, that the greatest part of the persons employed by Government were traitors; and weak men, whose chief aim was

to keep their situations,—who wished in some degree well to the Emperor, prayed for his personal and moral above all things a defeat. I spoke to the Emperor of the harm his emissaries did. He answered: "I want a victory; I can do nothing before that. I am perhaps the only man in the empire who is cool; and still I cannot give the impulse everywhere, and direct all motions." He could not even repulse his enemies, so far was his position changed. A few days after his arrival, General Bourmont presented himself at his levée; he was in full regimentals; and although he had placed himself in the first rank, the Emperor passed by without stopping, and without looking at him. He was not disheartened, and went back three days successively. I soon learned that he had obtained the command of a division in the Grand Army. I expressed my surprise, and asked, with indignation, who had achieved such a master-piece. "I," answered Labédoyère, turning round; "I pledged myself for him. He is a good officer, who loves only his

country. He will fight well, and serve faithfully."—"I wish it may be so," was all the reply I made; and when I saw Labedoyère again, after he had returned from the campaign, I spoke to him of his *protégé*. "What could he do?" he observed: "his father had been arrested in the Vendée." A fine reason, indeed! Could he not have entreated the Emperor to set him at liberty, who would certainly not have refused him? And besides, was that a sufficient motive to betray his country and the Sovereign he had acknowledged?

Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his Son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was however soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him

by M. de \* \* \*, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not foolish enough with M. de \* \* \*, to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said: "Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would perhaps do well to open it; for if you persist, I shall give it to the Emperor."—"You may do so," I replied; "I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the Emperor may read it."

In the evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. "Here is a letter," he said, "which your courier from Vienna says is intended for you; open it." On casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting of \* \* \*; but as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to

conceal her hatred of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve of all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case ■ should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation; ■ the Empress, wholly enamoured of \* \* \*, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for ■ man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found however, in the manner ■ which the ■ was expressed, a warmth of seal and a picturesque style, that did not belong to the author of ■ letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and the danger I perceived in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons

enough to have the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. "How is it possible," I said, "that \*\*\* should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connection with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young—whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, is nothing agreeable in it?"—"But," answered the Emperor, "\*\*\* is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you." The following words were in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: "I do not think you ought to mention this to the Emperor; but whatever use of it you think proper." I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the Emperor then said to me "Go to

Caulaincourt. He ~~presented~~ a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine."

I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me: "I am sure the letter is from \*\*\*; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The last thing the Emperor can do, is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side."

This sad discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his Son, whom he loved most tenderly.

Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had besides undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. I shall perhaps resume this part of the history another time. I suppress it at present without any scruple, because it has nothing to do with the subject. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the Police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a

man was seated there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the Emperor, he put in his place either his Son, or a sort of a republic with a president. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich; and if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his Son. That was my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the Minister either to think no more of his plan, or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet, and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home because he wished to speak to me. When every body was gone, the Emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half



open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him gravely: "You are a traitor! Why do you remain Minister of the Police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged, and every body would rejoice at your death!" I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, always walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good-night, and said the Emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in he was gone; but the day after he spoke to me of this conversation. "I suspected," he said, "that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bale, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few

days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention the letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject." (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, "You are a traitor," &c.) "He acknowledged, in fact," continued the Emperor, "that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer declared once again, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that his person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest."

I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards I went to Fouché to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musketeers, who had been banished far from his

family. I ~~looked~~ him ~~at~~ breakfast, and sat down ~~with~~ ~~to~~ him. Facing him ~~and~~ ~~a~~ stranger. "Do you see this man?" he said to me, pointing ~~with~~ his spoon to the stranger: "he is an Aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan: it is the Abbé M <sup>o</sup> <sup>o</sup> <sup>o</sup>, one of the editors of the Journal des Débats,—a ~~very~~ enemy ~~to~~ Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons:—he ~~is~~ one ~~of~~ ~~our~~ men."

I looked ~~at~~ him. At every ~~such~~ epithet of the Minister, the Abbé bowed ~~his head on his~~ plate with a smile of cheerfulness ~~and~~ ~~and~~ complacency, and with a sort of leer. I ~~never~~ saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché ~~ex-~~plained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all ~~these~~ valets of literature were men of his; ~~and~~ while I acknowledged ~~to~~ myself ~~that~~ ~~the~~ thing might ~~be~~ necessary, I scarcely knew who were really ~~more~~ despicable, —the wretches who ~~then~~ ~~call~~ themselves ~~to~~ ~~the~~ highest bidder, or the ~~robbers~~ who boasted of having bought them, ~~as~~ ~~if~~ their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging ~~that~~ the

Emperor had spoken to me of the ~~man~~ I described above, Fouché said to ~~me~~ "The Emperor's temper ~~is~~ soured by the ~~misconduct~~ he finds, and he thinks it ~~is~~ my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang ~~before~~ my door twenty persons who have ~~that~~ opinion against them, though I should ~~not~~ be ~~able~~ to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it." As I am ~~never~~ in a hurry to speak, I remained silent; but, reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their ~~two~~ speeches remarkable. The master could have ~~the~~ minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom? Perhaps ~~the~~ ~~master~~ himself, and ~~with~~ the same approbation. What a singular situation!—and I ~~believe~~ they ~~were~~ both in ~~the~~ right; so ~~the~~ public opinion, equitable in regard ~~to~~ Fouché, ~~had~~ ~~an~~ ~~entire~~ ~~and~~ concerning ~~the~~ Emperor.

## CHAPTER XI.

Assembling at the Champ de Mars on the 1st of June.—  
Mass.—Affecting speech of the Emperor—His departure.  
—Battle of Waterloo.—Return of the Chambers.—My  
conversation with Napoleon at the Ellysée.—He retires to  
Malmaison.—Last conversation.—His departure.

THE ceremony of the Champ de Mars took place at last ; it was on the 1st of June. Nothing could be more singular than that assemblage in the open air. It had but little importance ; it had been badly announced. The Emperor wanted time : the minds of the people were not prepared ; the influence of the patriots had not had sufficient opportunity to exercise its power, or rather no one yet knew where to find them. Those who had begun the Revolution were old, retired from public life, and

in number ; of them were fallen into contempt. The Imperialists, or Bonapartists, were much regarded : they had perpetually received and frequently misused popularity. There were persons truly respectable but military : though discouraged and humbled, they alone still knew how to express themselves with dignity concerning their country and Liberty. But they were no longer mixed with the people, having already joined their corps. The majority of the electors, many deputies, brought with them a good spirit ; but the French, whose imagination is lively, never know how to enter into the reality of things until their first fire is extinguished : when prepossessed by a first impression, it is not till after much extravagance that they retrace the path common to all. In the beginning they only think of advancing, without caring in what way. Now, the way they had taken was bad. At first they saw only a despot in the Emperor, and forgot entirely the enemy : they never could feel that it was first of all necessary to beat their foreign

foes. I never could bring that idea into the head of people who were full of merit and long experience. "We will have no more *consultans*, no legislative body, no arbitrary practices,—finally, no more. We want a moderator, and nothing more. We are strong enough to beat the enemy, if he attack us. If he triumph, our department will become a Vendée. France will never hesitate between slavery and civil war." The imprudent men did not think that by such speeches they stopped the wishes of the people, who preferred to live in expectation of what was to happen, rather than throw themselves into the fatigues and dangers of a struggle which appeared distant and uncertain, notwithstanding the evident approach of the enemy. The ceremony of the Champ de Mai was however a noble one; but all France was not there, and even there the feeling for the Emperor was sincere among the crowd. The magistracy were opposed to him. All the judges preferred Louis XVIII. to the Empe-

ror: the pretension they put forward of succeeding to the parliaments, of which they were the dross, ~~showed~~ their vanity. Under a ~~weak~~ prince they enjoyed ~~real~~ authority, and the love of the ~~people~~ for old institutions. ~~gave~~ them a degree of power they greatly hoped to augment. Under the Emperor, on the contrary, they were found to obey. All the ~~nobles~~ and ~~clerics~~ in the public offices were in a ~~like~~ position: they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope; for they could ~~not~~ help seeing that we were beginning a new era of revolutions, in which all things would become uncertain. Finally, the impression of the horrors that had accompanied the first invasion was far from being blotted out, and the public mind shuddered at the idea of a second one!

The speech delivered to the Emperor by M. Dubois d'Angers was full of energy. It contained a summary of all the wishes, and expressed clearly the national will. But could a power that had nothing left, give all that was expected? The answer of the Emperor, which



was not directed to that speech, was above all sincere. He promised a great deal; but still he was obliged to explain what he wished, in his turn, as the executive power. He displeased his auditors by that. I soon perceived it in talking with some deputies who had heard him. After the conclusion of mass, to which, by the bye, every body turned their backs, the Emperor went down and took his place on an amphitheatre in the middle of the Champ de Mars, from whence he was to distribute the eagles to all the cohorts of the departments. This was a beautiful scene, but it was a tedious one. The situation itself was tiresome. The Emperor took care to address a word to each of the corps that received these colours, and that word was flattering and full of encouragement. To the departments of the Vosges he said: "You are my old companions." To those of the Rhine: "You have been the first, the most courageous, and the most faithful in our disasters." To the departments of the Rhone: "I have been bred amongst you." To others: "Your

bands were at Rivoli, at Arcola, at Marengo, at Tilsit, at Austerlitz, at the Pyramids." These magic names filled with deep emotion the hearts of those old warriors, the venerable wrecks of many victories. But, as I have already said, all France was not present at that ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not communicated to the people in the department. A few days afterwards the Emperor set off. I left him at midnight. He suffered a great deal from a pain in his breast. He stepped, however, into his coach with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was conscious of victory. The particulars of that campaign are too well known for me to repeat them here; but I saw with grief too many unworthy Frenchmen form a mob for his defeat. The Assembly of Representatives did not adopt the attitude, nor speak the language its influence over the public mind rendered necessary. Old hatred, former opinions, the hope of the return of the Bourbons, and great anxiety in many respecting the conduct of the Emperor

if he returned victorious, threw  
on the debate of the Assembly.  
It had been said to them that the first point  
was to save the Country ;—but they answered :  
“ Let us save Liberty ! ” as if Liberty could  
be saved when the soil was invaded !

At last I learned the fatal news of the battle  
of Waterloo, and the next morning the Empe-  
ror arrived. I flew to the Elysée to see him :  
he ordered me into his closet ; and as soon as he  
saw me, he began to shake me with a frightful  
epileptic laugh. “ Oh ! my God ! ” he said,  
raising his eyes to Heaven, and was laughing  
or three times up and down the stairs. This  
appearance of despair was however very short.  
He soon recovered his coolness, and asked  
me what was going forward at the Chamber  
of Representatives. I could not attempt to  
hide that exasperation was there carried to a  
high degree, and that the majority seemed de-  
termined to require his abdication, and to pro-  
pose it themselves if he did not send it will-  
ingly. “ How is that ? ” he said. “ If proper

measures are not taken, the enemy will be before the gates in eight days. Alas!" he added, "I have seen them in the great victories, that they know how to bear one day's misfortune! What will become of poor France? I have done all I could for her." Then he heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him; and I left him, with an order to come back at some later hour. I passed the day in seeking information among all my friends and acquaintances. I found in all of them either the greatest dejection or an extravagant joy, which they disguised by feigned alarm, and pity for myself, which I repulsed with great indignation. No hope could rest on the Chamber of Representatives. They all said, they wished for Liberty; but, between two tyrants who appeared ready to destroy it, they preferred the foreigner, the Bourbon, Napoleon, who might have prolonged the struggle, because they were silly enough to despise the former and fear the latter. Besides, each person took council only from

... egotism. Some hoped to escape the confusion, because they were unknown ; others thought they might draw advantage from circumstances ; and the majority, foolishly trusting to the promises of the foreign Powers, were still persuaded that the Bourbons would not return to Paris, or, at least, that the King, convinced of his weakness and incapacity for government, would be so strongly bridled and fettered, that he would neither be able to revenge himself, nor to violate the Constitution. Those who held the latter opinion were the friends of Fouché, who had given them to understand that nothing remained for them but to submit, but that he alone would find means to save them, and erect the edifice of Liberty.—The Chamber of Peers presented a much more noble spectacle. Except the intrepid Thibaudeau, who till the last moment expressed himself with admirable energy against the reign of the Bourbons, almost all the members thought of nothing but of getting out of the scrape with the least loss they could.

took no pains to hide their wish of curbing again under the yoke ; and looked upon themselves as being paid in advance, either by their remaining in the Chamber of Peers, or the necessity of disarming revenge. The majority, however, wished to fall with dignity ; but there existed no firm will. The Chamber waited for the resolutions of the Representatives, and intrenched itself behind them, as if the Chamber could have saved it. I sued in vain to those who consented to listen to me : " We have no means of escaping : you must give up all hopes. The other Chamber has been named by the people with the forms consecrated by the Constitution ; we, on the contrary, are nothing but the Ex-Emperor's friends ; we have not been invited to accept. Each of us, in setting our foot here, has received a sentence of proscription from the Bourbons. It is we who are the rebels : we have nothing more to do than to signalize our last moments by a noble death, and to fall with a good grace."

But I turned to men too old to give up the

sweets of life, and who had nothing left in their hearts but the wish to preserve them, and the fear of adversity. I have however with few exceptions, among which I shall name old Sieyès, who maintained fully the opinion I had formed of him. He wanted the habit, and perhaps the courage, to speak in public; but I never heard any man express with greater energy a hatred of slavery, and more forcible and generous ideas on the necessity of fighting to the end against it.

The next day I returned to the Emperor. He had received the most positive assurance of the state of feeling in the Chamber of Representatives. The reports had however been given to him with some little reserve; for he did not seem to me convinced that the resolution was really formed to pronounce his abdication. I was better instructed on the matter; and I went to him, without having the least doubt in my mind that the only thing he could do was to descend once more from the throne. I communicated to him all the particulars I had just received myself; and I

did not hesitate to advise him to follow the only course worthy of him. He listened to me with a sombre air; and though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the horrors of his position betrayed themselves in his face and in all his motions. "I know," said I, "that your Majesty may still keep the sword drawn; but against whom, and against whom? Dejection has chilled the courage of every one; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed."—"That thought," he replied, stopping, "is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about myself. But poor France!" At that moment, S\*\*\*\* and C\*\*\*\* entered, and having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the Deputies, they persuaded him to send in his abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to that step; but still he refused it.

This great act being performed, he remained



calm during the whole day, giving the advice on the position the army was to take, and on the manner the negotiations with the enemy were to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming the son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child, as with a view to unite on one head all the power of sentiments and affections. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him. Some men of sense and courage rallied round that proposition in the two Chambers; but fear swayed the majority; and among those who remained free from it, many thought that a public declaration of Liberty, and the resolution to defend it at any price, would make the enemy and the Bourbons turn back. Strange delusion of weakness and want of experience! It must however be respected, for it had its source in love of their country: but while we cherish it, was it to be justified? The population of the metropolis had resumed their usual appearance, which was that of complete indifference, with a readiness to cry "Long live the King!"

provided the King arrived well escorted; for we must not judge of the whole capital by about one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants, who called for arms, and declared themselves warmly against the return of the Bourbon family.

On the 21st I returned to the Elysée. The Emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with a degree of vehemence that surprised him. "Why not America?" he said. I answered, "General Moreau is retired there." The observation was harsh, and I should have forgiven myself for having expressed it, if I had not altered my opinion a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill humour; but I have no doubt that it must have made an unfavourable impression on his mind. I insisted on his choosing England, and the reason I gave appeared plausible; but after I had left him, I met General F\*\*\* in the saloon, and communicated our conversation to

him. His answer was—"You are mistaken in respect to the English Government. In that country, all the institutions are established for the nation itself; and foreigners are not admitted to enjoy their benefits. The Emperor will never find any thing in that country but oppression and injustice. The nation will not be consulted in the treatment he will undergo; and, believe my words, far from finding protection there, all possible outrages will be invented for revenge."

These reflections struck me, and I begged F\*\*\* to communicate them to the Emperor. I could not however deliver them without some restrictions. I could conceive that the English Government might think it necessary in the safety of Europe, to prevent all connexion between the Emperor and his numerous adherents; but to condemn him to the slowest and most painful death,—to march on his person all manner of cruelty,—to invent to him sufferings unknown to the most cruel tyrants —(for in what other light can be viewed the

insufferable separation from all connexion with civilization and human kind;—from his wife and child, from whom he could not even receive letters to comfort him in his banishment):—these are things an honourable mind would never have expected. After such conduct, we may be allowed to suspect, that in England, a nation so valuable in other respects, there exists a coldness of heart, with a total absence of humanity and generosity, from the moment her pride is wounded.

The Emperor went to Malmaison. He was accompanied by the Duchess de Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duke de Bassano. I was there several times a-day; for I could not leave Malmaison. The Duchess de Leu, who had suffered much in her health by the late events. The day he arrived in that retreat, he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. "Drouet," he said, "remains in France. I see, the War Minister wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain; but it is a great loss for me; I never

met with a better head, or a more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister anywhere." I accompanied him, in the following words: "I have a daughter of thirteen years of age: my wife is four months advanced in pregnancy; I cannot resolve to leave her. Allow me some time, and I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your Majesty in all times, and you may reckon upon me. Nevertheless, if my wife had not a claim on me, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate."

The Emperor made me no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the Provisional Government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might go to America. It had been promised him; he had even been pressed to set off; but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the Captain, to convey

him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy. After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him, and strongly painted to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed, that he could not go without the order. "Depart nevertheless," I replied; "your presence on board the ship will still have a great power over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if the Captain resist, have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have not the least doubt but Fouché has sold you to the Allies."—"I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the Minister of Marine." I went off immediately to M. Decrès. He was in bed, and talked to me with an ill-humour that made my blood boil. He said to me: "I am only a minister. Go to Fouché; speak to Government. As for me, I can do nothing. Good night." And so he covered himself up again in his blanket. I left him; but I could not succeed

in speaking ~~either~~ to ~~Frederick~~ or to any of the others. It ~~was~~ two o'clock in the morning ~~when~~ I returned to Malmaison; the Emperor was in bed. I ~~was~~ let into ~~his~~ chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened ~~to~~ me, but made ~~no answer~~. He got up, however, and spent a part of the night in walking up and down. The following day was the last of that ~~tragic~~ drama. The Emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his closet ~~at~~ about twelve o'clock. "If I had known you were here," he said, "I would have had you called in." He then gave ~~me~~ ~~some~~ subject ~~which~~ interested him personally, some instructions which it is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still ~~the~~ ~~Emperor~~ suspecting ~~the~~ extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried.

## CHAPTER XII.

I am arrested.—General Labedoyère.—My examination at the Prefecture of Police.—My examination.—Anecdote of one of the Accomplices of Georges.—I am transferred to the Conciergerie.—Marshal Ney—His delusion.

A few days after the departure of the Emperor, I was told that a list of proscriptions, which was said to contain the names of two thousand persons, was making up under the inspection of Messrs. de Talleyrand and Fouché, by order of the Princes; and that Madame the Duchess of Angoulême vouchsafed to take an active part in the measure. Many persons had already fled from France. The intrepid Thi- baudeau, who, a few days after the return of the King, openly protested against his reign in the Chamber of Peers, took some pains to make me comprehend the danger I stood in.



The Duke of Bassano, on his departure, wished to persuade me to follow him quickly ; but I, prepossessed by the idea that my conduct was above all reproach, rejected his cautions of friendship. The Princess of Vaudemont intreated me at least to seek some refuge for a short time. She told me that it was Fouché's wish that I should ; but he never thought of offering me the passport I might stand in need of. The situation of my wife, who was then advanced in pregnancy and very unwell, made the idea of my flight impossible for me to bear. From within the walls of a prison, said I to myself, I may still protect her. Prejudice will diminish, and the Royal Government will undoubtedly vent itself on those who are absent. The more I examined my conduct, the more I was convinced that my cause could only be brought before the Correctional Police, and the result would be no more than an imprisonment for two or five years, for having taken upon me the superintendence of the Post-office a few hours before the Emperor arrived.

Having made up my mind to this, I was the more obstinate in my refusal to fly; and I proposed to the Princess de Vaudemont to give her a letter addressed to M. de Talleyrand, in which I should explain my conduct. She intended to lay it before him. In that letter I unfolded to the Ministry my whole conduct since the Restoration; all the steps I had taken on the 21st of March; and I concluded by soliciting my trial. My wishes in that respect were soon complied with.\*

\* Far from having any uneasiness on my own account, my whole anxiety was for the fate of my friends. The Countess de Souza, the aunt of Labedoyère, knowing that he was still in Paris, entreated me to go and see him, to thrust him, if necessary, by the shoulders out of the barriers, and to persuade him to seek refuge with the Army of the Loire, from whence he might go abroad. I went therefore at eight o'clock in the morning to Labedoyère. He was still in bed, playing with his child, and his lovely wife was with him. When we were alone, I warmly pressed him to depart, and, by a singular prepossession, I gave him the same reasons, made him the same intreaties, placed before his eyes the same dangers with which my friends harassed me on my own account. He listened to me with a smile and a yawn,

On the 18th of July I was sitting at dinner with Madame Lavallette and M. de Meneval, when an inspector of the Police came to tell me ~~that~~ the Prefect, M. Decazes, wished to speak to me. When I stepped ~~into~~ the hackney-coach, I ~~saw~~ that I was surrounded by ~~three~~ or four spies, who were good enough ~~to~~ act the part of footmen, and stepped up behind the carriage. In less ~~than~~ half an hour I was ~~in~~ the registering ~~room~~ of the prison of ~~the~~

and turned himself round in his bed. I was obliged to put an end to that discourse, and talk of the fate of the Emperor and France, which interested him more than his own. ~~He~~ had already lost more than three hours in useless conversation, when his valet-de-chambre came to tell him that two Prussian officers, who were billeted in his house, refused the apartment that had been offered to them, and insisted on taking possession of his wife's. ~~At~~ these words Labedoyère flew out of bed like a madman, and taking scarcely time to slip on his clothes, he wanted to go immediately and cut off the ears of these two insolent fellows. It required considerable exertions on my side to make him keep quiet and wait ~~the~~ ~~moment~~ of his ~~departure~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~. He did not set off till the evening. ~~He~~ gained the banks of the Loire. I shall mention hereafter how he returned from ~~his~~

Prefecture. I was introduced to the jailer, who paid little attention to me, being busy with distributing lodgings to several persons among whom I discovered M. de P \* \* \*, who had been long Secretary to the Duke de Ro- vigo, and appeared to be the person in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He seemed so grieved and mortified to be where he was, that I went up to him, and had already begun to express my pity for his misfortune, when all of a sudden he turned aside, and, pointing to me, said to the turnkey, "Conduct this gentleman to No. 17;" after which he disappeared. This I thought I, very cleverly turned the coat; but I found my guide, blushing at the mistake I had made. He introduced me into a dirty garret with a window that opened in the roof at twelve feet from the floor. I was permitted, if I could, to open it by means of an iron bar with notches, but so heavy that it was not possible for me to raise it. When one enters into prison, anger always follows the first surprise. I began by

to call me down to the chief clerk, who was to examine me. In my situation, this might be looked upon as some advantage: I was therefore far from wishing to decline it, and I was conducted, through a labyrinth of passages, to a room on the ground-floor, where I found M. V \* \* \*, who was dismissed a little while after. This inquisitor, who was a short, fat man, was seated in his arm-chair, where for the space of twenty-nine years he had been asking questions at all hours of the day and night, under all possible governments. After having taken down in writing three or four pages of questions and answers, he stopped, and as he had neither as much inclination for sleep, he eagerly took advantage of my inquiries I made about his occupations, to relate to me all the prowess of the prefects of police, the manner the prisoners made their defence, and the tortures he inflicted from them; his skill in troubling their conscience, in disconcerting their firmness, in surprising their tenets, in pursuing their confessions, and finally in sounding the

their hearts. I cannot help recording here one of these anecdotes, which I thought remarkable, in the words he gave it.

“ Among the conspirators of the Infernal Machine was one M. N\*\*\*, an intimate friend of Limoullan, the first inventor of the plot. He had served among the Chouans, and the police supposed, reasonably enough, that he was in Paris. After being hunted like a fox for several days, he slept one night in the charcoal-boats in the Pot au Feu. When the pursuit had ceased in that part of the town, he ventured to seek a retreat in a miserable garret in a public-house. The next day, the police came back; but he had escaped, and was seen no more. His room was searched, and near the bed was found a scrap of half-burned paper which he had used to light his pipe. This paper contained, however, some written lines, which seemed to be part of the rough draft of a letter addressed to some general, who was supposed to be Georges. On the last line were the following words: ‘I cannot write any more to-day, as I have a great

pain in my eyes.' This unfortunate man was implicated and taken in the conspiracy of Georges, and I had the pleasure of examining him. He was sitting where you see his face between two wax-candles, as your's is. While I was talking with him I continued writing. He was my countryman. I spoke to him of his parents, of his first affections, of his schoolfellows; and having observed that he began to gain assurance, and that his answers betrayed a little more cheerfulness, I stopped all of a sudden, and said in the most natural manner I could: 'But the light annoys you: you may put out the candles if you choose.'—'No, I have pain in my eyes.'—'I thought you had.'—'No, not at present; my eyes were bad, it is true, about two years ago.' We continued our conversation. At last I slowly read to him his examination: he was surprised to find I had inserted in it so trivial a circumstance, and asked why I had done it. 'It is my custom.' Now, will you believe that this very trivial circumstance convicted him? The following scrap

of paper had been preserved. The writing was compared with his, and his presence in Paris, at the time of the Infernal Machine, was proved."

"And what became of him?" said I.—"He was guillotined," answered V \* \* \* with a most fiendish look and gesture.—He said to me: "I am fond of my profession: I cannot remain one day out of my apartment. I might go to the play and divert myself with my friends, my wife, my children. But, no; I must be here." While listening to him, I observed that by habit he constantly looked to the left side, where the prisoners were placed; and I am convinced that if they had been put at his right, he would have lost half his skill. When he read my examination to me, and before I signed it, I asked why he had not inserted his anecdote in it. "Oh, your business cannot go far," he said: "you are not an important man for me."

I remained a fortnight in that temporary prison without seeing M. Decazes, who might



have been a little troubled at having me so near him, if he had not entirely forgotten our former connexion. The bad air and the vexations of a prison gave me an inflammatory complaint. My physician, who was also the medical attendant of M. Decazes, prescribed for me with great care, which succeeded to make them change my prison, and send me speedily on my trial, for fear I should escape by a natural death from the one they were preparing for me. On Sunday the 21st of July, I was abruptly put into a hackney-coach to be conveyed to the Conciergerie, at a small distance from where I was. There are many people in Paris wholly unacquainted with the existence of the dungeons of the Conciergerie, which are beneath the magnificent apartments of the Palais de Justice, and which, it is reported, served in the time of St. Louis as kitchens and pantries for the Royal household. I was introduced into the registering room, where I found the jailer, whose name was, I think, Landrajein. He was a tall man, disagreeably familiar, though tolerably

polite ~~man~~. He began to make out aloud the description of my person, and invited me afterwards to follow him to the end of a dark passage where my new ~~room~~ was ~~situated~~. This was a long and narrow space, terminated by a window covered with a slanting roof, ~~which~~ just ~~enabled~~ me to distinguish a square ~~part~~ of the sky. Bare walls, covered with names and exclamations of despair, traced with charcoal, ~~were~~ the only ornaments of this dungeon. A wretched bed, ~~an~~ old table, one chair, and ~~some~~ tube of foul water, were all its furniture. I describe it thus minutely, because ~~in~~ ~~there~~ that Marshal Ney passed the three first weeks that he remained in prison. I was weaker than he, for ~~he~~ did not complain of it; but when I saw that it would be impossible for me to read during half an hour, I burst into reproaches, and wrote to the Prefect of Police, that disease would soon kill me if my lodging was not changed. In the evening the jailer came to lead me to the promenade in a large yard called The Green; ~~which~~ at nine o'clock, ~~ended~~ of

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 bringing me up again to my dungeon, he introduced me into a room on the ground-floor, where I found a fireplace, and a window looking into a small yard, separated from the women's yard by a high wall. "I could not place you here this morning," he said, "because General Labedoyère was locked up in the next room; but he has been transferred to the Abbaye." The next day I went to see his chamber. It was still more inconvenient and more dismal than the one I had left. He had remained there eight days in the most rigorous solitary confinement, and abandoned in a manner by the keepers, who only visited him twice in twenty-four hours. The dungeon was so narrow that he could not even walk about in it, though this was the only diversion left him, as he was deprived of books, newspapers, and even of all manner of correspondence.

They began, according to custom, to keep me during three weeks without any communication. I could receive no letters until they were opened, nor see a friend except in the pre-

sence of the registrar. The accounts I received from my wife were painful. Her tremulous handwriting, the sufferings she sought in vain to overcome by repeated assurances of good health, her five-months' pregnancy, all which she never spoke,—all added to my anxiety. I soon felt also the inconveniences of my prison. There in my room was an enormous iron door, that was opened in every hour of the day and the night to relieve the sentry: its violent motion shook my bed and interrupted my sleep, while the cold and damp of the air obliged me to have fire night and day.

These torments, every instant renewed, were, however, far from discouraging me, and I had no need to seek moral force in meditation, nor in delusions that vanished every day more and more before the sad truth: I found it in my attachment for the Emperor. I suffered, but it was for him: my misfortune was heightened by the consideration of the cause that had given it birth. My name and fate were united in his immortal name; and besides, even now the

sufferings worse than mine? The perfidy of the English Government was leading him to St. Helena. How many warriors were preparing for him in his banishment in the world's end! I should have liked to complain in presence of such a disaster. The vengeance of kings fell heavy on us both, and I found in my honour and glory in sharing it with him. It was that thought that constantly bore me up, and saved me from all weakness. The idea that he would read my trial, and that my death would give him some emotion; that I showed myself worthy of his attachment and his trust, elevated me in my own eyes. I shall explain hereafter how that feeling of energy against Napoleon received a powerful support from another cause.

A few weeks after my imprisonment, I was one day walking in the yard, I saw Marshal Ney at the bottom of the staircase which led to my former dungeon. He bowed to me as he went quickly up, accompanied by the jailer and an officer of the gendarmes. It was

## COUNT LAVALLETTE.

thus I learned that he was arrested. Like me, he had scorned to leave the kingdom, and had only sought refuge in the country-seat of one of his wife's relations near Cahors. His sabre, which he had left in the drawing-room, betrayed him for the first time. He suffered himself to be taken, convinced that they would not dare to condemn him. After he had remained a month in that dungeon, he was placed above me in the registrar's lodging. There was a stove that warmed him from the cold; and his grated window, being higher than mine, procured him a less unwholesome air than what I breathed. But his name and his rank could not protect him from the hardships they seemed to take pleasure in inflicting on him. He played tolerably well on the flute, and during several days he amused himself with his instrument. He was however deprived of this resource, under the pretence that it was against the rules of the prison. He repeatedly played a waltz, which I long recollected, and frequently hummed in

my evening musings. I had never heard it anywhere else, till once again it struck my ear in Bavaria. It was at a *bal champêtre* on the borders of Lake Starnberg. I had before my eyes young peasant girls merrily skipping on the fresh green sward. The air was sweet and melancholy, and when played on the flute, it immediately recalled to my memory the Conciergerie, and I retired, unable to repress my sighs, repeating with bitter feelings the name of the unfortunate Marshal. During the day I enjoyed the right of walking in the garden, without being however allowed to remain there together, though he was always accompanied by a gendarme. I was in the habit of taking my walk at six o'clock in the morning: the Marshal wished to take that hour for his walk; I resigned it to him with great pleasure, and this arrangement lasted until his solitary confinement. From that time, his lady and children came every day to dine with him. She always accompanied him. One day she came near my window and

to me: "The sentry that guards us is an old soldier who has served under the Marshal; he wishes very much to talk with you." The Marshal in consequence came up: our conversation could not be long. He said to me: "I am easy as to what concerns myself. A great many friends watch over me: the Government is advancing fast again towards its ruin. The foreigners already take our part; the public indignation has communicated itself to them; and if you wish to have a proof of it, read these papers and burn them when you have done." He then slipped through the bars a file of pamphlets and some manuscript sheets. I found in them violent threats and even provocations, that appeared to me very ill-advised: there was also a great deal of absurd news. According to these accounts, the English already repented having replaced the House of Bourbon on the throne; and there was a long protest of the Empress Maria Louisa against the resolution of the Sovereigns who kept her out of France. What the Marshal had told me about



his friends was more correct; but, some time after, I learned that he had failed in an attempt to escape from the Conciergerie, and that ten thousand officers on half-pay had been forced to leave the metropolis by order of the Minister of War. A little while after this conversation, we again exchanged the hours of our walks. He then went down in the morning, accompanied by his wife, his brother-in-law, and his sister-in-law Mad. Gamot. The prisoners had retired to their dormitories; among them was a soldier called Dieu, whose good voice and comic songs diverted the Marshal.

I felt a very great wish to see him again; and one evening I ventured to ask permission to go up to the Green. The jailer was gone out: the turnkey opened the door and led me there, where I found Marshal Ney and M. Gamot. I joined them. It was about three months after our first conversation. At that period, all his delusions seemed to have vanished. "Lafayette," said he, "has crossed the Rhine."

sage. Now it will be your turn, my dear Lavallette, and mine afterwards."—"It is all one," I answered, "who will speak. I know there is no hope left."—"Oh, oh! but we shall see." However, all these lawyers annoy me; they do not understand my situation; but I must speak for myself."

## CHAPTER XIII.

My thoughts and occupations.—The female prisoners.—  
 Apartment of Queen Marie Antoinette.—My examination  
 before M. Dupuis, Supernumerary Justice.—His generous  
 impartiality.—Animosity of the Royalists against me.—  
 Visits and comfortings of my friends, Messrs. Alexander de  
 M. Rochefoucault, Vandeul, Briqueville, Tarchard M. Rose.  
 —I see my daughter again for the first time.—M. Tripier.

TIME passes very slowly in prison. I did not know what to do with myself: I was discontented without reason with my situation, and uneasy in respect to my poor Emilie. Each day brought me sad and gloomy accounts of her health. I had obtained her promise that she would not write to me before her removal: the visit might have killed her. My time, was ill employed in seeking to discover the future, in exhausting vain conjectures, in cursing the new Revolution, threw me into a

fatal dejection. I felt the want of raising my spirits by the only diversion I was permitted to take,—reading. I sent for Hume's History of England. When I perused the narrative of all the royal misfortunes with which it is filled, I found my own misfortune bearable, and I reaped both courage and comfort from it. Finally, in recurring to my own situation, I rested on the idea, that it was not possible I could be sentenced to capital punishment, and that I should certainly come off with a few years' imprisonment. This prospect was not cheerful; but, as I entertained the hope of being confined in one of the prisons of Paris, I might soothe my family, comfort them, and put my affairs in order. I also frequently thought of the scaffold, but only as a vague threat that could never be realized. I was in the habit of crime; and I often figured to myself the fate of a thief, and especially of a murderer, awaking in the night to the fancied cries of his victims, and struggling, in vain, under the hands of the executioner. What was his



words and most trivial gestures, and who with the painful feelings, by enjoining them a rigorous silence.

I took great pains to obtain any information. The turnkeys could not answer any questions : but from my observations, I think there must have been, at the time of my confinement, about fifty prisoners. They slept in about twenty rooms, containing each five or six beds, for which they paid ten francs a-month : this was called, being *à la pistole*. Those who did not possess the means of paying, passed the night in a sort of shed, on straw very seldom renewed. The greatest part of these wretches were doomed to the galleys, and most of them had committed theft or forgery. Their indifference as to the fate that awaited them was quite inconceivable.

Not to deprive Madame Lavallette of the services of my man-servant, I accepted for myself those of a condemned prisoner, who was respited for a few months. He had a responsible employment in the office of the Govern-

offices, and had embezzled the money that passed through his hands, for which crime he was to go for six years in the galleys. He was a spy every day. His homied words and affected officiousness inspired me with a great disgust; but, on the one hand, my pity for his fate, which seemed to frighten him, and on the other, my fear of getting, instead of him, some more perverse, determined me to keep him. At last, however, a perfidious trick he played to some others became the means of our separation. He slept with the other prisoners, in a room situated in the western part of the edifice. These wretches took it into their heads to get out of prison, by digging a hole in the wall twelve feet thick, and to escape on the Quai des Lunettes. My honest servant procured them one of those large iron bars called by the prisoners, I believe, a *chancelière*; but he had begun by betraying them, and the jailer let them go on for some time in their work. Every night they filled their pockets with the rubbish, and in the morning they cleverly dis-

persed it in the yard. To arrive at the outward wall, they were obliged to take out and replace, every night, an enormous mass of stones in length. They had been already for several months at work, and they only wanted one night more to regain their liberty, when the jailer came to pay them his visit, and all was easily discovered. The traitor was, in appearance, condemned to the same punishment that was inflicted on them all. But his companions were not to be duped by this; and the jailer told me, that he ran the risk of being murdered in the galleys. It would be very difficult to let him travel thither with them. The galley-slaves never pardon, among one another, a treachery of that sort. Ten years would not be sufficient to make them forget it.

The yard of the female prisoners was, as I have said, facing my window, and separated from it by a high wall. This circumstance was a continued source of annoyance to me. From eight in the morning to seven in the evening, I was stunned by a deluge of the most vulgar,



coarse, and depraved expressions in the French language. The turnkeys frequently obliged to go and restore good order among those harpies. It on this yard the two windows of the Queen's prison opened. During my confinement, that chamber, situated my when I went the Green, served as a speaking parlour for those privileged prisoners who allowed to receive visits from their friends. It a large room, divided in two by of pillar that formed two arches. The floor was paved with bricks placed on the thick side, and must have been very old, the figures they presented are long since out of . The entrance at the bottom of a dark passage. The Queen had only a miserable bed, a table, and two chairs: a large piece of tapestry that hung across the room separated her from the gendarme and the jailer, who, however, left her during the night. How many times have I not walked up down in that prison, when grief and lowness of spirits used to oppress me! There I found

strength and courage: I blushed to complain of the fate I might be preparing for when I recollected the horrible destiny of a Queen of France. I certainly the first person who openly expressed the wish the dungeon might be converted into a chapel. A short time after my escape, the order was really given and executed.

The jailer, with his obsequious manners, began to weary me; and his everlasting questions, his long narratives of prison adventures, became quite insufferable. He used to interrupt me eight or ten times a-day, and interrupt me while I was reading or meditating. I was imprudent enough to speak in his presence of chess; and from that instant I was obliged, every evening, to let myself be beaten during three hours by him. A circumstance of small importance happily delivered me of that bore. He had been at a former period verger of the Criminal Court, and had sold his office to a man who could not pay him. Having heard that I was particularly acquainted with M. Pasquier,

then Keeper of the Seals, he begged me to write a few words to Madame Lavallette, that she might solicit for him permission to resume his office. She however, being rather mistrustful, was convinced that under his claim might be some dangerous plot against me; and she sent my letter to the Minister of Police, Decazes: communications of that sort with the prisoners are hourly prohibited; so the jailer took it away. This was very fortunate for me at the time of my escape. Having been born and bred in a prison, he was full of artifice, sagacity, and penetration. He would undoubtedly have observed my disguise, and all would have been lost.

They put in his place a man from Bordelais, a protégé of M. Decazes. This man was of a harsh humour; his manners were very rude; and he was very enthusiastic in his political opinions. He wanted me then to imitate his predecessor: he came into my room at all times, and enter my conversation with me; but I took such a high tone with him, that I

silenced him the very first day. Consequently, I only used to see him in the morning and in the evening, when he came to examine whether all was right.

I had chosen M. Tripier for my counsel, whom I did not know, and he had taken for his assistant M. Lacroix Frainville. My friends had a great desire that I might be forgotten, and frequently expressed a wish that I might fall sick. Count Alexander de la Rochefoucault, who came very often to see me, continually reproached me with my looking too well. "If you were ill," he said, "and obliged to keep your bed, they would be forced to put off your trial: time would by degrees calm passions, and your friends would do all for you." I was certainly of this opinion; but where was I to find an illness? I could not come to the resolution of breaking any of my legs or arms; and one cannot have just at the time what wishes it an inflammation on the lungs or in the stomach. I was therefore under the necessity of keeping my health, and with

all the dangers of my situation. It was at last settled that I should be examined by one of the judges of the Royal Court, and M. Dupuis was chosen for my reporter. I had several years before frequently dined with him at the house of a mutual friend. When I came before him, we knew each other again. The presence of the registrar kept me silent. The magistrate appeared to be moved by generous compassion ; but in the examination went on, he was soon convinced that he need not observe any particular delicacy in regard to me. I took the advance in the required explanation. I urged them on in all possible ways, and the examination lasted five hours, though he wanted several times to stop it, thinking I might be fatigued. But I, myself, completely innocent, I laid so much importance on destroying all prepossessions, all superstructure of false imputations which filled the indictment, that I should have continued for two hours longer if he had wished it. The next day we had another sitting, which lasted

again four hours. I have heard from my friend, M. Dupuis not conceal his surprise at the importance of my business; and that at the moment of my being condemned, he expressed his indignation with a generous frankness. Two months elapsed, I believe, between this examination and my trial; but time did not alleviate the hatred to which I was exposed. My friends were discouraged at the violence of the Paris drawing-room against me. The royalists were enraged at the recollection of their unworthy conduct in the month of March, and sought to cover their shame by the imaginary plot which they said had brought down the Emperor; and they appeared to have no doubt but that I had been the head of the undertaking. According to them, a very active correspondence had taken place with the Island of Réunion during the eleven months of the first reign, and all the old clerks of the Post-office had taken a part in it. The mails which went to the South of France were filled with letters from me. Head clerks,

under-clerks, couriers, postmasters in the departments,—all had been in the secret, and had ~~shared~~ in my design. To tell the truth, if I had been the chief contriver of such a plan, I might ~~claim~~ credit for it: the conception and execution would have ensured me everlasting fame; I should have been the most profound of all conspirators, and I might pretend to a great part of the glory which people too frequently bestow on men who have made themselves famous by great enterprises, even when their aim is contrary to morals and humanity; but nothing must give way before truth.

In 1804, I had carefully avoided all connexion with the clerks of the Post-office. With my ardent wish for seeing the Emperor again, I mixed the thought of ambition. The love cherished for him by France; the conviction I ~~shared~~ with the country, that he alone could govern her, and place her on a solid footing in the first rank among the nations of the globe; the hope, that to all the benefits he had already bestowed on her he would also add the

restitution of her liberties; and finally, a deep feeling of gratitude,—were the only motives of my conduct. A thousand others, in my place, would have done as much. Millions have been led on by the same impulses. On the road, at the arrival, the people pressed forward to meet him: the greatest in the land had rushed to serve him, — as well those whom the Bourbons had discarded, as those whom they had retained. One lost battle had decided our fate; but if victory had remained with us, the empire, re-established on its true foundation, would have repulsed for a long time, and perhaps for ever, the family of the Bourbons, and thus Liberty would have undoubtedly found her place with glory and peace!

I was very much afraid that, during my confinement, there would be some execution. The condemned man was taken to mine, at the bottom of the yard where I used to walk. Two persons, accused of a murder, were tried, but acquitted: one of them was a young man who had served in the Life-guards. He had mur-



dered his mistress in cold blood, after having passed the night with her: the particulars of his crime were horrible. He fired a pistol at her, and then discharged one at himself; but his own wound was slight. He was acquitted, as I have said, and they brought him back to the vestibule adjoining my dungeon, where he was to wait until the accustomed forms had been gone through to give him liberty. I was not yet made acquainted with the verdict, when cries and sobs struck my ears. I thought he had been condemned, and I must confess that my courage was greatly shaken. It was not until two hours afterwards that I was told, that joy had produced on him a violent nervous attack. Fortunately, his recovery of passing another night in prison gave him strength enough to go away. The other prisoner was a woman who was accused of having pushed her invalid sister into the river, where she had been drowned. The unfortunate person edified even the jailer with her good behaviour; so that he employed rigorous means

to prevent her odious companions from attending their abuse into real outrages. The day she was tried, she dressed herself with particular care. When she left the court she fainted,—but her joy was moderate; and on leaving the prison, she wished to distribute among her wretched companions some marks of her benevolence; but as the money she possessed did not make a considerable sum, she sent to beg ten francs of me, to add to the present she made them, saying, that she would pray to God that I might find an equitable a jury as her's had been.

When the time of my solitary confinement was over, some friends came to visit me. In the foremost rank I must place Count Alexander de la Rochefoucault, whose constant friendship never softened my sufferings, and who gave me an affecting proof of it by accepting the charge of *subrogé tuteur*\* to my wife during

\* *Illegitimate* and insane persons have, in France, *legitimate* common guardians, (*tuteurs*), a *subrogé tuteur*, *appointed* up the minor's *legitimate* whenever they come in collision with *legitimate* of *legitimate* guardian.—(Note of the Translator.)

My illness, and M. Vandeuil, present a member of the Chamber of Deputies.\* As he was obliged to go down to the country, and remain there all the autumn, he put one day into my hand two hundred gold louis, begging me to keep them, saying: "Your communications with your family may become difficult, and money can never do any harm. It is better for you to have some in your possession, than to be obliged to ask for it." And indeed these two hundred louis were of great service to me when I fled to Bavaria two months afterwards. My mother has been an angel of kindness to my wife: it was she who brought her the first consolation in her prison. Colonel Briqueville, who was not yet cured of two wounds he received at the battle of Versailles, frequently left his bed to come and talk with me for several hours together. I was

\* The reader must not forget that these memoirs were begun in exile, and written in Paris. This part appears in the edition by M. Lavallette after the election of 1827.—  
(Note of the French Editor).

many thanks to Messrs. Frank O'Hagarty and M. Fidières for the marks of attachment they lavished on me. But the most active friend of all was one of my relations, Tascher de St. Roses, aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene. This excellent young man, though suffering from an asthmatic complaint which, from his childhood, never allowed him sleep in a bed, and the attacks of which put him regularly twice a-month in the most imminent danger, used to come and pass whole days with me. The charms of his conversation, and the gentle cheerfulness of his temper, made me forget at times my dungeon and my future fate. He continually maintained that I would be sentenced to banishment, and he pressed me to accompany him to Martinique, where he was born. He painted to me, with the enthusiasm of a colonist, its beautiful climate, its cool shades, the various pleasures its inhabitants enjoyed, the singularity of their manners, and the attentions I should receive from a numerous family of which he was the favourite. He sung to me Negro songs, and

the ~~same~~ jargon of the Negro women, and thus took a pleasure in preparing for ~~me~~ my wife and her child, a happy life in the New World.

I had not seen my daughter since my confinement, through ~~the~~ fear of adding consternation to her grief ~~at~~ the sight of the horrors of my prison. Her mother, nevertheless, ~~sent~~ her to me ~~to~~ receive my blessing, the day before her first communion. My daily correspondence with my family ~~was~~ all my love for them required. I thought I ~~should~~ have been able to set bounds to my expansive affection for her; but when I ~~met~~ my only child, adorned with all the graces of youth, falling into my arms, ~~burst~~ in tears, and afterwards ~~at~~ my feet in a deep ~~sway~~, all the anguish and agonies of paternal tenderness lacerated my heart. For the first time, I ~~felt~~ how great ~~was~~ my misfortune. I could ~~not~~ ~~control~~ my grief; silent ~~was~~ mixed with my daughter's sobs, and when I placed my ~~hands~~ on her head, ~~it~~ ~~was~~ impossible ~~for~~ ~~me~~ to utter a single word.

This ~~scene~~ made me reflect on my situation. I began ~~to~~ consider ~~it~~ under ~~the~~ real aspect;

and my counsel, in ~~the~~ conferences, tore off a part of ~~the~~ veil which till then had covered my eyes.

The first, M. Tripier, ~~was~~ a ~~man~~ whose mind was cool, accurate, and logical. The best way he found ~~to~~ prepare himself for my defence was, to attack ~~me~~ on ~~all~~ points. What had I ~~to~~ do ~~at~~ the Post-office? Why ~~did~~ I ~~go~~ there so early in the morning? Why ~~did~~ I send a courier to Fontainebleau? Why ~~did~~ I give orders during the day? Why that bulletin ~~in~~ all ~~of~~ France by the mail? Finally: Why did I stop the newspapers, and especially the Moniteur that contained the King's proclamation? He had ~~done~~ done with his questions. My answers appeared to him ~~to~~ be sincere and satisfactory; but they did ~~not~~ clear me of ~~the~~ fault I ~~had~~ committed. He ~~was~~ however soon convinced that I had merely yielded ~~to~~ imprudent impatience. But ~~that~~ was not enough to acquit me; ~~and~~ until the day before my ~~trial~~ was passed, he thought I should ~~be~~ condemned ~~to~~ five years' imprisonment for having usurped the public power.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Letter of the Duke de Richelieu against Marshal Ney.—

My anxiety respecting Lavallette.—Opening of the Debates.—The List of the Jury communicated to me.—M. Heron de Villefosse.—My sentence of death is passed.—The fatal news announced to Lavallette.—She solicits and obtains an audience of the King.—Words of Louis XVIII.

THE preliminary conferences continued twice a-week during nearly a month. A few days before the opening of the debates, the *Moniteur* acquainted me with the terrible Letter addressed to the Chamber of Peers, and signed by the Duke of Richelieu, against Marshal Ney. How could I, of whom public opinion proclaimed the frankness, the gentle manners, the impartial and independent character,—how could he attack before the Chamber of Peers,

with ~~such~~ brutal and sanguinary ~~ways~~ one of the ~~most~~ honourable Frenchmen of ~~that~~ time,—~~one~~ of our most illustrious warriors,—an unfortunate, accused, but unjudged man, whose ~~examination~~ ~~was~~ not yet known, and whom the law ought to have surrounded with a generous compassion? When ~~M.~~ Delacroix Frainville, one of my counsel, entered my room, I showed him the *Moniteur*. Deep emotion was visible in his features while he read it; and when he had done, he said to me with an air of consternation, after a few moments' reflection: "Sir, I see but too clearly what they want to come to: but I am old; I wish to pass my last days free from political storms, and my health is too weak to bear the persecution that is about to spread ~~on~~ all sides. Permit me therefore ~~to~~ deposit into other ~~hands~~ the burdens I have taken upon ~~me~~. My friend Tripier will easily ~~find~~ ~~a~~ fellow lawyer that will help him with your defence. I ~~will~~ continue ~~to~~ give my advice, but I do ~~not~~ ~~possess~~ strength enough ~~to~~ appear before ~~the~~ court."



The ~~old man~~ appeared, in fact, so overcome, that I made no comment on these observations. At that ~~instant~~ M. Tripier ~~entered~~ the room ; and ~~his~~ colleague, ~~after~~ having put the ~~note~~-paper ~~into~~ ~~his~~ hands, repeated ~~his~~ resolution, and ~~was~~ going to ~~name~~ ~~some~~ other lawyer to take his place, when M. Tripier ~~said~~ coolly : " I ~~was~~ nobody ; I shall defend my client alone. It ~~is~~ my duty, and ~~my~~ consideration shall make me turn away from it : " and then ~~the~~ conference began.

While I ~~was~~ thus debating for my life, my new-born child ~~was~~ dying in the ~~arms~~ of its poor mother. This misfortune would, I feared, have ~~great~~ ~~fatal~~ consequences for her. I ~~reposed~~ upon that child to comfort ~~my~~ grief after I should be dead. The motherly care it would require, and ~~while~~ she would lavish on it with ~~so~~ much affection and tenderness, would, I expected, give still a zest to her life ; and it was abruptly ~~taken~~ away from her in ~~the~~ space ~~of~~ a few hours. ~~The~~ circumstance threw me into despair. The following day, when La-

croix Frainville came in, the situation in which he found me made him suspect that the fear of a sentence of death was the cause of my trouble; and he was going to offer me some commonplace comfortings, when I acquainted him with the fresh blow that had shook me. "My God!" he cried, pressing me in his arms; "this is too much at one time. Pray, forget the momentary weakness I showed yesterday. I will not leave you;—yes, I will defend you." And he nobly kept his word by coming into court, and assisting his fellow counsel during all the debates.

My greatest anxiety, however, was the situation of Madame Lavallette. That Son, the object of the wishes of all her life, had been snatched away from her. I had required of her that she should be in the Conciergerie during her pregnancy. The dismal sight of a prison, and of the dungeon in which I was confined, might have had a fatal effect upon her. Through the same motive I had advised them to bring my Son to me. All that had been

reported to me of the passionate love of the mother for her son made me tremble for her health. She then only spoke to me of her son and her grief, but tried to make me easy as to consequences. Now, what would be the result of the trial? Five years' confinement was a severe punishment; but still I might see her, comfort her, keep in my hands the management of our mutilated fortune—in one word, offer her the prospect of more happy times to come. But if death awaited me, what would become of her in her misfortune? Through some fatality, too common in the revolution, her family, not very numerous of itself, was dispersed, and had disappeared. Her father was indeed returned from abroad; but he had brought with him a second wife, who had borne him children. Although he was an excellent man, his ties, his affections, and the distance at which he lived from Paris, did not promise that he would be a very great consolation for his daughter. My only hope rested on Count Alexandre de La Rochefou-

cault, who was related to her by marriage, and who had given us for the last month courage—proof of his affection.

While my mind was thus agitated, I was informed that the trial would open on the 19th of November. The list of the jury was sent to me on the 18th. Not one among the thirty-six names was known to me. I had to choose among them twelve men, whose conscience might be firm, and whose minds enlightened enough to resist the corruption of party spirit and the threats of Government. The list was composed of tradesmen, lawyers, and two members of the Council of State,—all men, the independence of whose position, except that of the former, was not extremely uncertain. I had several copies made of that list, and my friends hastened to make inquiries concerning them, and to visit them. But it was Sunday, and consequently impossible to meet them. The next day I received the next day another contradictory that I knew not whom to reject or admit. I was however obliged to go up to court.

Before I entered the room where the jury was assembled, they made me wait in the President's closet, where I found a verger of the Criminal Court. He was a young man, whose eyes, fixed upon me with an expression of great interest, seemed to question me respecting the list I held in my hand. "Read the list to me," he said, with emotion; "your duty lies in that paper. I can direct you better than any one." I did as he bade me, and as each name I mentioned he cried — "That one is doubtful; that other shocking; quickly erase the name." He had scarcely heard twelve of them when I was called to assist in the drawing of the jury. It was an imposing scene. Thirty-six persons assembled, standing in presence of the magistrates and the prisoner: twelve were in front of his table. My looks wandered over the assembly. I sought for good-will, and I found for impartiality, and methought I perceived a sort of sympathy in the air. The gravity of their countenance, their downcast looks, the air of melancholy spread over their features,

infused a degree of tranquillity in my mind, augmented with each minute. I challenged the names that came out of the urn; because they had been so by my kind verger; but I accepted the thirteenth, M. Horon of Villefosse. The information my friend had given me was favourable to him. He was an engineer, who had been employed by the Emperor in the mines of the Hartz, in Hanover. I had been assured he was a learned and sensible man; he had been Master of Requests during my time. I congratulated myself, therefore, for having him for foreman of my jury. To his name followed that of M. Jurien, late Counsellor of State, and, I believe, formerly an emigrant. I accepted him with a reluctant, and with a sort of foreboding that he would prove inimical. The sequel will show in how far I was mistaken.

My intention is not to repeat here all the particulars of my trial. I cannot however pass in silence some facts, which are well explained by the perusal of the proceedings. On

the 20th of March, the two nephews of M. Ferrand were at the Post-office. One of the two accompanied M. Ferrand when he came to ask me for a permit for post-horses. It was the first time in my life that I had seen this young man; and it was not he that came up as a witness against me. The man who appeared had neither his stature, his features, his eye, nor the tone of his voice. I did not know there were two brothers, and in my first astonishment on finding myself in the presence of an utter stranger, I made the observation aloud. The witness, however, positively affirmed that it was he who had accompanied his aunt. The President asked me what use I wished to make of this serious charge, which might have involved the witness in a trial for perjury. My counsel, whom I consulted, was at a loss what answer he should give me; and in all probability I should not have succeeded in eliciting the truth. I remain convinced that I was in the right. What could have been the motive

that change of individuals? The eldest, who really accompanied his aunt, was a ■■■■■ of Requests: could it have been repugnant ■■■■■ feelings ■■■■■ present himself as a witness against me? I have ■■■■■ either of these two gentlemen since that time; and when I returned to France, after five years' banishment, it would have been impossible to throw any light on so strange ■■■■■ circumstance.

The Advocate-general Hua ■■■■■ a man of very violent opinions; and I am not the only victim of the unjust severity which he showed at that time, with several other officers ■■■■■ the crown side of the court. He had shown himself my private enemy. The violence of ■■■■■ attacks, his obstinate hatred of me, made him reject in ■■■■■ brutal ■■■■■ all that seemed to militate in my favour. The result of the trial was advantageous to his personal interests: he is ■■■■■ present ■■■■■ counsellor ■■■■■ the Court of Cassation.

The ■■■■■ day ■■■■■ spent in examinations; the ■■■■■ was devoted ■■■■■ pleadings of my



advocate, and of the King's attorney. I stood in the presence of numerous spectators, none of whom were my friends. However, the great animosity which prevailed during the first day, and which expressed itself more than once by groans, was afterwards softened. The second day appeared to me much more favourable. At last, towards six o'clock in the evening, the jury were going to retire, when the manner of putting the questions was discussed between the King's advocate and mine. The latter wanted them to be put in the following manner:—1st, Is the prisoner guilty of conspiracy? 2nd, Is he guilty of an usurpation of public authority? It was clear that I had had no share in the conspiracy, for that charge had been abandoned from the beginning of the proceedings; and the jury would undoubtedly have acquitted me on the first question. On the second I should certainly have been declared guilty. But by that means death was avoided. By separating the plot from the usurpation of authority, the jury would have saved me.

my crime was no longer a felony, but a misdemeanour. That was, however, the object of Government; death was the result they demanded from the jury, and the following were the infamous means made use of to gain them the majority. It was secretly observed to the jury: "That after a great act of justice (the condemnation of Marshal Ney), it is very important for the King to do a great act of clemency. Good policy and the interest of the monarch will have it so. Give, therefore, a verdict against the prisoner. His life shall be spared, while Justice will be satisfied, society avenged, and the King's bounty will shine in all its splendour." Thus the two questions were joined in one, and delivered over to the conscience and timidity of the jury. I was brought back to prison, where St. Roses, who had been in the court, came to keep me company. My hopes had all vanished, but I tried to prolong those of the excellent young man. After a very sad dinner, I prepared to play a game at chess, and I

it, contrary to custom, for he was the player. The more the hours advanced, the more his courage slackened; and when nine o'clock he was obliged to leave, he burst into tears and could scarcely resolve to go. I remained alone during two whole hours; not it was not till after midnight that I was called up to hear my sentence pronounced. The verdict had been read during my absence; so that the gendarmes who received me at the top of the staircase, and accompanied me to the President's closet, observed the dismal silence. I sat down, and looking at them attentively, I read my fate in their faces. "Well," said I to the brigadier, "I am condemned? How could an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte expect to be acquitted?" Without giving me any answer, he led me before the judges. A deep silence, an absence of all motion, prevailed in the extensive and dimly lighted hall. The benches were still empty with silence. My eyes, wandering around me, sought in vain a look of compassion and pity. One of the jury-

men had [redacted] covered [redacted] his handkerchief: [redacted] M. Jurien. At [redacted] the President ordered [redacted] Registrar [redacted] read the [redacted] dict of the jury. It [redacted] [redacted] I expected:—but fearing, above all things, to [redacted] the cross of the Legion of Honour torn from my breast, I had taken care to lay [redacted] by, as well as [redacted] great ribbon [redacted] other insignia of the Orders of [redacted] Iron Crown and Holland. The judges [redacted] *pro forma* for a few minutes, and on [redacted] [redacted] turn the President repeated aloud the article of the Criminal Code by which I [redacted] [redacted] to die. Fortunately, [redacted] ceremony of tearing off the [redacted] of the Legion of Honour [redacted] omitted. This outrage could alone have destroyed [redacted] tranquillity of my mind. The minute [redacted] [redacted] recorded by the public papers are correct: I shall therefore not repeat them here. At half-past twelve I went down again [redacted] my dungeon. In [redacted] passage that leads to it I met [redacted] jailer, who questioned [redacted] with great indifference. I answered: "All [redacted] over!" The man started back as if he had received a violent

blow, and disappeared. I ~~had~~ restrained my feelings in presence of the public, but night ~~and~~ solitude ~~reminded~~ in my memory the ~~last~~ words,—“Pain of Death!” The agitation of mind began to show itself by an effusion of violent indignation. I walked backwards and forwards with long strides; I appealed to all ~~France~~ against the iniquity of my ~~accusers~~. However, I grew calm by degrees, and soon, in a deep sleep, I forgot my misfortune.

The ~~next~~ day I received authentic particulars of what had passed the day before at the discussion of the jury. The foreman had enforced the charges ~~with~~ inconceivable obstinacy, and M. Jurien ~~had~~ confuted them with wonderful strength of argument. The discussion lasted six hours with a great ~~deal~~ of animosity, and such loud speeches that they were heard very far from the ~~room~~ where the jury-men sat. At ~~last~~ the foreman got the better, notwithstanding all the ~~efforts~~ of M. Jurien: eight ~~voted~~ against four pronounced me guilty.

I wished to die ~~without~~ appealing to the

Court of Cassation. I concluded that the forms had been undoubtedly too well observed for me to hope that the verdict could be set aside. Besides, why should I languish in agony during a fortnight, and perhaps a month? Why let myself be dragged in the streets, and perhaps amidst the hootings of the royalists? But then, when I thought of my wife and child, reason and coolness recovered their sway, and this was the only relief of despair which I experienced.

The first thing to be done was to communicate the dreadful news to Madame Lavallette. I went to an old friend, Madame de Vandeuil, and to the Princess de Vaudemont. They both went to her, and the mourning they had put on acquainted her immediately with her misfortune. But the Princess de Vaudemont, whose firm character was capable of foreseeing every thing, made my wife write a letter to the Duke de Duras, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, to obtain an audience of the King.

It was very doubtful whether it would be granted. The Duke of Labedoyère and Ney had been refused. Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, an hour afterwards she received permission to go to the palace. "The King expects Madame de Lavallette in his closet." That was the answer given to her. She stepped in consequence into the Princess's coach with my daughter, and alighted at the Tuileries in the apartments of the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber. The Duke de Duras took her by the hand, and led her, amidst all the courtiers, to the King's closet. There she fell at the feet of Louis XVIII. who said to her: "Madame, I have received you immediately, I give you a proof of the interest I take for you." These were the only words he uttered. She was raised, and went out of the chamber. But the words of the King had been heard; they circulated in the palace. Madame de Lavallette passed; and her grief, her beauty, her modest and graceful demeanour, notwithstanding the evident dejection under which she laboured,

affected all who saw her. They recollected  
 that she was the daughter of an emigrant,  
 and nobody doubted that my pardon would be  
 granted, the King having admitted her  
 into his presence. They were nevertheless  
 mistaken.



## CHAPTER XV.

Countess de Lavallette comes to see me.—Count Carvoisin.—Some particulars concerning Madame Beauharnais.—My marriage with her.—I leave her to go to Egypt.—My mission to Saxony.—My journey to Berlin.

THE next day Madame Lavallette came to see me for the first time during four months. She was pale, emaciated, and dejected, and her appearance made me shudder. Her voice was scarcely audible, and during half an hour I could not draw a single word out of her. She recovered however by degrees, and acquainted me with the particulars of the reception she had met with from the King. She was alone, but Count Carvoisin came to fetch her and conduct her home. I cannot but permit me to forget that worthy friend. I had known M

de Carvoisin eight years before at Surene, where we were country neighbours. He had at that time with him a young niece, who afterwards married the Count de Clermont Tonnerre. Though he had not yet attained old age, he had already some of its infirmities. Subject to an asthmatic complaint from the time of his infancy, he had left the army before the Revolution broke out, and lived at present the life of a Christian philosopher, far from the world he did not love. He was solely occupied with the education of his young ward, and with a charitable society of which he had urged the establishment, and which prospered through his benevolence. We were far from sharing the same opinions on several political questions; but by yielding a little on both sides, the greatest harmony had never ceased to reign between us. I had lost sight of him since the Restoration; but he returned to me in my misfortune, and during the last and most terrible month of my confinement he came every day to see me, and having sat at a

mass ~~was~~ ordered to be said every morning for my liberation. ~~He~~ was however admirably moderate in ~~his~~ opinions. My situation ~~was~~ ed to require from him that he should offer me the comforts of religion. His conversation had a most seducing charm: he gave ~~me~~ ~~in~~ words ~~a~~ devoutness, and ~~an~~ openness of heart, ~~that~~ touched me; but I was too sincere not to ~~be~~ knowledge that there was ~~no~~ hope of our agreeing. I explained to him, in the ~~most~~ simple ~~language~~, all that it was impossible for me to admit, and ~~he~~ ceased ~~his~~ ~~retreat~~ without showing the least impatience or the slightest coldness.

Now that Madame de Lavallette is about ~~to~~ fill a prominent part in these Memoirs, I think ~~it~~ to ~~enter~~ into ~~more~~ particulars concerning her and our marriage.

Louise Emilie de ~~Montblanc~~ ~~was~~ born in 1780. Her father, Francis, Marquis ~~de~~ Beauharnais, ~~had~~ married ~~his~~ first cousin, ~~the~~ daughter of ~~the~~ Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, ~~who~~ ~~has~~ acquired ~~more~~ celebrity ~~in~~ literature,

and sister to the Count de Beauharnais who died a Peer of France, and whose daughter is now Grand-duchess of Baden. M. de Beauharnais was the head of his family. His brother Alexander, who had married Mademoiselle Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, had two children, Eugene and Hortense. My father-in-law had only one surviving daughter.

At the convocation of the Estates General, Alexander was elected deputy of the nobility of Blaisois. The eldest brother, Francis, was named supernumerary member of the nobility of Paris, and only took the place in the Chamber after the 6th October 1789, in lieu of M. de Lally Tollendal, who left France at that period. Alexander embraced the cause of Liberty, and was rewarded by the Convention always voted with the right side, and in 1793 he rejoined the Princes at Coblenz. Madame de Beauharnais was among the first of all the nobles who remained in France. She was put in prison, where she stayed more than two years. Young Emilie was entrusted to

the ~~care~~ of a governess, or rather abandoned to the vulgar caprice of ~~many~~ domestics who ~~shared~~ the ~~immoral~~ ~~and~~ passions of ~~the~~ mob. Born of emigrant parents, the poor child was obliged to ~~assist~~ at the patriotic processions ~~which~~ took place every month ~~on~~ ~~the~~ Republican holidays. She often said: "I was very ill-used on those occasions by my companions, the young girls of the neighbourhood. They could not forgive me my tall stature and genteel features, which contrasted with those of the greatest part ~~among~~ them. The daughter of an emigrant marquis and an imprisoned mother could scarcely share the honour of their company. As for me, the exclusion had nothing disgraceful in my eyes; but my governess, though she ~~had~~ ~~known~~ of ~~the~~ prejudices of my companions, took great care to conduct me ~~in~~ their ~~company~~ for her ~~own~~ interest. The ~~best~~ reluctance ~~she~~ would have shown for it might have exposed ~~her~~ ~~to~~ be arrested."

At that ~~unlucky~~ period of ~~revolution~~ and fanaticism, private ~~life~~ was subject ~~to~~ jealous

and perpetual supervision. The porter of a nobleman's house was obliged, for his individual safety, to become a spy and an informer. The ~~masters~~ were again the masters, or rather the tyrants, of those who employed them. They were displeased that the daughter of an emigrant was not bound in apprenticeship, and that she maintained in her manners and occupations something genteel and delicate. The two cousins of Emilie were both apprentices,—Hortense to her mother's mantua-maker; Eugene to a joiner in the Faubourg St. Germain. The 9th Thermidor having overthrown tyranny, Madame de Beaubarnais got out of prison, and Emilie was sent with her cousin to a boarding-school which Madame Campan had established at St. Germain-en-Laye. There she continued her education, which had been interrupted during two years.

General Bonaparte, to whom I was at that time aide-de-camp, had sent me in 1795 to Paris, that I might follow the motions of the various Councils and the Directory. I had written

to him the truth, with a frankness that made him sensible how dangerous and how disgraceful it would be to confirm, by his assent, the decree *d'état* of the 18th Fructidor. The Directory soon became acquainted with my opinions; and though they dared not punish me for them, they expressed so great a resentment, that General Bonaparte did not think fit to take me with him to Paris, when he returned from the Army of Italy. He met me at the Congress of Rastadt; and I rejoined him only three weeks before his departure for the Egyptian expedition. All my comrades had obtained advancement: the General wished to reward me also; but, not willing to expose himself to a refusal from Government, he determined to bring about a marriage between me and Mademoiselle Beauharnais. One day, when I had accompanied him to the Treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new Boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation

with me. "I ~~will~~ ~~be~~ a major of you,"  
~~he~~ said; "I ~~will~~ therefore give you a wife:—  
 you ~~shall~~ marry Emilie ~~de~~ Beauharnais. She  
 is very handsome, and very well educated.  
 Do you know her?"—"I have ~~seen~~ her twice.  
 But, General, I have no fortune. We ~~are~~  
 going to Africa: I may be killed—what will  
 become, in that case, of my poor widow? Be-  
 sides, I have no great liking for marriage."—  
 "Men must marry to have children; that ~~is~~ the  
 chief ~~aim~~ of life. Killed you certainly may  
 be. Well, in that case she will be the widow  
 of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of  
~~the~~ country. ~~She~~ will have a pension, ~~and~~ may  
 again marry advantageously. Now, she is the  
 daughter of an emigrant ~~and~~ nobody will have:  
 my wife ~~will~~ introduce her into society. ~~She~~  
 She, poor girl! deserves a better ~~husband~~. Come,  
~~the~~ business must be quickly settled. Talk  
~~to~~ morning with Mad. Bonaparte about it;  
~~the~~ mother has already given her ~~consent~~. The  
 wedding shall take place in eight days; I will  
 allow you a fortnight ~~for~~ your honeymoon.



You must then come and join us at Toulon the 29th." (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing while he spoke:—at last I said: "I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force her inclinations."—"She is out of the boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if we were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home."

In the evening, I went to see Mad. Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show me satisfaction, and call me her nephew. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall all go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!"

Accordingly, the next day, the General, Mad. Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Mad.

Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the courtyard, for they had a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the General, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the General could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should walk on the grass in the garden. In the mean while I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and the speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, the card was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined

them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no mention of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added: "I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the General; and I will leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I am myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret."

While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly in her company; and eight days afterwards we arrived at the municipality. The following day, a poor priest who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception,\* in the Rue St. Honoré. This was in some manner forbidden, and Emilie was a great im-

\* This convent no longer exists.

portance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere.

A few days after our marriage, I was obliged to begin secretly to prepare for my journey to Toulon, where the General had already arrived. It was agreed that Emma should divide the time of my absence between her aunt and her grandfather, who was then eighty-six years old, but who preserved at that advanced age a sound understanding, an amiable and even temper, and who doted on his grand-daughter. I left her without taking leave of her: for my separation would have been too painful. I did not return until eighteen months afterwards. My forebodings were not fulfilled. Of the eight aides-de-camp of the General, four perished. Julien and Sulkowski were murdered by the Arabs, Crosier was killed at the siege of St. John of Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugene Beauharnais were severely wounded. Merlin and I escaped. Glory and fortune were dearly bought with General Bonaparte.

On my return to France, and a short time after the 18th Brumaire, I received an order to go to Saxony, with full power to negotiate a peace with Austria, in case it might be inclined to do in the midst of the war. I took Madame de Lavallette with me. Since the year 1793 the people of the North of Germany had seen a Frenchwoman. They were convinced that they were all dissolute persons, without education, and almost naked. Their astonishment was great when they saw a young woman, perfectly modest, extremely bashful, and dressed with a decorum and good taste that might have served as a model to the most prudish of her sex.

The admiration she obtained increased the more she was known. We passed the carnival at Berlin. The whole Court, and especially the Queen, loaded her with kindness and attention. This was the means of destroying the extravagant prejudices that were entertained against the French ladies, and of rendering the Germans very fastidious in respect to those that came after her.

My stay in Germany was no longer necessary after the victory of Hohenlinden. In consequence the First Consul recalled me near person; when he placed the Imperial Crown on the head of Josephine, her niece named Dame d'atours. Her functions were easy to fulfil. The Emperor, who wanted to govern his household as he governed his extensive empire, was far from obtaining the obedience there. He ordered that the tradespeople who supplied the toilet of the Empress should only be admitted into her presence one day in the week; that the Dame d'atours should assist at all the bargains, keep an account of what was bought, and be answerable for all want of order. These rules soon displeased the Empress. The Dame d'atours remonstrated; she fell into disgrace, and by degrees her functions were reduced to those of a Dame du Palais. Fortunately for her, the Emperor was not dissatisfied with her. But what she had been unable to do, the Emperor could not do either; and the lady of honour, Madame de Rochefoucault, could not avoid many petty discussions

very uncomfortable. The divorce of the Emperor, and his marriage with Maria Louisa, restored Madame Lavallette her liberty. From that time she appeared more at the Tuileries; so that the catastrophe of 1814 found her prepared, and, excepting the pain her gratitude for the Emperor made her feel on account, she accustomed herself without much trouble to the obscure life she had led for the last three years.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Conduct of General Clarke towards me.—M. Pasquier.—  
 The Duke de Ragusa.—His friendship for me.—My prepossession.—I grew familiar with the idea of a violent death and its horrible details.—The Princess de Vaudemont takes interest in my favour.—Trial of Marshal Ney.—Disguised Life-guards.—The Marshal's execution.—My Sentence confirmed by the Court of Cassation.—The Duke de Ragusa accompanies Madame de Lavallette to the Tuilleries—His courage.—Answer of Louis XVIII.—Harsh conduct of the Duchess of Angoulême.

I return to my dungeon. During the night that followed my condemnation, I had written to two of my friends, General Clarke and M. Pasquier. I imagined that the former could not forget an important service he received from me when he was disgraced by the Directory on the 10th Fructidor. "I have kept



no secret from you (these were the words of my letter); I have revealed every thing to my judges. Now what you can do for me. Endeavour at least to spare me the horrible agony of the scaffold. Let me be shot by brave soldiers. In that manner, at least, death will be almost a favour to me." I will not give here literally his words. I shall only mention the following phrase: "You have nothing more to do than to recommend your wife and child to the inexhaustible bounty of the King." The thought of my death was less painful to me than the perusal of that letter. In my indignation I was going to write to him all the cruelty made me feel. I however contented myself with the agreeable thought, that my wife and child would soon be found to implore the pity of him who had deprived them of a father and a husband. I was still full of the agitation into which the letter of the Minister of War had thrown me, when my door was mysteriously opened. A man approached, pressed my hand, and, slipping a note in it, disappeared immediately. It

was M. Angles, ~~the Prefect~~ of Police. The note was ~~from~~ M. Pasquier, ~~and contained~~ the following words: "Keep up your spirits; all is not lost. ~~The~~ Majesty is surrounded by ~~a~~ veral of your friends, and all ~~that~~ can be ~~at-~~ tempted to soften him shall be done with courage. Hope still."

Among the Peers who might interest themselves for ~~me~~, I was ~~not~~ from reckoning the Duke de Ragusa. We had been for a long time united by the ~~most~~ cordial friendship; but his conduct towards the Emperor in 1814 had separated us, ~~and~~ I broke ~~off~~ our ~~con-~~nexion. I however received a letter from the Marshal, in which ~~he~~ mentioned: "I used ~~to~~ go twice a-week ~~to~~ the Tuileries; now I shall ~~go~~ twice a-day. I will speak, I will sol-  
~~itate~~ ~~until~~ till I grow troublesome. Whoever has any heart will join with me, and I hope to ~~reach~~ my greatest ~~will~~ in the world."

These comfortings of courageous friendship could deceive me no longer. I saw that I had been condemned, as Marshal Ney ~~was~~ going

to be, to serve as an example. He was, by his reputation, ~~the~~ ~~most~~ on the military hierarchy; while I was in the eyes of the Court the most important man ~~in~~ the civil order,—the late Aide-de-Camp of General Bonaparte, first cousin of Prince Eugene ~~and~~ the Queen of Holland, whom they detested,—Postmaster-General during twelve years, and by ~~this~~ circumstance the depository of a great many ~~secrets~~ it would be good to stifle (such was ~~at~~ least their opinion). My death ~~was~~ irrevocable. I therefore sought resignation, to ~~be~~ regarded with a firm eye, ~~and~~ make myself familiar with all the details of that death I was shortly ~~to~~ undergo. The turnkeys had frequently described to me the ~~last~~ moments of ~~some~~ of the unfortunate ~~men~~ who had left them for ~~the~~ Place de Grève. But I wanted ~~to~~ know all that concerned what they call the ~~execution~~. A little before four o'clock the culprit is brought into the registering room; scarcely has he crossed the low door that opens into ~~the~~ chamber, when ~~the~~ executioner and ~~the~~

men appear; they make him sit down on a bench, take off his coat, cut off his hair and the collar of his shirt; after which they tie his hands behind his back. They lead him thus to the man that stands waiting at the door. This moment is terrible. Those who till then have shown the greatest courage and strength of mind, fall into a complete dejection and confusion; but the open air and the crowd of people generally revive them on the way. Sometimes also the exhortations of the confessors have their effect. I listened with attention, repeated my questions, multiplied my observations, and asked every day to hear the fearful description over again, sometimes by one person and sometimes by another. There were some who made it with reluctance; but the oldest among the jailers seemed to delight in it.

By these means I augmented my sufferings without respite. I experienced a horror and a shuddering that agitated my inmost frame. I walked in dismay up and down my room and

my sleepless nights were terrible. However, by my perseverance in recurring to the same means I obtained at last what I so much wished for : a tranquillity in which the turnkeys were themselves surprised. At first, when listening to them I used to grow pale ; I now could hear them speak without emotion — reluctantly I had some time before concealed in my mattress a table knife that belonged to me ; I lost all idea of making use of it. I found a sort of glory in challenging death, — in awaiting it as I would have done on the field of battle.

The Minister of Justice, Count Marbise, was endeavouring to delay the judgment of the Court of Cassation as long as possible, in hopes that time would moderate the feelings of the inhabitants of the palace ; for all my relations were there. The Princess de Vaudemont, through her name of Montmorency, happened to be related to the most considerable persons of the Court. Almost all of them owed to her their fortune in France, and

The tranquillity they had enjoyed under the Emperor; for though the Emperor did not like her, she mistrusted her, she had a great deal of influence over Messrs. de Talleyrand and Fouché, and made use of it with courage and generosity. The King and his family had inherited the Emperor's dislike of her. They could not forgive her former connexions with their two powerful Ministers. However, at her house there had been held some of the meetings which, in 1814, prepared the downfall of the Empire; and though she only took in them a very indirect and timid part, I had been off visiting her, after confessing openly the nature of my conduct. But in my misfortune I found her animated with all the courageous devotion of a real friend. Through her M. de Richelieu was perpetually assailed. A great number of persons whose names I scarcely knew, made it a point of honour to obtain my pardon. Madame de Vaudemont recalled in their memory my behaviour in Saxony towards the unfortunate French whom I had

found there, and in France during fourteen years. I had facilitated the return of a great many; and I never regarded them otherwise than as unfortunate countrymen, I had frequently employed my influence to be serviceable to them. Some of these kept it in their memories. But party spirit was too high, and in particular the wound inflicted by the 26th of March was still too painful, for the voice of generosity could not be heard. Had my courage lasted during the thirty days that elapsed between the judgment of the Assize Court and that of the Court of Cassation, I must have been long since gone mad. Every morning I learned the measures that had been taken, and the obstacles that had been overcome, and every evening I received the most desperate news:—the stubbornness with which the Royal Family rejected all solicitations; the timidity and discouragement of M. de Richelieu; and, finally, the impossibility of softening the Monarch. From time to time, some dangerous attempts were made in my prison,

in spite of Government, who might have punished them.

M. Pasquier, though a Secretary of State, and M. de Freville, Minister of Requests, both told me to hope for the best ; but I easily discovered, through their professions, a secret discouragement, over which they could not triumph in my presence. "I could never have had the courage to come," said M. de Freville, "if I had not reckoned on the success of your friends."

But while he was talking, the tears rolled in his eyes, and his trembling hand, that pressed mine, destroyed the hope his words were meant to convey.

It was during this interval that Marshal Ney was tried. Even before the trial came on, the number of his guards had been considerably augmented. Day and night three sentries were stationed under his window, which was also mine: one Gendarme, one National Guard on horseback, and one grenadier of the Old Guard, or rather a disguised Life-guard ; for they could



and place confidence enough in the soldiers of the army. I was soon assured in regard to that disguise, by one of my relatives, Mademoiselle Dubourg, who had obtained permission to see me. She had seen one of her cousins standing sentry, and in the uniform of an old grenadier of the cavalry of the Guards. Every evening the Marshal was conveyed in a coach to the Luxembourg, and brought back to the Conciergerie the next morning. On the 7th of December he did not return. I questioned the turnkey, who showed some confusion; and, on insisting, I learned that the Marshal had been executed. "Was it in the Place de Grève, on the scaffold?"—"No; he had been shot."—"What a happy man he is!" I joyfully exclaimed; and the poor turnkey, who did not understand what I meant, thought I was run mad.

Time however passed away of my counsel should not wait for the judgment of the Court of Cassation, but write to the King and invoke his clemency. I had an

invincible reluctance to take such a step. Besides, his colleague was not of the same opinion. "It might be very dangerous," he said, "or at best produce nothing at all. If the King wishes to pardon him, he will wait for the judgment of the Court. If he is decided to do it, he still will wait. It is therefore preferable not to alter any thing in the present progress of the business."

The Duchess of Placencia, a daughter of the Minister of Justice, came one day to fetch Madame Lavallette, and conduct her to her father. The two ladies fell at the feet of the venerable old man. His daughter bathed in tears; she pressed his hands in her's, and solicited, with a degree of vehemence, of which those who know her can alone have an idea. While she listened to her, the tears trickled in silence down the cheeks of the minister, but she could not obtain a single word of him. This was a bad omen. It was evident that he had but little hope. Finally, on the 20th of December, the cause came before the

Supreme Court of Judicature. His motions laying the verdict aside were alleged in the writ of error; but, notwithstanding the eloquent pleadings of M. Darrieux, the sentence was confirmed. It was M. Baudus, one of my friends, who came to acquaint me with the bad news; but he endeavoured to counteract the impression made on me by holding out hopes, which in fact appeared so certain that I began to share them. An hour after he was gone, M. de Carvoisin came into my room. The terrible impression the judgment had made on him, was visible in his face: he still hoped; but his arguments were those of a prepossessed mind, who would have found it easier to talk to me of resignation.

Three days were now all that were left to me; and in that short space of time means were to be found to approach the King. The Duke of Ragusa took that charge upon himself. General Foy came in his name to fetch Mad. de Lavallette, and led her by round-about passages to the entrance of the Gallerie de Diane,

where she found the Marshal, who offered his arm, and read her the memorial present to the King. It was during The whole Court was in the chapel. The King was obliged to pass through that gallery to return to his apartments. Unfortunately, one of the vergers who was there knew my wife; and as it was against the custom for any woman to stand in the gallery without a special order, he thought it necessary to acquaint the Marshal with that circumstance, and beg he would lead Madame de Lavallette away. "This lady shall remain," said the Marshal in a firm tone. The verger went to acquaint an officer of the Palace of what had happened, who repeated the same thing in so positive a tone that the Marshal might look upon it as an order: however, he replied: "This lady, being here, shall remain; I will do every thing." In the mean while the Court was advancing. The King, who had been informed of the fact, felt it was too late to send away an unfortunate woman, who might perhaps excite a tumult by her resist-

ance. He therefore advanced; and when he came facing Madame de Lavallette, she fell at his feet, and presented her memorial. The Monarch bowed to her, took the paper, and saying, "Madame, I can do nothing but my duty,"<sup>a</sup> sent her. My wife held in her hand a second memorial for the Duchess of Angoulême. The Duke de Ragusa, seeing her hesitate, pressed her to go after the Princess and give it to her. She was already advancing, when M. d'Agoult, Chevalier d'Honneur, with his two arms extended and his hands open, forced her to stop.†

This observation of the King was very unlike the one he had made a month before, when Ma-

<sup>a</sup> By Appendix No. I. which contains an extract of a letter from the Duke de Ragusa on the subject, the reader will observe that the answer of the King is here misrepresented.—(Note of the Translator.)

† The Duke de Ragusa fell into long disgrace, and was very ill treated, for his courageous behaviour on this occasion. I have been told, that a Prince, who is now no more, forgot himself so far in his passion as to say:—"He deserves to be in the galleys."—(Note of the Author.)

dame de Lavallette was admitted into the closet. He now talked of duty when his clemency was invoked. The word was appalling. Emilie seemed at first not to feel its full force; but my love was shocked by it, and I quickly began to think what I should do to deceive and keep my wife and child away during two days. In regard to the former, that was no easy thing. Her courage augmented in proportion to my danger, and she resolved to make a fresh appeal to the Duchess of Angoulême. The Princess lodged in the ground-floor of the Tuileries, in the apartments previously occupied by the King of Rome. Madame de Lavallette put off the black dress she had worn the day before at the Palace, got out of her sedan chair in a neighbouring street, and presented herself at the Princess's door at the usual hour of admittance. Her pale features, her swollen eyes, her slow step, were told the footman who she was. The door was immediately shut, and an order given not to let any one in. Finding that entrance was prohibited at this door, she

hastened to seek me at the grand vestibule; but a footman ran before her to tell of her arrival, and she was there repulsed. Exhausted with fatigue, she fell down on the stone steps leading to the court-yard, and remained there a full hour, still in a delusive hope that she would be admitted. She attracted the notice of all who passed by, and especially all those who went into the Palace; but no one dared to show her the least compassion. At last she resolved to leave that place and return to my dungeon, where she arrived exhausted and heart-broken.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Consternation of the turnkeys.—Affecting scene of one of the female turnkeys.—Madame de Lavallette informs me acquainted with her plan of escape.—My objections.—Its execution is put off to the following day.—Last attempt of Madame de Lavallette with M. de Richelieu.—Visit of M. de Carvoisin.—My daughter comes to see me.—I send her away.—Madame de Lavallette brings her back.—She gives me my instructions.—Last visit of M. de Carvoisin and Colonel Briquerville.—Old Madame Dutoit.—Our Supper.—My disguise.—I go away.—I take my chair.—The chairmen start at the post.—My perplexity, and my resolution I take.—Count Chassenon.—New disguise.—I follow M. Bandus on foot.—We are met by Gendarmes.—We arrive at the Foreign-office.—Delicate attention of my hosts.

I FELT, however, that my hours were numbered: I had no more than forty-eight left, and only three days are allowed for com-



victs ~~to~~ apply for mercy. The Keeper of the ~~prison~~ ~~was~~ to present ~~his~~ petition ~~before~~ the ~~next~~ day. The King ~~had~~ already silenced the Duke de Richelieu on the subject. All my friends ~~were~~ in despair. The turnkeys themselves ~~were~~ no longer ~~with~~ me. Eberle, who ~~was~~ ~~more~~ especially attached to my ~~service~~, spoke ~~no~~ more to ~~me~~. He ~~wandered~~ about my room, apparently without knowing what he did. It ~~was~~ on a Sunday evening. — "They usually ~~execute~~ criminals on a Friday?" I said. — "Sometimes on a Saturday," he answered, stifling a sigh. "The execution generally takes place ~~at~~ four o'clock?" — "Sometimes in the morning." Saying these words, he ~~went~~ out and forgot to shut the door. A female turnkey of the women's prison ~~was~~ just going by at ~~the~~ time : seeing me alone, ~~she~~ rushed into the room, ~~asked~~ the ~~name~~ of the Legion of Honour I wore, ~~looked~~ it with transport, ~~and~~ ~~ran~~ away in ~~trance~~. This enthusiastic action of a woman I ~~had~~ ~~never~~ seen but ~~at~~ a distance, and to whom I had never spoken,

told me ~~me~~ my fate. My wife came ~~at~~ ~~at~~ o'clock ~~at~~ dine with ~~me~~. She brought ~~with~~ her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When ~~we~~ were alone, she said: "It appears but ~~me~~ certain ~~that~~ ~~we~~ have nothing ~~in~~ hope; we must therefore, my dear, take ~~a~~ resolution, and this ~~is~~ what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You ~~shall~~ step into my sedan chair, which will carry you ~~to~~ the Rue ~~de~~ St. Peres, where you will ~~find~~ M. Baudus with ~~a~~ cabriolet, who will conduct you to ~~a~~ retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger ~~a~~ favourable opportunity of leaving France."

I listened to her and looked ~~at~~ her in silence. Her manner ~~was~~ calm, and her voice firm. ~~She~~ appeared so convinced of the ~~success~~ of her plan, ~~that~~ it was some time ~~before~~ I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as ~~a~~ mad undertaking. I ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~last~~ obliged ~~to~~ tell her so; but ~~she~~ interrupted ~~me~~ ~~at~~ the first word by saying: "I will hear of no

objections. I die if you die. Do ~~not~~ therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I ~~feel that~~ God supports me!" It ~~was~~ in vain ~~that~~ I reminded her of the ~~numerous~~ turn-keys with whom she was surrounded every evening when she left me; the jailer who handed her ~~to~~ her ~~own~~ chair; the impossibility of my being sufficiently disguised to deceive them; ~~and~~ finally my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of the prison keepers. "What ~~will~~ they do," I said, "when they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you?" I ~~was~~ going on, but I soon ~~was~~, by the paleness of her countenance and ~~the~~ movements of convulsive impatience that ~~were~~ beginning to agitate her, ~~that~~ I ought ~~to~~ put an end ~~to~~ all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, ~~at~~ the end of which I continued thus: "Well, then, I shall do ~~as~~ you please; but if you want to succeed, permit me ~~to~~ make ~~a~~ least ~~one~~ observation. ~~The~~ cabriolet ~~is~~ too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my

flight will be discovered, and I shall undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des Peres. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes." This reflection seemed to strike her. "Change," I added, "that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is still at your disposal: I promise to do to-morrow all you wish."—"Well, you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is our last resource." I took her hand and answered: "I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it." This promise made her easy, and we separated.

The more I reflected on her plan, the more impracticable it appeared to me. She was full half an inch taller than I am; all the turnkeys were accustomed to see her; her figure was slender and flexible. It is true that my troubles had made me much thinner; but nevertheless the difference between us was striking. On the other hand, I was so well prepared to

die! I had in truth begun again during the two days to deliberate with myself whether I should run my chance of self-destruction. The sight of the executioner, the slow march from the Conciergerie to the Grève, startled me; but still my heart remained firm. And all of a sudden I was obliged to turn my eyes from death, and direct my thoughts on the details of an escape, impossible to be realized, and which to me appeared extravagant. The burlesque was about to be mixed with the tragic part of my story; for I should certainly be retaken in woman's clothes, and they would perhaps be cruel enough to expose me to the public under that ridiculous disguise. But, on the other side, how could I refuse? Emilie appeared so happy at her plan, so sure of its success! It would be killing her not to keep my word.

The following day, while I was still absorbed in those moral thoughts, I learned from her that on leaving me the evening before, she had gone to the *Rue du Bac*, and had step-

ped out of her chair at a short distance from the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Baudus having advised her to make more endeavour with that Minister. But ingenuity was required to come to him. She had to pass the porter which were the apartments of M. Bresson, Treasurer of the Department; and as he lived in the first court, she stopped for a few minutes on the staircase, and then went into the second court and arrived at the Minister's antechamber. The porter told that his Excellency was out. "I will wait," was her reply. The valet-de-chambre, to whom she addressed herself, recognised her, and went to complain to the porter, to whom orders had been given, since the morning, not to let her in; for her presence before the door of the Duchess of Angoulême had put every body on the alert. The porter came, much out of humour, and among many reproaches he said to her, "You put me in danger of losing my place." "I deceived you,—there was no business of your's. I am resolved to see the Minister. If he is out,

I will wait for him; if he is at home, I will pass the night in ~~the~~ room. Violence alone shall drag me out of it; you may go and say so to your master." What could ~~the~~ minister do? He ~~explained~~ her: Madame Lavallette explained to him ~~a~~ clear and brief ~~summary~~ ~~the~~ whole trial; expressed with force how unjust my ~~condemnation~~ was, and concluded with invoking his intercession with the King. The Duke de Richelieu listened to her with downcast eyes. ~~He~~ seemed to pity her, but ~~he~~ ~~had~~ confessed that the King had ~~refused~~ him to say a word more about the business. "Then, Sir, ~~leave~~ him yourself."—"Madam, that would be a criminal act."—"Cannot you at least present a fresh memorial in my name?" The Duke, eagerly seizing the idea, answered: "I ~~consent~~ to that. Send it me to-morrow by eight o'clock, and I give you my word ~~that~~ it shall ~~be~~ delivered without delay to ~~His~~ Majesty.\*"

"I went," ~~said~~ Emilie, "immediately to your

\* All these particulars were given to me since by M. ~~de~~ ~~Richelieu~~ ~~du~~, to whom ~~the~~ ~~Minister~~ communicated them.

lawyer for ~~the~~ memorial. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~now~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~hands~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~King~~ has received it ~~this~~ morning, and ~~it~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ by ~~the~~ time in the hands of the King. My plan shall nevertheless be executed to-night. To-morrow it would certainly be too late, as we have received ~~no~~ accounts from the Palace. I ~~shall~~ ~~come~~ ~~and~~ dine with you: keep up your spirits, you will want them. As for me, I ~~do~~ I have courage for four-and-twenty hours, and not for ~~a~~ moment longer," she added with ~~a~~ sigh, "for I ~~am~~ exhausted with fatigue."

~~It~~ ~~was~~ right to count the hours. ~~The~~ ~~time~~ scarcely gone when the jailer came in and said: "One of the editors of the *Quotidienne* ~~has~~ been with me ~~to~~ inquire whether it ~~was~~ true that you had asked for four confessors, that he might print it in ~~the~~ paper."—"Four,—that's ~~a~~ great many; ~~and~~ what ~~answer~~ did you give him?"—"The truth. That I had ~~not~~ introduced ~~a~~ single one." (I guessed ~~this~~ this was ~~a~~ covered warning.)—"Well, wait ~~a~~ little; by and by I shall give you the address of a clergyman. This whole day ~~is~~ my own." He made



in reply, and went away shaking his head; a little while afterwards M. de Carvoisin arrived. He threw himself into my arms and burst into tears; I made him sit down, and sought to soothe him; my own tranquillity made him more so a little. "The vicar of St. Sulpice," he said, "has just been at my home; he will not refuse to lend you his spiritual if you require it, because you are one of his parishioners, but I beg you to spare him. He has assisted Marshal Ney in his last moments, and he has confessed to me that the scene affected him much, he does not feel the courage to go through another. He is nevertheless ready to give it if you insist upon it."—"Thank him, my friend,—I have another clergyman in view; I will send for him this evening, but not before."

The excellent man wished to enter into some particulars, but he had not the power to do so. At that moment my daughter was introduced with an old nun, the portress of *L'Abbaye aux Dames*. Josephine wept in silence; the nun

exclaimed: "What have I done, that God dooms me to witness such horror?" Her sighs, her sobs, her endless invocations, annoyed me at last. I felt that I should lose all my courage if I did not quickly put an end to the scene. I therefore took M. de Carvoisin aside and said to him, "Take leave of me and go away softly; your grief distresses me:—adieu! do not forget me." I should have wished to retain my daughter much longer; but the sight rent my heart to pieces: I took her by my knee,—her head on my breast. I attempted to speak to her, but it was impossible for me to utter any words of comfort. At last I placed her in a chair, and began to walk up and down the room, panting in vain for breath. I was therefore obliged to take a resolution with her also. "Go back to your convent," I said; "I shall see you again to-morrow, I promise you: my heart is in a better way than you think. Do not speak to any person about it, but be sure I shall see you to-morrow." He was scarcely gone when all my strength failed.

me. I burst into tears at the parting of my only child, and I had a great deal to do to regain my wonted courage. I succeeded, however, ■ last. ♦ .

At five o'clock Emilie came, accompanied by Josephine, whom I saw again with ■ much surprise as pleasure. "I believe," she said, "it ■ better to take our child with ■ I shall make her do with ■ docility what I want." ■ dressed in ■ pelisse of merino richly lined with fur, which she ■ accustomed to put on ■ her light dress on leaving ■ ball ■ She had taken in her reticule ■ black silk petti- ■ "This is quite sufficient," she said, "■ disguise you completely." ■ then ■ my daughter to the window, and added in a low voice, "At ■ o'clock precisely you must be ready; all ■ well prepared. In going out you will ■ hold of Josephine's arm. Take care ■ walk very slowly; ■ when you cross the large registering-room, you will put on my gloves ■ cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil,

but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care when you pass under the door, which is very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering-room, and the jailer generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase. There you will be met after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion?" I could perceive that she was in a high fever. "But above all things," she added, "let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin." I gave her, however, my marriage-ring, and on the pretence that if I were

stopped in my journey to the frontiers, it would be advisable not to have any thing about me by which I might be known. She then called my daughter and said to her, "Listen attentively, child, what I am going to say to you, I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight; you must walk behind me because you know the doors are narrow; but when we enter the long registering-room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailer is accustomed to seize my arm on that side, I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass in my right-hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?" The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. She had scarcely finished when St. Roses came to us. He had got introduced under the pretence of accompanying Madame de Lavallette home; but his real aim was to see me once more,

for he was ~~not~~ ~~in~~ our confidence. His presence would have been a great ~~disturbance~~ ~~to~~ us. I took him therefore aside, ~~and~~ said ~~to~~ him, "Leave us now, my friend. ~~Yvette~~ ~~had~~ as yet no idea of her misfortune. We ~~must~~ let her continue in her ignorance. Come ~~back~~ ~~at~~ eight o'clock; but do ~~not~~ come in ~~in~~ the sedan-chair ~~is~~ no longer there. In ~~the~~ ~~evening~~, go immediately ~~to~~ her house, for she ~~will~~ be there."

I embraced him, ~~and~~ forced him out ~~of~~ ~~the~~ door. But there soon came another visitor; it ~~was~~ Colonel Briqueville, whose wounds had kept him ~~at~~ home for above two months. He had ~~not~~ expected to ~~see~~ my wife, ~~and~~ ~~he~~ soon perceived ~~that~~ his presence might be intrusive, though he was not yet acquainted with the whole extent of my horrible situation. So great was his emotion, ~~that~~ I ~~was~~ afraid ~~it~~ would become contagious. "Leave us," I whispered to him: "this is the last time I see her. One moment's weakness ~~may~~ kill her." At last ~~we~~ remained alone. I ~~looked~~ ~~at~~ Emilie; I thought of all ~~the~~ obstacles I should find in my way,

and which would overwhelm me. A new idea entered my mind: "Suppose," said I, "you were to go to the jailer and offer him one hundred thousand francs if he will shut his eyes when I pass: he will perhaps consent, and we shall all be saved." She looked at me for a moment in silence, and then replied, "Well, I will go." She went out and came back after a few minutes. I already repented the step I had made her take. I was sensible how useless, how imprudent it was. But when she returned, she said to me calmly, "It is of no use. I drew from the jailer but a few words, and these were sufficient to convince me of his honesty, therefore let us think no more of it."

Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of mine, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. Madame de Lavallette sent for her in the registering-room, intending to send her after me when I should be gone; but the heat of the German

stove and her emotion had made her so ill, and she had so long insisted on seeing me once more, that the turnkey let her in without the permission of the jailer. Far from being grateful to us, the poor woman only fell into confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to soothe her her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, "No childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat; hold your tongue, and keep the smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air."

This meal, which to all appearance was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The food stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in this situation we passed almost an hour. Five and three-quarters struck at last. "I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville," said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took



him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, "Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now," she said to me, "it is time to dress."

A part of my room was divided off by a screen and formed a sort of dressing-closet. We stepped behind the screen, and, while she was dressing me with charming presence of mind and expedition, she said to me, "Do not forget to stoop when you go through the doors; walk slowly through the registering-room, like a person exhausted with fatigue." In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. We went back to the room, and Emilie said to her daughter, "What do you think of your father?" A smile of surprise and incredulity escaped the poor girl: "I am serious, my dear, what do you think of him?" I then turned round, and advanced a few steps: "He looks very well," she answered; and she fell again, oppressed, on her bosom. We all advanced in silence towards the door. I said to Emilie, "The jailer wants me every

evening after you are gone. Place yourself behind the screen, and make a little noise, as if you were moving some piece of furniture. He will think it is I, and will go out again. By that means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away." She understood me, and I pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she said, raising her eyes to Heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering-room. I was obliged, at the same time, to raise my foot and to stoop, lest the feathers of my bonnet should strike at the top of the door. I succeeded; but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting the

my daughter in place ~~of~~ ~~me~~ my left hand. The child, however, ~~took~~ my right hand; and the jailer, coming down the stairs ~~of~~ his apartment, which ~~was~~ on the left hand, came up ~~to~~ me without hindrance, and, putting his hand ~~on~~ my arm, ~~said~~ to me, "You are going away early, Madame." He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It ~~has~~ been said, ~~that~~ my daughter ~~and~~ I sobbed aloud: the fact is, ~~we~~ scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm-chair, and in a ~~space~~ so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which ~~is~~ the ~~iron~~ wicket. This man looked ~~at~~ me without opening ~~the~~ doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned, at last, his two keys, ~~and~~ ~~we~~ got out. There my daughter did not ~~mistake~~ again, but took my right arm.

We had a few steps to ascend to come to the yard; but, at the bottom of the staircase there was a guard-house of gendarmes. About twenty soldiers, headed by the officer, had placed themselves a few paces from me to see Madame de Lavallette pass. At last, I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no official was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry a six paces from them, immovable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards its prey. It almost seemed to me that I held the musket in my grasp. At the first motion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me

as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, "One of the chairmen was punctual, I have found another." At the instant, I put myself down. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, facing Rue de Harlay. There the chair stopped; and my friend Baudus, offering me his arm, said aloud, "You know, Madam, you have a visit to pay to the President." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet that stood in that dark street. I jumped into it, and the driver said to me, "Give me my whip." I looked for it in vain;—he had dropped it. "Never mind," said my companion. A motion of the reins made the horse start off in a quick trot. In passing by, I saw Josephine on the Quai, her hands clasped, and fervently offering up prayers to God. We crossed the Pont St. Michel, the Rue de Harpe, and soon reached the Rue Vaugirard, behind the Odéon. It was not till then that I

breathed an ease. In looking at the driver of the cabriolet, how great was my surprise to recognise Count Chassenon, whom I was very far from expecting to find there. "What!" I said, "is it you?"—"Yes; and you have behind you four double-barrelled pistols, well loaded; I hope you will make use of them." "No, indeed, I will not compromise you." "Then I shall give you the example, and to whoever shall attempt to stop your flight."

We entered the new Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue Plumet: there we stopped. I placed a white pocket-handkerchief in the front of the cabriolet. This was the signal agreed upon with M. Baudus. During the way, I had thrown off all the female attire with which I was disguised, and put on a dicky great-coat with a round silver-laced hat. M. Baudus soon joined me. I took leave of M. de Chassenon, and modestly followed my new friend. It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured of rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg

M. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was, nevertheless, obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on, and one off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. "I am going," he said, "to visit a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter, get into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with to the right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there." We then walked a few steps up the Rue du Bac, and I was seized with a sort of giddiness when I saw him knock at the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke of Richelieu. M. Baudus went in first; and, while he was

talking to the porter, who had thrust me out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "It is my servant." I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me. I stepped towards a lighted fire, which sent around the room a very faint glimmering. Having placed my hands upon the stove to warm myself, I found a candlestick and a bundle of matches. I guessed that I might light a candle. I did so; and I examined my new abode. It was a middle-sized room, on the garret-floor. The furniture consisted of a very clean bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a small German stove, of earth-ware. On the chest of drawers I found a tablet on which the following words were written:—"Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list, and



wait with patience." Next to the paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a box containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond-paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing-box. The delicate attentions and the neat handwriting of the note, made me guess that my hosts combined with their most generous feelings elegant and refined manners. But why was I in the Hotel of Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King. Besides, in that case it would have been more natural to pardon me. If I was there by the connivance of the Minister, what reason could he have had to violate his sacred duties, belie the loyalty he owed his sovereign, associate himself with the party of Bonaparte, and protect a criminal sentenced for a conspiracy?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Introduction of M. Baudus.—M. and M<sup>lle</sup> Bresson.—Their vow.—They visit me a visit.—Sensations produced by my escape.—Various reports.—Precautions I was forced to take.—Fresh anxiety.—I cried under my window the Police Ordinance against those who might give me refuge.—Joineau and his wife.—Visit of M<sup>lle</sup> Bresson.

I WAS LOST in these reflections when the door slowly opened and I found myself in the arms of M. Baudus. After the first transports of joyful emotion were over, I hastened to address him the questions that perplexed me, but he interrupted me by saying:—"I comprehend you; but keep your curiosity within bounds: the truth is, that the day before yesterday, M<sup>lle</sup> de Lavallette came for me, and when the servants were gone and the door

shut, ~~the~~ ~~will~~ 'I am ~~resolved~~ to save my husband, as his pardon ~~may~~ be obtained; but I do not know where ~~to~~ conceal him. My relations and friends are unable ~~to~~ ~~serve~~ me. I address myself ~~to~~ you ~~with~~ confidence. Procure him only a hiding-place, and ~~he~~ shall ~~be~~ ~~free~~ to-morrow.' ~~This~~ appeal ~~was~~ abrupt, ~~and~~ disconcerted ~~me~~. You know, I mix very little in society. To conceal ~~you~~ in my lodgings would have ~~been~~ impossible: I live in a furnished ~~hotel~~ \* hotel, where there are thirty persons ~~beside~~ myself. I mentioned this ~~to~~ Madame ~~de~~ Lavallette. 'Think about ~~it~~ immediately,' she ~~replied~~ ; 'you must ~~find~~ for ~~me~~ what I want.' At last, after a great ~~deal~~ of hesitation, I requested ~~two~~ hours' time; observing ~~that~~ I ~~was~~ connected ~~with~~ a family who had ~~met~~ ~~with~~ misfortune themselves, ~~and~~ who entertained most admirable feelings of ~~courage~~ and devotion.—'Go quickly, and acquaint ~~them~~ with my ~~situation~~. I shall ~~give~~ my life to them, ~~if~~ they ~~rescue~~ my husband.'—I asked ~~for~~ ~~some~~ particulars.—'No, no,' she said; 'you shall know all when you come

back ; but first run to your friends.' I [redacted] her, and [redacted] hither.—'Stop ; no impatience ! you are [redacted] M. Bresson's, the Treasurer [redacted] Department of Foreign Affairs.\* Let me go [redacted] Madame Bresson, since her husband's proscription, [redacted] made a vow, [redacted] the [redacted] of her gratitude towards those who [redacted] concealed him, [redacted] [redacted] person condemned for a political crime, [redacted] ever Providence favoured her sufficiently for any one to fall in her way. I therefore came to her [redacted] said, that the time [redacted] [redacted] for the fulfilment of her vow, and I acquainted her with your history and Madame de Lavallette's resolution. 'Let him come !' [redacted] said, with enthusiasm : 'my husband is not

\* I had never seen M. Bresson but twice ; but I knew his history. When a Deputy [redacted] the [redacted] Convention, he spoke very strongly against [redacted] [redacted] and [redacted] of Louis XVI. He [redacted] against death, [redacted] [redacted] soon outlawed, [redacted] [redacted] obliged to fly. [redacted] wife [redacted] he found a [redacted] [redacted] the mountains of [redacted] Vosges, in the house [redacted] [redacted] honest family, who, notwithstanding they saw inevitable [redacted] [redacted] them [redacted] [redacted] unfortunate couple [redacted] discovered, kept them, nevertheless, [redacted] [redacted] during two years with admirable fidelity.

at home; but I need not consult him for the performance of a good action. He shared all my sentiments. I shall immediately prepare a retreat where the unfortunate man will be safe. Go and acquaint Madame de Lavallette.'— I went back to her, and then she explained to me her plan. I listened to her in silence: this was not a moment for objections. She talked with much confidence—she seemed so sure of success, that I entered with ardour into all the details of the enterprise;—but I wanted a private cabriolet. With Madame de Lavallette's permission, I went to M. de Chassenon, whom I knew to be a man both devoted and resolute. These were the means by which you came here, for the success of which a sort of miracle was required; for, I must confess, I do not myself comprehend how it was done. Now you must be sensible of how much importance it is to your generous friends that nobody may ever know they effected you this retreat: the whole family would be ruined. M. de Chassenon cannot do without his situation: he is

daughter and nephews ■ establish. Being ■ public functionary, and lodged under the King's roof, honoured with the trust of his minister, he knows full well all the irregularity of his conduct. But, on the other hand, he is convinced of your innocence;— and what ■ all other considerations when they ■ put in the scale with a man's life? We shall now ■ about getting you away from hence and beyond the frontiers, which will not be ■ easy matter; but the ■ important object is achieved, and Providence will not leave the work imperfect."

M. Baudus then ■ me, and I remained alone during two hours, scarcely daring to make any motion, ■ even to breathe, buried in sad reflections on the situation of my poor Emilie, who remained ■ a hostage in my dungeon. At about eleven o'clock in the evening the door opened once more, and I saw a lady enter my lodgings. ■ was dressed in the highest fashion, and her face was covered with a veil; she was accompanied by a young girl, who appeared ■ be about fourteen years old. The

lady threw herself into my arms while the child remained standing bashfully, and in tears, in her mother. In the midst of the deep emotions that agitated me all, I could not help saying — "For Heaven's name! Madame, raise that veil, that I may see the features of the angelic person in whom I owe my life!" — "We are not acquainted," she replied, raising her veil; "but I feel happy in taking a part in the heroic action of Madame de Lavallette." In fact, I never had seen Madame Bresson. She was at that time forty years of age; but her fine complexion and elegant figure made her look at least ten years younger. She placed on the table a bowl of tureen. "That is your dinner," she said; "the two courses are in the same vessel: you will make but sorry fare, but we are obliged to rob ourselves to feed you. I do not choose to tell our secret to any of our servants; they all sleep in this corridor, and the next room is occupied by my nephew. He will make no noise in the morning, but make your bed and sweep your room yourself. The apartment

you are in never having been inhabited, least sound might ruin us all."

He left me after an hour's conversation. M. Bresson came afterwards: I had wept with the ladies,—his visit made me rather merrier. I was no better acquainted with him than with his wife. I had seen him once, fifteen years before, at the time I went to Saxony;—once also, I think, at my return; and my acquaintance having ended by my not pursuing the diplomatic career, we had not met again. M. Bresson had very agreeable features, an elegant and cultivated mind, and an energetic character, of which he had more than once given the most striking proofs. It was not his attachment to the Emperor that had persuaded him to place himself in such a dangerous situation to serve me, and I do not believe that he ever was very fond either of Napoleon or his government: it was a deep feeling of humanity, and a courageous protest against the political condemnations of which he had been himself a victim. "I just come," said he, "from the drawing-



of of grand dignitaries. You cannot form an idea of the alarm and consternation that fill the minds of every one. At the Tuileries, nobody will go to bed to-night. They are convinced that your escape is the result of a great plot that is going to burst over them; they see you already at the head of the old army marching against the Tuileries, and all Paris flying to meet it. I should not be surprised if they stop the march of the foreign troops who are already preparing for their departure. They talk of shutting the barriers. Think only of the terrible consequences of such a measure! The milk-women will not be able to get into town to-morrow!—there will be no milk for the old women's breakfasts! and I listening to all these lamentations,—I who have you under lock and key!"

He then examined with the most minute attention all my modest furniture, and what they had brought me. The chest of drawers was filled with my linen and clothes. "Open only half your shutters," he added, "and let no more

light in than just ~~as~~ as you ~~to~~ to read : if you catch a cold, thrust your head when you cough into this closet." I had ~~asked~~ for some beer, to quench the thirst that tormented ~~me~~ for the last month. " You ~~must~~ have any. We ~~must~~ drink beer, and ~~some~~ observation might be made on the circumstance. I have not forgot the history of M. de Montmorin, who ~~was~~ discovered, and died on the scaffold, through having ~~seen~~ a chicken, the bones of which had been thrown ~~at~~ the corner of the door. A neighbour, who knew that the woman who concealed him ~~was~~ too poor to buy chicken, guessed that she ~~was~~ in her house an outlaw, and informed against her. You ~~will~~ have as much sugar and refreshing syrups as you may wish, but ~~no~~ beer."

I passed the first night of my liberty in walking up ~~and~~ down, and breathing ~~the~~ fresh ~~air~~ through the half-opened window. I could ~~not~~ see into the ~~Place~~ du Bac, but I heard every thing distinctly, and ~~the~~ frequent passing of men ~~on~~ horseback sometimes ~~startled~~ me. At

last, in the morning, fatigue got the better of my anxiety, and I fell asleep. Two hours afterwards I was awakened by noise and to my great astonishment I saw in my room a little man, who was putting the furniture in order, sweeping and rubbing with great precaution. "Who are you?" I asked—"Monsieur's valet-de-chambre."—"But it was agreed with your master that nobody should come in my room."—"They have altered their minds; and if you please to get up, you may step into my chamber while I put every thing in order here."

I got up, and he led me into another room facing the one where I slept. When he was gone, I began to examine the place I was in: It was much well furnished for a servant's room. The chimney was ornamented with a clock, and china containing flowers; the bed elegant. I opened a closet at the head of the bed, and found several articles of female attire. "What's the meaning of all this?—Could the man be married, and his wife

in the secret?—How! I am already a child and two persons entrusted with my fate, and that in this house!—Is that very prudent?" These reflections troubled me so much that my heart throbbed within me. I attempted to rise, but I fell on the floor in a deep swoon. The doctor came back in about half an hour, and finding me insensible, he dragged me to my bed, where he had great trouble to bring me to myself. "Do all you can," he said, "to keep up your spirits, for neither my master nor my mistress can wait back until this evening. I shall come if I can. But, for Heaven's sake! do not fall sick, for how could we call in a doctor?"

I was but too sensible of the truth of all this good advice said to me, and I said to myself, 'Suppose I was to die, what would they do with my body?' I was soon diverted from these painful reflections by the voice of a vender who was crying something in the street. I could not well distinguish what he said, but I thought I heard my own name. I ran to the

window, but the man was already too far for me to catch a word of what he uttered. I was obliged to wait until another was by, and four hours elapsed before the second came. This time it was a woman, whose shrill, sharp voice brought distinctly to my ears the words "*Lavullette* — householders — landlords." It was undoubtedly an ordinance proclaiming penalties on those who would give me refuge, (this did not make me uneasy,) but at the same time, offering rewards to those who might denounce me.—And who could know whether among the servants of the house there might not be found one whom the love of lucre might incite to such an act? I was very unjust: for André Joineau and his wife, whom they called *Montet*, were old domestics, whose fidelity and devotion were proof against all seduction. The woman, in particular, was a pretty Protestant, remarkable for the good education she had received, and her elevated sentiments. At last, about six o'clock in the evening, while I was still without light,

A lady came in and seated herself at the foot  
 of my bed: she inquired in a low voice how I  
 was. I endeavoured to tranquillize her, and re-  
 peated my thanks for her kindness. "I am  
 Mad. Bresson," she said; "I am her lady's maid;  
 my mistress will certainly come home in an hour  
 or two: but she has heard that you were not  
 very well, and she wished to have some account  
 of your health."—"Here is another witness!" said  
 I to myself with a sigh. 'I pray to God that  
 so many confidants may not spoil the business;  
 but I have great fears.' At last Madame Bresson  
 came. I spoke to her of the cries I had heard  
 in the street. "It is nothing," she replied;  
 "merely the renewal of an old Police Ordinance  
 of the year 1793, that makes every body laugh;  
 the joy is incredible in Paris. Madame  
 de Lavallette is extolled to the skies. Nothing  
 can be more diverting than the observations of  
 the women among the lower classes, and par-  
 ticularly in the markets. At the theatres, the  
 slightest allusions are received with enthusiasm;  
 if the Government were to attempt to stifle

these transports, --- which, by the way, are something more than disaffection, --- their agents would no doubt be murdered. So you may rest easy in that respect. As for the confidants we have made around us, M. Brown and myself have decided that it would be much better to tell the whole business to the two persons who sleep facing you. Notwithstanding the greatest precautions, they might have heard you, being alarmed at the unusual noise, and have mentioned it to their comrades. It was much better to close their mouths by trusting them with the secret. They are married, and have lived with us during the last twenty years: they are a very worthy couple, and would most willingly expose their lives for us. We have therefore resolved that St. John shall also be told, for he is your next-door neighbour. I will bring him to you this evening." She did so. He was a young man of twenty, very well informed, and whose address was agreeable. We soon became friends.

He used to remain with me from eleven at night till in the morning. I taught him to play chess; and he brought me the journals and the news of Paris.



## CHAPTER XIX.

Account of what happened in the Conciergerie.—Rage of the Turnkeys.—Their brutal conduct in the Lavallette.—M. de Lavallette examines her with excessive severity.—Chief cause of her illness.—Her terrors.—She is placed in solitary confinement.—My daughter in her boarding-school.—Conduct of the superior in her.—The Police pursue their investigation.—Various plans to get me out of France.—Mr. Bruce.—Sir Robert Wilson.—Preparations for my disguise.—I leave the Hotel of Foreign Affairs.—M. de Chassenon brings me to the Helder.—House of my Reporting Judge.—Mr. Hutchinson.—I

I MUST now return to the Conciergerie. I scarcely passed the outer door when the jailer entered my room, and, as I had foreseen, retired when he heard a noise behind the door. But he returned about five minutes afterwards, and, seeing any thing, though the same noise

was once more repeated, he took a fancy to remove one of the ~~men~~. At the sight of Madame Lavallette, he uttered a loud exclamation and ran to the door. She caught hold of his coat, and said to him—"Wait a minute; let my husband get off!"—"You will ruin me, Madame," he said in a rage; and disengaging himself with so great an effort, that he tore a piece of his coat in the hands of my wife, he went off calling aloud, "The prisoner has escaped!" With those words he ran, tearing his hair, to the Prefect of Police. In an instant, all the turnkeys and gendarmes were about in all directions. Two of the former reached the sedan-chair, that was leisurely advancing to the quay. They opened it; and finding no one in it but my daughter, they left it. Soon, however, the pursuit began in regular order; and during the whole night, the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and even of all the persons with whom my situation in the world could have given connection, were rigorously examined.

The next day the barriers were shut, and the joy of the whole capital in witnessing the despair of the Police was inexpressible. Madame Lavallette, a little easier after half an hour, began to get the better of her agitation; and she would have enjoyed her happiness, if the brutal turnkeys, who had left her door open, had not uttered against her the most terrible abuse, which assured her it was impossible I should not be retaken in a very short time.

The arrival of the Procureur-General, Bellart, put an end to their abusive language. He came himself gravely down to examine her, and addressed reproaches to her which were only ridiculous. By his order, she was treated with so much severity, that, in the state of health in which she then was, that stage became the chief cause of the disorder under which she laboured during twelve years, but from which she has at last recovered. They placed her in the chamber of Marshal Ney, where there was no chimney, but a German stove, the suffocating heat of which made her suffer a great deal

night and day. The window opened into the women's yard. To hear the noisy cries of those ~~women~~ during the whole day, and their vulgar and obscene language, was agony to so delicate a ~~female~~. No person could come near her; even her maid was excluded, and she was attended by one of the female turnkeys. None of her ~~relations~~ could cross the threshold of the prison, nor could any communication from her friends reach her. She was for ever ~~tormented~~ with a thousand different ~~ideas~~, especially in the night, when the sentries were relieved. She always imagined it was her husband they were bringing back. During more than five-and-twenty days and nights, she did not enjoy one moment's sleep. I was far from thinking she could be so unhappy. I had been told, with the view of comforting her, that she was lodged in the apartments of the lady of the Prison of Police, treated with the greatest attention and respect, and that she would soon obtain permission to return home.

My daughter returned to her chamber in an ecstasy of joy, and agitated with so strong an emotion she could not explain in what manner she had contrived to see her father. But when, next day, the whole business was explained, the Superior, who had just succeeded in obtaining the protection of the Duchess of Angoulême for her house, was filled with alarm: my daughter was ordered to hold her tongue; the sisters and brothers of the boarders shrunk away from her, as if she had the plague. Will it be believed when I add, that the parents of several of those boarders declared to the Superior, that they would take their children home if Josephine Lavallette remained in the convent? So that a virtuous, generous action, which ought to have been presented as an example to be followed by young persons, was through fear, personal interest, and perhaps also by meaner passions, regarded as a sort of crime and a cause of proscription. She was afterwards, when released, the Lavallette was given her liberty,

she intended to take her daughter from the convent.

I passed the first ten days very quietly in my retreat, loaded with the most touching marks of friendship. My kind protectors sought, above all, to ease my mind. As long as I remained with them, I had, they said, no danger to fear. I might stay whole months in my hiding-place, without putting them to the inconvenience. I was, however, not of the same opinion. M. Baudus, who came here and then to see me, could not dissemble that the activity of the Police had not relaxed in the least: they were certain that I had not crossed the frontiers either at Strasburg or at Metz. General Excelmans, who was an outlaw, and had fled to Brussels, wrote to his wife, as a great secret, as soon as he had heard the history of my flight, that he had just supped with me. The anecdote was industriously circulated, but the Police were not deceived by it. It was in Paris that they continued their work. My friends were watched with a

strictness inspired by the hope of a considerable reward. M. Berton de Vaux, then Secretary-General of the Police, explained to me the nature of an obstinate persecution. The Ultra party accused the Minister of having yielded to old connexions of friendship with me, and to the wish of making a merit of my flight in the eyes of Louis Bonaparte and his whole family, and thus insuring himself a title of gratitude for some future contingency. These same charges might come to the ears of the King; and M. Decazes, fearing above all things to lose his credit, and perhaps to fall beneath the hatred which he was exposed, augmented, from day to day, the activity of his inquiries. It was therefore necessary for me to fly;—but by what means? It was proposed that I should once more assume the garb of the other sex, and go secretly to a sea-port, where smugglers would undertake to convey me to England. I rejected this plan as quite extravagant. However, it please Baudouin. A few days afterwards, he came and told

me, that a ~~Prussian~~ general offered to take charge of me; ~~that I should~~ be conducted to his inn during the night, ~~and~~ then concealed in the back of his carriage. Thus I might pass ~~the~~ barrier without any accident. But ~~that~~ that I first ~~was~~ to lay down eight ~~hundred~~ francs to pay his debts, ~~and~~ then take upon me all the expenses of the journey. The money was ready, but the plan miscarried. The ~~Prussian~~ wanted to know the name of the outlaw; ~~and~~ when he heard it, the fear of being ~~sent~~ to ~~Bavaria~~, in ~~case~~ I were discovered, made him draw back. After that, it was proposed that I should join a ~~detachment~~ of Bavarian soldiers ~~that~~ were going to leave France, by trusting my ~~word~~ to the commander, who would undoubtedly be very glad to ~~see~~ a ~~relative~~ and friend of Prince Eugene. ~~This~~ plan appeared unobjectionable to ~~me~~. I ~~too~~ well knew the King of Bavaria, to fear that the officer would be punished; and ~~that~~ ~~scandalous~~ Prince, ~~in~~ whom I ~~remembered~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~months~~ afterwards, said to me with emotion, "I would



have attached him to my person, if he had succeeded in saving you !”

But I was thus obliged to abandon this project : the Police, having guessed that I might make resort to it, watched the troop with so much vigilance, and the officers were so completely circumvented, that it became quite impossible to have any connexion with them. At last, on the eighteenth day after I had left prison, Baudus came to me with a joyful countenance and embraced me saying : “ We shall at last succeed. Some Englishmen have been sent to serve you, and I believe they possess the means of doing so.” These were the particulars of what had happened. The Princess de Vaudemont, uneasy in knowing me to be still in Paris, though she was not acquainted with the place of my concealment, looked about for persons who might help me away. She spoke of her anxiety to Madame de Aignan Caulaincourt, one of the cleverest women born in France, whose resources are inexhaustible, and whose courage is unbounded : she proposed to

the French to sound a young Englishman, Mr. Bruce, who used to visit their houses. Bruce, delighted at the idea of saving an unfortunate man who had escaped the scaffold in so wonderful a manner, accepted with enthusiasm the proposal of the ladies, and soon immediately to consult Mr Robert Wilson on the subject.

Mr Robert shared the young friend's enthusiasm. He had failed in his attempt to save Marshal Ney, but he hoped to take his revenge in my case. He made quite a military expedition of the business; and as Bruce was not in the army, it became necessary to find one or two officers, independent of liberal opinions, who might be disposed to play off a good trick on the Government of the Bourbons. The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially assigned to the English army, and it was therefore chosen for my escape. They asked me more than two days to finish their preparations. I received a very particular instruction concerning my dress:—no mustachios; an English wig; my beard shaved very clean,

after the manner of the officers of that nation; a great-coat with buttons of the English Guards; the regimentals and hat were to be given me at the instant of our departure.

We held council, and, as it occurs in most cases, our first steps were wrong. It was deemed upon as very necessary to get my coat made by the tailor of an English regiment;—but he would want my measure: my friend M. de laus took it with fine white paper; and instead of the notches that the tailors are accustomed to make, he wrote on it, “*Length of the fore-arm, breadth of the breast,*” &c. in a fine neat hand, and carried it boldly to the tailor of the regiment of the Guards. He quickly made me a coat, however,—not without observing that the measure had not been taken by a tailor. M. Bresson had been to buy me a great-coat in an old clothes’ shop, and was naturally obliged to measure it on himself. He was however tall and thin; so that in less than forty-eight hours I had two coats, neither of which could be of any service to me. I had

no boots, and ~~all~~ our speculations were useless in contriving ~~to~~ procure me a pair. I was forced ~~to~~ put ~~on~~ a pair belonging to M. Bresson: they were ~~all~~ ~~two~~ two inches longer than my foot; I ~~could~~ scarcely walk ~~in~~ them, and we all laughed much ~~at~~ the awkward figure I cut.

~~On~~ the ~~21st~~ of January 1816, ~~at~~ eight o'clock in the evening, I ~~at last~~ took leave of my kind friends. We ~~were~~ ~~all~~ very much affected, and particularly myself, who was leaving them with so little hope of ever seeing them again. I did however ~~meet~~ them again. I write this at twenty minutes' walk ~~from~~ a delightful country seat, ~~on~~ the right bank ~~of~~ the Seine, which they inhabit ~~the~~ whole ~~year~~ through. I see them every day: they are happy and independent. Fedora, their only daughter, is ~~married~~ to M. de Montjoyeux, an ~~amiable~~ young man. They have ~~two~~ pretty children; ~~and~~ Fedora is one of ~~the~~ cleverest, handsomest, ~~and~~ ~~most~~ agreeable women I know. I ~~take~~ some pleasure in thinking that the happiness this family enjoy is

partly the reward of their generous and courageous conduct towards me.

After I had embraced them, M<sup>rs</sup>. Armand and M<sup>rs</sup>. Lucile brought me to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle, where I found again the faithful Chassenon, with his cabriolet. In going to my destination, we crossed the Place du Carrousel. I could not help smiling when I passed so near the numerous sentries posted along the railings of the Tuileries, and when I saw the palace lighted up, and filled, as I had reason to imagine, with people enraged at not being able to seize me, while I was more than fifty yards from them.

We stopped at a house in the Rue du Helder, near the Boulevard: there I took leave of my friend Chassenon. As I walked slowly up the stairs, I was surprised at meeting Mademoiselle Dubourg. There would have been much danger in our appearing to know each other. I afterwards learned that she was going to M. Dupuis, my Reporting Judge, who lived on the second floor of the house; so that I was

going to pass the night under the same roof with the magistrate who had during my trial examined me twice at length, and with great severity. This circumstance, however, by no means troubled me. M. Dupuis was an honourable man, to whom I had shown no reserve,—who was convinced of my innocence, and did not fail to declare so openly, with an energy that might be hurtful to his fortune.

When I reached the first-floor, I met before me a gentleman of tall stature and noble features:—it was Sir Robert Wilson. He introduced me to two persons who were expecting me in the parlour: in one of the two I recognised Mr. Bruce, whom I had met sometimes during the preceding winter at the Duchess of Leu's. Mr. Hutchinson, to whom the apartments belonged, was a Captain in the English Guards. He received me in a friendly manner. We seated ourselves round a bowl of punch. Our conversation turned on public affairs, and we talked with as much ease and freedom as if we had been together in London.

These gentlemen did not appear to entertain the least uneasiness in respect to our next day's journey ; and at last, after sitting for about an hour, Sir Robert and Mr. Bruce rose, and the former, shaking hands with me, said :—" Be up to-morrow by six o'clock, and be very careful about your dress. You will find that the coat of a Captain in the Guards, which you must put on. At eight o'clock precisely, I shall expect you at the door."—" As for me," said Bruce, " I am going to spend three days at the country-seat of the Princess in the Moskowa ; for you will not wait me any longer. My wishes go along with you, and I shall receive news from you by my friends."

When they were gone, Mr. Hutchinson offered me his bed ; but I had no desire to sleep, and I laid myself down on a sofa. While my host was lying in a profound sleep, I looked about the apartments to find a corner where I might conceal myself, in case the Police should come and pay us a visit ; but it was very scantily furnished, and consisted only of two rooms

and a closet. It would have been impossible to elude, even for a quarter of an hour, the most superficial search. I opened the window, and measured the distance I was from the street: that distance was too considerable for me to leap. I could not hope to save myself from my fall, and still too near the ground for me to be killed at once. Fortunately, I recollected the pistols M. de Chassenon had given me. I took one of them in my hands and examined it with care. I placed it under my pillow, and was as easy after that, as if I had had in my possession the surest talisman. I soon fell asleep; but about one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a great noise and a very animated conversation that was taking place at the carriage-door of the house. By listening, I discovered that somebody wanted to get in. I immediately awoke my companion, and said, "I believe I am discovered. Some person wishes to enter into the house. Mr. Hutchinson will call of the apartment in the calmest manner, and in about five minutes, which appeared horribly



long he came back, saying, "It is only a dispute between the portress and a French officer who lives on the second floor. She is complaining that he comes home too late. So let him go to sleep again without fear."

At last, after having counted every hour of the night, I heard six o'clock strike: I immediately set about my toilet, and at eight o'clock precisely I found Sir Robert Wilson in the street, dressed in his full regimentals, and seated in a pretty gig. Mr. Hutchinson soon appeared also on horseback, and we set off. The weather was beautiful; all the shops were open, every body in the streets, and by a singular coincidence they were just at that moment putting up in the Place de Grève the gibbet which, according to custom, is used to execute in effigy persons declared guilty in contumacy.

## CHAPTER XX.

Various adventures.—Conversation of Mr. Hutchinson with the gendarmes ■ La Chapelle.—Our arrival ■ Compiègne.—Difficulties started by the Postmasters ■ Valenciennes.—I pass the frontier.—I take leave of my ■ deliverers.

WE entered the ■■■ ■ Clichy which leads to the barrier of the same name. As I had on the regimentals and cap of the Guards, the English soldiers ■■ met saluted us in the military manner. Two officers ■■ saw on the road appeared very much surprised ■ seeing with ■■ Robert ■■ of their comrades with whom they were unacquainted; but Mr. Hutchinson went up to them and talked to them while we ■■ approaching the barrier. To the right and in the ■■■ ■ two guard-houses—the one

English, and the other French. The soldiers drew up under ■■■■. Fortunately the French were National Guards, and it ■■■■ not probable they could know me, ■■■■ they did not belong to my quarter of the town. We crossed the barrier with ■■■■ slow step; ■■■■ when ■■■■ were out, I thanked ■■■■ Robert with ■■■■ much gratitude ■■■■ if we had crossed the barriers of the kingdom. We went ■■■■ thus to the village of La Chapelle. There ■■■■ were obliged to take another horse, to be able to ■■■■ to Compiègne. This horse had been baited ■■■■ a large inn. When ■■■■ approached the house, ■■■■ perceived four gendarmes standing in front of the large door. ■■■■ Robert went up to them: they separated, that ■■■■ might pass; and, to prevent them from paying attention to us, Mr. Hutchinson began a conversation with them. ■■■■ inquiries were chiefly directed ■■■■ the number of ■■■■ and the quantity of forage and lodgings that ■■■■ ■■■■ found in the village; from all which they concluded ■■■■ English troops ■■■■ expected, and one of them invited the English Captain

■ accompany him ■ the Mayor. "Not ■ present," he answered: "I ■ going forward ■ meet the waggon, and in two hours I shall be back." The conversation could not last very long with ■ Englishman who knew but little of ■ language. But the horse was quickly changed, and we had the satisfaction, on going away, ■ exchange salutes with the gendarmes. I then learned that the man who had brought ■ thus far, belonged to M. Auguste de St. Aignan. On the road we met with several gendarmes in pursuit of malefactors, or bearing military correspondence. They all fixed their eyes on us without suspecting any thing. I had accustomed myself, on seeing them, ■ shut my eyes, but with the precaution of placing my hand on my pistol,—fully resolved, if I should be recognised and apprehended, ■ blow my brains out; for ■ would have been too great a stupidity to ■ myself ■ be brought back to Paris.

We arrived ■ ■ Compiègne. At ■ entrance of the suburb stood ■ non-commis-

sioned English officer, who, ■■ seeing his general, turned to the right and marched with gravity through several small streets, until he stopped ■ a small house in a very lonely part of the town. There we found ■■ officer who received ■■ very well, and ■■ waited for Sir Robert's carriage, which Mr. Wallis ■■ to bring from Paris for him. That officer had ordered post-horses for General Wallis, brother-in-law to Sir Robert Wilson, who travelled under his ■■■■ Mr. Wallis arrived at about six o'clock; after having been followed ■ great part of the way by the gendarmes. We had not an instant to lose: the carriage advanced rapidly. We experienced ■ great delay at Condé, in getting through the town, but it ■■ during the night. At last, next morning, at ■■■■ o'clock, ■■ arrived ■ Valenciennes, the last French city on that frontier. I ■■ beginning to feel more easy, when the Postmaster ■■ us to go ■■ have ■■ passports examined by ■■ Captain of the gendarmerie. "You forgot, I suppose, ■ read

who were," said Robert calmly : " let the Captain come here, he chooses us." The Postmaster felt how wrong he was, and taking our passports, he sent himself to get them signed. As it was very long before he came back, I began to be tormented by a horrible anxiety. Was I going to be wrecked in the harbour? Suppose the officer of gendarmes came himself to verify the signatures and to apprehend me? Fortunately the weather was very cold, it was already daylight, and the officer signed the passports without rising from his bed. We got out of the gate. On the glacis, an officer of the Preventive Service wanted to know whether we were in order; but having satisfied his curiosity, he went on and stopped no more. We flew along the beautiful Brussels road. From time to time I looked through the back window, to see whether we were not pursued. My impatience augmented with every turn of the wheels. The postilions showed us at a distance a large house, that was the Belgian Custom-house : I

my eyes ■ that edifice, and ■ seemed ■ me as if it remained always equally ■ off. ■ imagined that the postilion ■ not get on: I was ashamed of my impatience, but it ■ impossible for me to curb it. At ■ we reached the frontier: we were on the Belgian territories:—I ■ saved! I pressed the hands of Sir Robert, and expressed to him, with ■ deep emotion, the extent of my gratitude. But he, keeping up his gravity, only smiled, without answering me. About half an hour afterwards he turned to me, and said in the most serious tone possible: “Now, pray tell me, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?” I stared at him with astonishment, and made no reply. “Yes,” he continued, “they say that you had solicited, ■ a favour, that you might be shot?”—“It ■ very true. When a man is guillotined, they put him in a cart, with his hands bound behind his back; and when he is on the scaffold, they tie him fast to a plank, which they lower to let ■ slip thus under the knife.”—“Ah! I understand: you ■ not ■ to have *your throat cut* ■ calf.”

We arrived at Mons at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and stopped at the best inn. While dinner was preparing, I wrote a few letters, of which Sir Robert was kind enough to take charge; and after having gone with him to buy the things I wanted, and having given him two letters, one for the King of Prussia and the other for Mr. Lamb, the English resident at Munich, we separated,—he to return to Paris, and I to go farther into Germany and try to reach Bavaria.



## CHAPTER XXI.

I travel through the Grand-duchy of Baden, the Kingdom of Wirtemberg.—I arrive in Bavaria.—Words addressed to me by the King.—I retire by his orders to Prayesingen.—Information by the Emperor.—The King sends me to Starnberg.—Prince Eugene writes to me twice a-week.—Fresh change of abode.—Kindness of the King of Bavaria.—I go and live under a feigned name.—France demands my expulsion, as well as that of the Duke of Erlon.—Answer of the King of Bavaria.—I take refuge at Riechstadt, and afterwards at Augsburg, with the Duchess of Leu.—I return back to France.

I REMAINED, however, the night at Mons. Next day I could not go any farther than Namur. I travelled under the name of a Colo-

nel Losack, sent by the Duke of Wellington on a mission ■ Munich and Vienna. I had purchased ■ Mons ■ ■ cabriolet; I had no servant; and the weather was so severe, ■ my health so feeble, that I could not travel above twenty leagues ■ day. It ■ very dangerous for ■ to remain ■ long ■ the road. The description of my person had been ■ every-where about: I might meet with Englishmen, and my passport, great-coat, and buttons with the ■ of England, would all betray me, ■ I could not speak the language. I arrived, however, without any accident, at Worms. I knew enough German to serve my purpose, and I hastened to read the papers. How great was my consternation when I read in the Gazette that Madame ■ Lavallette remained in the Conciergerie, and that ■ Robert Wilson and ■ two friends had been apprehended.

The General had brought with us ■ Mons ■ young servant who could not speak French. When he returned, the spies who ■ the look-out for me, observed in the yard of the

hotel where he lived his coach covered with mud. They inquired of the portress, who told them that the General was just home from a journey, on which he had been absent only three days. The Police suspected him: the young servant was seduced by one of the spies, who questioned him artfully, and he confessed that his master had been to Mons with an officer of the Guards who could not speak a word of English. The description of my person given by the young man put the Police on the track; but proofs were necessary. It was this man who used to carry the correspondence of Robert Wilson to the English embassy. They promised him money if he would bring his dispatches to the Prefect of Police. He did not fail to do so. The first letter they opened was directed to the Earl Grey.\* The history of our journey was related in it, with all its details. Having gained possession of this document, the Police arrested the three Englishmen apprehended.

The perusal of the journals grieved me beyond

\* This Letter, see Appendix No. III.

expression. I took a resolution to go to Russia, to solicit from the Emperor Alexander that my wife and friends might be set ■ liberty ; and I flew to Manheim to get ■ letter from the Grand-duchess of Baden, first cousin ■ my wife. ■ was out of town ; and from what I learned from my landlord, I should be forced to keep up a most severe incognito. The Grand-duke refused the passage through his territories to the outlaws who ■ from France ; not ■ much, however, out of ill-will towards them, ■ for fear of compromising himself with the French Government. When I left Manheim, I wrote nevertheless to the Grand-duchess, and continued my journey, like ■ madman, through Wirtemberg, where I ■ nearly arrested ■ Stuttgart. The King who ■ that time occupied the throne would not have failed ■ make me acquainted with ■ dungeons. I succeeded ■ last in passing through Ulm, ■ found myself in safety in the Bavarian territory.

When the King of Bavaria ■ of my

escape from the Conciergerie, he said to Prince Eugene—"As for him, he may come to me; I will take care of him."

I went in consequence to Munich, and wrote a note to H. d'Arnay, secretary to the Prince, to beg he would send for me. He refused, but after having delivered my note to the Prince, who dined that day with the King. The King communicated to his Majesty after dinner. They reckoned no longer upon me, thinking me gone to America. My refusal surprised the King, who did not wish to have disagreeable discussions with France. After a moment's reflection, he said: "He cannot remain here: not even under a feigned name. That ferret, the Duke d'Alberg, is at Munich, and would soon find him out. Remain two days with him, and let him set off the third for Frayssingen. He will be in safety there." That small town is surrounded with woods; the cold was severe; but I felt so happy at being in liberty, that I could not bear to remain in my room, and went out ten times

a-day to stroll about in the forest, notwithstanding the snow and ice. My strange manner surprised the inhabitants; and a French emigrant, who lived at Munich, came to my abode, soon discovered who I was, and carried the news to the capital. I was in consequence obliged to leave my retreat, and the King was kind enough to send me to Starnberg, a wretched village, situated on the lake of that name.\* I was uncomfortable there; but spring was approaching. The forests in that part of the country are beautiful, and of immense extent; while the banks of the lake were lined with delightful country-seats. Prince Eugene used to come twice a-week to the house of a gamekeeper, two leagues from Munich, where I went to meet him. He brought me papers and books, and acquainted me with all that was going forward. I thus reached the month of May; but I was again obliged to leave Starnberg. I had been recognised; and the Prince Royal, who learned that I was

\* See Appendix, No. VI.

the corner of the country, with his father on my stay in Bavaria, and the difficulties into which I might be involved with France, in case they should learn in Paris that he had given me a retreat. The King denied my being in his states; but at the same time he sent me an order to retire to the farthest end of the lake. By the advice of Prince Eugene, I went and concealed myself in the house of a gardener, four leagues farther still. "You will be more comfortable there," said the Prince: "in about a fortnight, I shall come to reside in the royal castle that is no more than a league from your new abode. We shall be able to see each other every day." He soon went home with his family, and I used to go every morning to the castle, and did not go home till the evening. The friendly reception I met with from Princess Augusta, the kind attentions bestowed on me by all the persons that surrounded her, contributed greatly to alleviate my grief and restore my health. The Prince said to me one day — "The King is

annually to spend one day in this place. When I went yesterday to see his Majesty on the subject, he accepted my invitation, but on condition that you would come and dine with him."

I went. His Majesty received me with open arms. He was accompanied by several officers of his Household, and among others by Count Charles Von Reichberg, who told me that he had left Paris eight days after my escape from prison. Though the gendarmes had been present at his departure, and they examined his passport with a great deal of care, he was nevertheless stopped on the Boulevard, and obliged, as well as his two travelling companions, to get out of their carriage, that the descriptions of their persons might be verified, and that it might be ascertained that I was not among them. The King was very merry, and took a great deal of pleasure at seeing me where I was, after having been exposed to so many dangers. During the five hours that he remained with the Prince, he never seemed load-



ing me with the most delicate attentions. The pains he perpetually took to bring to my mind his former stay in Paris, when I had the honour of paying my court to him; the slight service I had rendered to him in my quality of Postmaster-General, and the attachment with which the Emperor had honoured me, were all to show the persons who surrounded him, that I was under his especial protection, and that my misfortunes augmented the interest he vouchsafed to express for me. When he was ready to go, he came up to me, and, pressing my hand, said,—“Remain at peace in my country, live among your friends, and reckon upon my attachment and protection.”

I soon obtained permission to reside in Munich under a feigned name. I went every night to the theatre; and when the play was over, I finished the evening with the Prince, who lived in *famille*: but it was quickly known in Paris. The Duke de Rohan took it amiss, and a formal demand was presented to Munich, to send me away from Bavaria.

Count d'Erlon, who lived in the outskirts of the city, was comprehended in the ~~edict~~ of proscription, though he did not live there under his own name. The cabinet of Munich replied to that of Paris, that they knew nobody in Bavaria who bore our names; but, at the same time, the King proposed to let me take refuge in Silesia, where he possessed several castles, as Duke of Deux Ponts. The ~~proposition~~ was a dangerous one: could the King of Bavaria's protection follow, and defend me at so great a distance, and in the heart of a Prussian province? ~~Should~~ I not be obliged to go from thence to Russia, whither I ~~felt~~ they wanted to drive me? I answered, by begging he would rather shut me up in some prison in Bavaria. Fortunately, the diplomatic correspondence relaxed by degrees on that subject; Count d'Erlon remained at his country-seat, and I escaped by going to Frankstadt, in the principality of Prince Eugene, and afterwards to Augsburg, to his sister, the Duchess of St. Leu. I passed with her the

last year of my banishment: the attentions and kindness she showed me might have made me perhaps forget France if my dearest relations had not made me sensible how far from my country.

Madame de Lavallette had got out of prison after six weeks' ill-usage. Deep melancholy and perpetual alarm inspired her with a great disgust for society, and threw her mind into such a state, that she was said to suffer from mental derangement. Though my daughter was at that time no more than fifteen years old, her mother hastened to marry her, that she might enjoy the protection of a husband, when the state of her own mind would not permit her to keep a watchful eye over her. She wrote to me: "I feel it is high time to deliver my daughter from her misfortunes." She fixed her choice on M. de Forget, the son of a gentleman of Auvergne, whose name had been long respected. He had been Auditor to the Council of State. I had remarked in him a great deal of talent, and an excellent

heart. I gave my consent, and my daughter is now happy and honoured in her province.

Finally, after six years of outlawry, the gates of France were again opened for me. Before my departure, I obtained an audience of the King of Bavaria. He pressed me in his arms with emotion, and said,—“ I embrace M. Cosmar—(that was the name under which I was known in Germany)—but I require of M. de Lavallette to come and thank me within two years. I am growing old: he must not tarry too long.” My political situation in France was very uncomfortable, and the severity of the Government was great, to have permitted me to fulfil the engagement the King had made me take, and which was so consonant to the wishes of my grateful heart. Death has since snatched him from his subjects, who adored him, and who never will forget him whom they were wont to call “ the good King.”

I left Prince Eugene in the prime of his life, enjoying excellent health, in the most happy situation, beloved by the King as if he had

been his son, surrounded by a numerous and charming family, with all the gifts of fortune, of whom he had nothing more to demand, his name shining with bright and unsullied glory. He had a fall from a sledge in 1816; in consequence of which, a gathering took place, they say, in his head. The pain being very slight, he neglected the necessary remedies. Four or eight weeks afterwards, the gathering appeared with symptoms which his physicians did not comprehend; and he died at the age of forty-four, leaving a disconsolate widow and children, whose education was not yet finished, but also a reputation for courage, wisdom, and generosity that neither France, Italy, nor America will ever forget.

When I came back to France, I was obliged to have my letters of pardon registered. This ceremony, which might have become painful to my feelings, was managed by the magistrate of Colmar with a discretion for which I shall always be thankful. The Advocate-

General, M. Romec, only said—“He had been sentenced for conduct which, from day to day, appears **more** serious.” I **remained** in Paris, where I **fixed** my abode, and lived in retirement, forgotten by **most** of my former friends, **even** by **the** Police, who might have made my life very uncomfortable.

At last, the **family** of **Madame** de Lavallette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take **home**. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into **fits** of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable and good. We pass the **winter** in a retired country-house, where **she** **endeavours** to enjoy herself. I have preserved my independence, the **free** of all mortal riches, without pension, salary, or gratuity of any sort, after a long life, consecrated to the service of my Country, offering up for her liberty prayers that will perhaps **soon** be fulfilled, and living with the recollections of a great period **and** a great man.



## APPENDIX.

### No. I.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER OF THE DUKE OF RAGUSA TO

M. \* \* \*

I have been intimately acquainted with Lavallette, but political events had separated us. The cruel fate that threatened him caused a renewal of my friendship for him. He showed me the letter you have in your possession. I carried it to the King, who read it from beginning to end. My prayers and solicitations were without effect; I obtained neither his pardon nor a commutation of the sentence; it was in vain that I hoped Louis XVIII. would listen to Lavallette's wish, to change the manner in which he was to die. The King was inexorable.

I then went to Lavallette with



her a petition she was to present. ■■■ told me she had means of procuring her husband's escape. I tried to persuade her not to make any use of them as long as ■■■ any hopes of another nature. The report was brought to the Palace that she intended to come there, and orders were given not to let her in. I took upon me to conduct her, and gave her my arm. I chose to enter into the Saloon of the Guard at a moment when the sentry turned ■■■ head another way, ■■■ ■■■ I found myself all of a sudden, with her, in the ■■■ of the saloon. The Life-guard stopped us, ■■■ without failing in any way in the respect he owed ■■■ me, executed his orders in ■■■ rigorous ■■■ The officer ■■■ and delivered ■■■ soldier from the awkward situation in which he was, and I persuaded M. de Bartillat,—this ■■■ the ■■■ of the officer,—that should he even risk a few days' arrest, he ought ■■■ ■■■ his aid to do a good action. So he allowed Madame Lavallette ■■■ remain in the saloon of the guards. I ■■■ chosen ■■■ the ■■■ the King was hearing mass. I knew that if I ■■■ ■■■ earlier the King would rather have gone ■■■ day without mass, than ■■■ the risk ■■■ meeting this poor woman; but once ■■■ Chapel, ■■■ could not help coming back. M. ■■■ Glan-devès, major of ■■■ Life-guards, ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ that ■■■ ■■■ given not to admit ■■■ Lavallette.

## APPENDIX.

"But," said I, "have you an order to put her out of the apartment, now that she is in?" He answered, she had not.—"In that case," I continued, "I remain." The King then Madame Lavallette threw herself on his feet: he answered—"Your grief is very natural, Madame, and I appreciate it, and share in it as I ought to do; but I have duties to fulfil which cannot be dispensed with;" and he continued his walk. Madame Lavallette threw herself on the feet of the Duchess of Angoulême, who avoided her, and went by without saying a word. We went out. The next day was the birthday of Angoulême's birthday, and the anniversary of her leaving the Temple. We prepared ourselves to stand by when she should pass. Measures were taken to insult her, and sentries placed up to the roof of the Tulleries to prevent our coming by a round-about way.

From that moment I looked upon Lavallette as a lost man, and I said so plainly to his wife, telling her that she possessed, as she said, means of getting him away, she would do well to try them. Her other friends endeavoured to keep up a delusion which seemed but too well disposed. One said to me,—"They will pardon him on the scaffold."—"Do not believe that," I answered; "if he gets upon it, he is lost." I had, even in her presence, a discussion with the Duke de Plaisance,

who entertained the same false idea. [REDACTED] me, and [REDACTED] escaped the next day. This poor man [REDACTED] often repeated,—at first, while [REDACTED] still possessed her [REDACTED], and afterwards, when [REDACTED] [REDACTED] it,—that I [REDACTED] the only person who [REDACTED] [REDACTED] deceived her.

## NO. II.

LETTER [REDACTED] M. \* \* \* \*, AIDE-DE-CAMP OF THE KING [REDACTED]  
RAGUSA, TO M. \* \* \* \* \*.

THE day after the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] placed [REDACTED] de Lavallette in the King's [REDACTED] he [REDACTED] early [REDACTED] the Palace, [REDACTED] discover what [REDACTED] going forward. The most rigorous measures had been taken. The passages [REDACTED] guarded,—only [REDACTED] chance remained: the antechamber of the Captain of the guard upon duty has a second door, leading [REDACTED] the King's staircase, directly facing the apartment of the Duchess of Angoulême. To pass through that door [REDACTED] [REDACTED] only [REDACTED] of getting [REDACTED] Lavallette where she wished [REDACTED] be; but [REDACTED] [REDACTED] stood [REDACTED] much in public view [REDACTED] be [REDACTED] [REDACTED] accompany her. He [REDACTED] the commission [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] aides-de-camp, with the [REDACTED] instructions. [REDACTED] Lavallette [REDACTED] her home alone, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] aide-de-camp [REDACTED] with General Foy [REDACTED] meet her sedan-chair that she [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the bottom of the Pont Royal, where [REDACTED] Foy

remained waiting for her [redacted] she [redacted] into the Tuileries with the officer. The hour had been calculated so [redacted] make her arrive, towards the end of mass, at the [redacted] that the Duchess of Angoulême [redacted] the Chapel. [redacted] arrived [redacted] apartments of [redacted] Captain of the guards, after whom the [redacted] asked, knowing very [redacted] that he [redacted] just then with the King; he would not, [redacted] he [redacted] afraid, enter into the [redacted] [redacted] wait for him, but stopped in the antechamber, where he made Madame Lavallette [redacted] down. The door of the antechamber was open; he went into it in [redacted] unaffected manner; and when he [redacted] the Duchess of Angoulême [redacted] down, he called out to [redacted] Lavallette, "Come, cousin, and [redacted] the Duchess pass." Madame Lavallette stood up; but while they had been waiting, the officers of the Life-guards had crossed the antechamber and recognised Madame Lavallette; so that when she [redacted] to the door, the doorkeeper rushed forward and locked it. The officer [redacted] [redacted] turn the key. "It is [redacted] permitted [redacted] pass."—"Come, come; people every day stand in the staircase; and my cousin, who is from the country, has [redacted] seen [redacted] Royal Family; [redacted] that I [redacted] be very glad if [redacted] could seize [redacted] opportunity."—"It is impossible: I know who this lady is, and I have positive orders not [redacted] [redacted] her pass."—"Well then, fifty louis, a good action, [redacted] [redacted] protection of the Marshal." The

doorkeeper was [redacted] be bribed; and during the conversation the Duchess of Angoulême got into her apartments. They were [redacted] away. After having [redacted] Madame Lavallette back to her chair, [redacted] re-entered [redacted] of the Tuileries. A [redacted] while afterwards, a Life-guard [redacted] ask him whether [redacted] Lavallette [redacted] in the Palace. Louis XVIII. was [redacted] have gone out; but he remained, for fear of meeting [redacted] Lavallette.

## No. III.

LETTER [redacted] WILSON TO [redacted] RIGHT [redacted]  
EARL GREY.\*

MY DEAR LORD,†

I AM just returned from a journey [redacted] about three hundred and fifty miles, the first [redacted] of which [redacted] undoubtedly [redacted] interesting [redacted] made.

The question [redacted] of immediate life or [redacted] for my companion, [redacted] of [redacted] that such responsibility,

\* This letter was intercepted by the French Police, [redacted] Paris, and laid [redacted] first foundation [redacted] charges against [redacted] Robert Wilson [redacted] [redacted] (Note of the French Editor.)

† The reader will please to observe that this letter must [redacted] first written in English, but appears here re-translated from the French; so that it may happen that some expressions are not [redacted] exact [redacted] original. (Note of the Translator.)

accompanied by the ■■■■ aggravating circumstances, might ■■■■ ■■ for myself.

Acknowledged ■■ the victim of breach of faith with my Country, ■■ ■■ claims to my personal efforts even ■■ the foot of the scaffold ; and to the most powerful claims on humanity ■■ added ■■ character by which he ■■ acquired to himself the general esteem of all classes ■■ society.

It ■■ the ■■■■ of ■■■■ month,\* that, already ■■ acquainted with his perilous position, I also learned that his persecutors had obtained certain knowledge that he ■■ still in Paris; that they ■■ discovered the ■■■■ of their prey, and ■■■■ multiplying their efforts ■■ ensure their bloody triumph: there ■■ no longer any hope of pardon.

The virtues of Madame Lavallette, and the interesting circumstance of her husband's ■■■■ extraordinary escape, had only the ■■■■ enraged the ■■■■

It ■■ ■■ ■■ decide whether ■■■■ ■■ vengeance should ■■ satisfied,—whether all the preceding efforts should ■■ rendered useless,—whether ■■ ■■■■ of liberty and humanity attached ■■ his fate should ■■ disgraced by ■■ catastrophe, ■■ whether criminal hopes ■■■■ ■■ deceived,—whether England should ■■■■ ■■■■ the

\* January 1793

again participating in a murder,—and whether every independent man in Europe have, for once, an occasion for rejoicing in of mourning and infamy.

I did not hesitate: if I had, I am sure you would have a weakness that would have made me unworthy of the opportunity I then had of becoming the protector of the oppressed. I had only one thought left,—that of ensuring the success of the enterprise. The secret had been entrusted to young Bruce, who had been authorized to communicate it to me. His friendly zeal in favour of Ney rendered him suspicious in the eyes of the Court, for his steps not to have been watched; so that, although he was disposed to dare and undertake every thing, still he was sensible that his active interference on his side might make our plan miscarry. I was myself very fearful, watched as I knew I was, so absent myself from the capital; but an officer of the Guards, whom I consulted, not having been able to get leave of absence,—and another officer whom I sounded, judging that he should leave his post, I resolved not to hazard any thing by these half confidences, and to take the execution on myself.

It was, however, necessary to select some persons of whom who might facilitate the necessary dispositions, and our eyes fell upon Ellister, of the fifth regiment of the

guards, John Hutchinson, as well on the confidence we placed in their honour, as because they had been already, once before, engaged in a business of the same kind; and, in fact, Ellister was the person who had first undertaken to put our plan into execution if he could have obtained a temporary leave of absence.

We decided that the fugitive should be registered of an English officer, that I should conduct him out of the barriers in an English cabriolet, myself being in a military costume; that I should have a fresh horse ready at La Chapelle, from whence I should go to Compiègne, where he was to bring me my coach, into which I should step with Lavallette, and reach Paris by way of Cambrai. On my solicitation and responsibility, I easily obtained from Stuart passports for a Dr. Wallis and a Colonel Loack, whom I chose because their initials corresponded with those of the real names. These papers were duly signed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; only, when they were presented for signature, one of the secretaries, Hutchinson, brought them, who was Colonel Loack; upon which he immediately answered — “I am the brother of the Admiral.” — This important part of the negotiation being finished, Ellister went to the police with Colonel Loack’s passport, and arranged for post horse, for my





a great-coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons. The tailor observed that it was the measure of a lusty man, and that it was not to be taken by a tailor. His observation was much, and I thought that Hutchinson back to him that the quartermaster not being able to wait for the clothes until Saturday evening, they were to be carefully packed up in a box, so that they might be sent after him. Hutchinson then took, besides, all the necessary measures to procure horses, and went the day before to reconnoitre the barriers, posts, &c.

All these preparations being made, and all the precautions taken, it was finally determined that Lavallette should go to Hutchinson's lodgings on Sunday evening the 7th, at half-past nine precisely; that I should be on Monday morning at half-past seven at the door, in Bruce's cabriolet, with my servant, who was to come on my well-harnessed mare, as if I were going to pass an inspection; that Hutchinson should ride with us in the cabriolet, talking with us; that, in any stoppage should occur, Lavallette should get upon his horse, and I on my mare, that we might be more at liberty to go on with speed.

I should certainly have preferred crossing the barriers on horseback, but we thought that the English mode of riding might attract attention; while crossing

them in full daylight, and in an open cabriolet, be showing so much suspicion would arise. At last, the hour for our departure drawing Hutchinson, Ellister, Bruce, and I together into Hutchinson's apartment, under the pretence of taking a bowl of punch. The moment when we were to fix our eyes upon a man whose fate hung on the plan we had formed to save him, and whose days had already been counted by his enemies, — a man who was the object of all the hatred and aversion of the opposite parties, and who, if he were discovered, would incur all the sufferings that enemies, or even friends in their hopes, might heap upon him under the name either of punishment or of reproach. Bruce went to the staircase, and immediately Lavallette took him by the hand, and we saw before us that interesting individual. He was dressed in blue regimentals, and so well disguised, that he would not have been remarked even in an Englishman's apartment. The man who had brought him did not come in, but he gave to Hutchinson, in the use of Lavallette, a two-barrelled pistol which I have kept to this day. The latter appeared much affected, but we did not leave him the leisure to express his gratitude; and, after a few moments, Ellister and myself, leaving him, went to the room of Bruce. At midnight, Bruce retired,

and Lavallette laid himself down on a bed that was prepared for him. In about half an hour, somebody knocked at the house-door: Lavallette sprang from his bed, crying, "We are undone!" But Hutchinson discovered that it was a drunken French officer, who, in going to his apartment, had made that noise. You may well think that not one of us spent a very tranquil night; and, in fact, I was not without anxiety as long as Lavallette remained in Paris—for I also thought of my family. I had barely mentioned to Lady Wilson that I was engaged in a plan with one of the outlaws, that I was obliged to conceal his name and the arrangement that had been taken. I did not think fit, in the first moment, to enter into any farther particulars with her, though I knew she would have been able to keep the secret if it had been necessary, and would moreover, I am sure, have given willingly all the aid in her power. She perhaps suspected the truth from my air of uneasiness; but I must say in her praise, that she did not say a single word that could make me suppose she wished to dissuade me from the plan, though she constantly expressed a great anxiety as the time drew near when I was going to deliver myself up to the chapter of accidents, having under my charge so precious a deposit.

I was at Hutchinson's door at half-past twelve. I went up-stairs to call Lavallette, and found him five minutes

we were together in the way to the *Barrière* de Clichy. The first officer who appeared surprised at seeing a superior officer he did not know, but my excuses eluded his inquiries. I crossed the barrier at a slow pace; the gendarmes looked steadfastly at us; but the act of presenting arms gave Lavallette an opportunity of concealing his profile in the bow he made. When we passed, Lavallette pressed my leg with his; and when we had no more fear of being observed, I saw his face glistening with pleasure at this first favour of fortune.

The road was covered with all sorts of people; but whenever we saw any public conveyance, I began a very loud conversation in English; and I remarked that the hat ornamented with a white feather that Lavallette held in his hand attracted the attention of travellers, and drew their curiosity from our persons.

The features of Lavallette were so remarkable, and his name so well known to all the postilions and postmasters, that it required the greatest caution to be recognised. At La Chapelle we changed our horses, and we had a moment's respite from the sight of four gendarmes hovering around us; but Hutchinson, to escape them, got rid of them by saying that we had come to look out for quarters for an English division. We were then obliged to pass near other gendarmes, who had in their possession the de-

scription of ~~the~~ person; and it ~~may~~ be ~~remembered~~ by the bye that ~~it~~ ~~had~~ been distributed everywhere throughout France. As ~~we~~ came near Compiègne, I ~~was~~ marked ~~as~~ white ~~hair~~ ~~that~~ showed themselves ~~under~~ ~~the~~ brown wig; ~~and~~ having fortunately a pair of scissors about me, I ~~removed~~ ~~the~~ ~~hair~~ by the way. At ~~the~~ ~~entrance~~ of Compiègne, ~~we~~ found the orderly commanded by Captain Fennell, who led us through the ~~most~~ ~~the~~ very well-chosen place, for we were ~~not~~ ~~allowed~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ spectators in the street.

Nobody ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ except ~~some~~ English ~~ladies~~, and domestics who served us while we ~~were~~ waiting for the carriage. Mr. Fennell ~~gave~~ ~~us~~ a luncheon, which would not have detained us like Louis XVI. but enabled ~~us~~ to spend very agreeably the time that began ~~to~~ hang heavy ~~on~~ our hands, and which otherwise would have been lost. At last, towards night, as it had been agreed, Ellister ~~came~~ with the carriage, which had been ~~sent~~ ~~for~~ by the Barrière ~~de~~ Denis, ~~and~~ had ~~been~~ followed by gendarmes to La Chapelle. Horses were immediately ordered.

The postilion having come alone, I had the lamps of ~~the~~ coach lighted, ~~and~~ only ~~the~~ safety, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ that we ~~went~~ without ~~any~~ within. We ~~left~~ our friends, ~~and~~ entered the carriage that ~~was~~ ~~to~~ be ~~for~~ us either a ~~house~~ ~~or~~ ~~the~~ chariot of fortune. We were well

armed, and prepared in case we were attacked. I reckoned upon presence of mind than upon force, if any should arise.

We frequently questioned the post-houses; but Colonel Losack\* always kept back, and I took care to keep the door as much as possible. My horse and the postilion said at every stage that it was an English general; and my carriage being English produced a good effect. I observe, that we took only three horses and one postilion, for fear four horses might make it appear as if we were in great a hurry to get away besides avoided by that means the eyes of the second postilion who would have been obliged to take, and who would have been a spy upon us.

We experienced delay at Cambray, where we lost three hours at the gate by the obstinacy of the English sentry, who, not having any order to call the gate-keeper, whose duty it is to call the couriers in during the night, would listen neither to entreaties nor threats—a negligence which already caused considerable delay in the communications of Government, might have proved fatal to us. In passing through Valenciennes, we were three times severely examined, and our passports were shown to the commander of the gendarmerie: we were off, however, and, five miles from thence,

\* This was the name of the postilion.

we had finally the happiness of crossing the last barrier, and being examined for the time.

I shall attempt to paint the feelings of Lavallette. I only say, that from that moment his mind appeared quite calm. He was not only saved, but triumphant. What seemed to gratify him the most was, the effect produced by his escape's success. It had been finally crowned with success.

We did not stop till we arrived at Mons: there we dined, and made arrangements for the farther journey of Lavallette. I wrote several letters to facilitate him the means of reaching his destination; and having also provided all that was necessary for his safety and satisfaction, I took leave of him, and returned to Paris, where I arrived last night by the road of Maubuge, Soissons, and the Porte St. Martin.

My absence having lasted only sixty hours, my journey must have been much remarked; and up to the present moment I have no very bad consequences to fear from my undertaking. I do not wish either to be put in prison, or to lose my rank in life, but I had made up my mind both before I embarked on this enterprise: there is however no appearance that I shall have to regret an attempt that I have completely succeeded.

I have had at times an idea of communicating confidentially to the Duke of York what I have done, but



avoid the suspicion of having conspired clandestinely ; but I fear to compromise those whose interests I am bound to defend, and I only for the moment acquaint you with what happened, begging you to send my letter to my brother [redacted] having perused it, and having [redacted] him to write separately to him, and, in fact, being rather fearful of sending [redacted] his [redacted] a letter on [redacted] subject.

You may well imagine that I have learned [redacted] interesting particulars ; but I must wait to communicate them until I can write to you again by some safe opportunity.

I should be very glad if Lord [redacted] were to know what I have done, for he is acquainted with Lavallette, and has taken interest in his fate : I mentioned [redacted] [redacted] latter, who learned the fact with gratitude.

Lavallette will send [redacted] him his protest concerning the Convention, and will claim his protection as [redacted] [redacted] Madame Lavallette gets out of prison and is in safety. I hope I shall be able to get the written opinion of Fouché on [redacted] subject, and [redacted] explanation of his motives for signing the list of the outlawed : [redacted] [redacted] that he did it [redacted] a wish [redacted] save a great many others.

I have just heard that Soult is to be placed in the first list, and that the Princes make the greatest efforts to

## APPENDIX.

his condemnation :—this report coming from a person who enjoys the confidence of Feltre, I shall put him upon guard.

I am for ever, my dear Lord, sincerely,

(Signed) R. W.

It is very but extremely agreeable for me to know your opinion. Let me know as soon as possible whether I ought to write to the Duke, or beg Gordon to speak to him.

I am sorry I cannot make a copy of my letter, but I have no time; and you must pardon me if you are obliged to decypher my scrawl, having just received a letter from Lord H. that will take me a week to read.

R. W.

## No. IV.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COUNT LAVALLETTE TO M. \*\*\*.

London, ———.

THE first public sitting for the election opened this morning. There are three candidates in the Borough of Southwark—Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Calvert, the two members, and Mr. Polhill, a candidate in the district instead of one of them. Each candidate wears his colours: Sir Robert has chosen blue Marie Louise; Mr. Calvert, sky blue; and Mr. Polhill, orange or yellow. It was agreed that I should be at the election on the

past eight or nine o'clock. We stepped into an elegant landau drawn by two beautiful horses: Robert his daughter, Jennima, and myself on the front. They were elegantly dressed, though with simplicity; their colours shone on their bonnets and sashes. The footmen, the coachman, his whip and the horses, were all covered with those ribands. All went well till we arrived at the Borough; but the crowd entirely blocked up the broad street we were going through, and we soon stopped by an immense number of people bearing the banners of Wilson, and music playing. The horses were taken from the carriage, which was dragged along by the people for nearly half a league, with cries of "*Hurrah!—Wilson for ever!*" It was a tumult—a confusion which the strongest could with difficulty have borne. In the front of the people was dragged along placed the banners with deafening music, and behind them the carriages of several Frenchmen, such as Staël, Alexander Delessert, the lady of the latter, young Montebello, of Duvergier, Haurranne, Daru, Montalevet, and, among others, was standing at the bottom of the open landau, bowing to every body, offering the dirtiest hands I ever saw. Women of the lowest classes stretched out

their children to him, that he might careen them ; the windows, and even the of the houses, literally covered with inhabitants, crying as loud as they could, and carrying, on the and the shops, large fastened long sticks, with the following words :—“ *Wilson, friend of humanity !* ”—“ *Wilson and Liberty !* ”—“ *Wilson and the abolition of Slavery !* ”—“ *Wilson and the Protestant Constitution !* ”—“ *Wilson for ever !* ” We advanced slowly. :—“ We arrive in the enemy’s country.” In fact, a little while afterwards we passed before Mr. Polhill’s door. Yellow began to show itself in windows, coaches, handbills,—but the crowd that accompanied us redoubled their cries of “ *Wilson for ever !* ” Five minutes later, we saw Mr. Polhill pass by in a very elegant coach, but a shut one, and all his followers covered with yellow ribands. The cries of “ *Wilson !* ”—“ *Polhill !* ”—the hurrahs, hissing—thick crowd, made such a confusion, I certainly thought we were going to be overthrown, and crushed to death. I observed the young ladies growing pale, but they were happy in being with their father, and renewed their courage ; the emotion that was on their handsome faces was the only thing that betrayed their anxiety and tormented them. They did not make a motion, nor utter a cry. I endeavoured

tranquillize the eldest, who sat facing me. "No, no!" she said, "I am only afraid for the poor people that surround us." Generous in their hostility, the two rivals bowed to one another as they passed, and we arrived at last before the *Hustings*, situated in a place where the street divides in two, and forms a small square, scarcely wide enough for a battalion of six hundred men to manœuvre, and where, however, more than four thousand persons were assembled. We stepped out with difficulty before the hustings, at the house of a wealthy tradesman, a zealous partisan of Wilson's, and from a parlour on the first floor we distinctly saw the whole sight of the election. What they call the *Hustings* is a scaffolding large enough to hold two hundred people, and covered with boards to shelter from the rain,—something like what we see in our public ceremonies on our quays and boulevards. Sir Robert left us to get upon the hustings. The High Sheriff, a magistrate delegated by the Lord Mayor or the Sheriff, opened the meeting in presence of all the people, by declaring that the election was about to take place. He read the writ, proclaimed the names of the candidates, and made known the forms that were to be observed in the election. Afterwards, according to custom, a friend of the first candidate made a speech, in which he expatiated on the titles of the candidate to the suffrages of the people,

public conduct, opinions in regard to Parliament, Slavery and Emancipation. Then came Sir Robert. The celebrity of his splendour of life, rendering unnecessary for the orator to enter into particulars, he bounded on, praising the parliamentary conduct, and explaining to his hearers that the attempts made to expel him from the House had been directed by a party who might endanger Liberty. Afterwards, the candidates, presenting themselves in person, were received,—the two first, Robert and Calvert, with a great deal of favour; while Mr. Polhill could never succeed in obtaining a hearing. The hootings, hissings, and cries of all sorts perpetually covered his voice. Wilson, at last, came up to him, took him under his protection, and claimed silence from the mob. Mr. Polhill seemed touched by this generous act of his rival, but he could reap any advantage from it. He looked embarrassed; and some person who went to the foot of the hustings to listen to what he said, assured him that the House of Commons would not have gained an advantage if he had been elected. At last, after three long speeches, the people listened with attention and proves how they are of political discussions, the High Bailiff said that the election was about to take place, and invited the electors to hold up their hands

## APPENDIX.

for the candidate they preferred, when they heard ■■■  
 ■■■ uttered. Mr. Polhill had very few ■■■ for him,  
 the greatest part of the crowd being for the two others.  
 A great number of electors' tickets ■■■ then thrown  
 among the people. The polling took place on the front  
 of the hustings, with books prepared to receive the ■■■  
 of the electors. Each voter came with his ticket, and  
 put down the ■■■ of one of the candidates: the opera-  
 tion lasted about 170 hours. At four o'clock, the num-  
 ber of ■■■ counted ■■■ proclaimed aloud, as ■■■  
 by means of a bill stuck up. The result was, 175 for  
 ■■■ Robert Wilson, 170 for ■■■ Calvert, ■■■ 115 for  
 Mr. Polhill. The polling ■■■ continue to-morrow, and  
 probably the day after. The candidates ■■■ speak the  
 ■■■ morning, and from ■■■ at four o'clock the book  
 will be opened, and the votes taken down: nevertheless  
 if during the space of an hour ■■■ the book  
 the book is definitively closed, and the majority of the  
 ■■■ nomination. It is probable ■■■  
 Mr. Polhill will give up the ■■■ ■■■

## No. V.

LETTER OF M. BALLOUCHEY, TREASURER TO COUNT  
LAVALLETTE.

16th May 1805

M. LE COMTE,

I HASTEN to transmit you the information the Duke of Leu asked of you concerning the moneys received on [redacted] of her august mother, the Empress Josephine, during the time [redacted] I [redacted] the honour of being charged with her affairs,—that is [redacted] say, from [redacted] 1st of [redacted] of the [redacted] year (20th June 1804) until [redacted] year 1805 inclusive; and I [redacted] only the [redacted] by [redacted] Duménil during the eleventh year and the first nine months of the twelfth.

[redacted] expenditure of the Empress's household, [redacted] well [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] Malmaison, were [redacted] year fixed by [redacted] budget of their Majesties. That budget [redacted] the Emperor's approbation, [redacted] examined the accounts [redacted] the end of each year; [redacted] when any sum remained disposable out of those allowed for [redacted] household of the Empress, instead [redacted] being delivered [redacted] into the hands of her Majesty, they returned [redacted] the treasury [redacted] the Crown.

The [redacted] thing took place in regard [redacted] [redacted] of Malmaison: they were gathered by the [redacted] [redacted] the Crown, [redacted] entered in compensation of [redacted] sum



allowed by the budget for the expenses of the estate, so that the Empress never received any portion of them.

On the common budget of their Majesties' household an annual sum of 480,000 francs, payable monthly at the rate of 40,000 francs, was ~~allowed~~ to the Empress, of ~~which~~ 30,000 francs were for her toilet and personal expenses, and 10,000 for her *cassette* of pensions and alms. This latter part being almost always ~~expended~~ to meet the ~~various~~ charitable gifts bestowed by the Empress, her Majesty ~~was~~ obliged to draw upon the 30,000 fr. designed for her toilet, for the overplus of the expenses of her *cassette*, as well as the support she allowed to a great number of planters, &c. left almost wholly in her charge, ~~and~~ whose children ~~she~~ paid for in various boarding-schools, and, finally, the sums disposed of in payment of objects of art and other things she purchased in the course of ~~the~~ month, to distribute as presents of all sorts. The remainder of the 30,000 francs not being ~~expended~~ to meet ~~the~~ expenses of her Majesty's toilet, the result was an account of arrears that was balanced ~~from~~ time to time by means of the extraordinary sums of which the Emperor disposed by special orders.

In consequence, the total sums received on account of her Majesty the Empress Josephine, during the space of about seven years, was 8,354,435 fr. 44 c. ; to wit :—

# APPENDIX.

By M. Duménil during the eleventh year and the [redacted]  
 [redacted] of the twelfth, according to an [redacted]  
 which I possessed a duplicate certificate by M. Estève, fr. c.  
 then Treasurer of the Crown . . . 960,841 92

And by me, here undersigned, from the 1st of Messidor  
 [redacted] the twelfth year (30th June 1804) [redacted] the year  
 1809 inclusive, a sum of 4,393,593 fr. 62 c.

That is:—

At the Treasury of the Crown for the use  
 of the Empress's toilet and wardrobe;  
 for expenses previous to her coming  
 to the throne; for extraordinary ex-  
 penses during [redacted] Majesty's jour-  
 [redacted] including gifts, presents, in-  
 [redacted] to [redacted] per-  
 sons for travelling; and, finally, for [redacted]  
 [redacted] expenses, &c. &c. 3,231,864 75

Do. for the cassette of provisions, and  
 various charities allowed by her Ma-  
 jesty in her [redacted] places [redacted] resi-  
 dence, as well as for various charities  
 [redacted] during [redacted] journeys in  
 France, and abroad, . 925,307 [redacted]

Recd. at the Treasury of the Crown, 4,157,171 87

Moreover, [redacted] at the Public Treas-  
 ury, for the [redacted] of their Ma-  
 jesty's [redacted] per cent. stock, and [redacted]  
 [redacted] of France for [redacted] of her  
 Bank stock, . 301,626 [redacted]

Moreover, for different ob-  
 jects sold by order of H. M. 34,795 236,421 [redacted] 52  
 5,254,435 44

## RECAPITULATION.

Received at the Treasury of the Crown by M. Duménil [redacted] 92  
 Do. do. M. Ballochey 4,157,171 87

Total sum received at the Treasury of the Crown	fr.	c.
Empress Josephine during the space of about seven years	5,118,013	■
Moreover, received ■ ■ ■ Public Treasury, ■ ■ ■ of France, ■ ■ ■ of sundries	236,421	65
■ ■ ■ equal to the above	5,354,435	■

The ■ ■ ■ to which ■ ■ ■ sums received during nearly ■ ■ ■ years ■ ■ ■ of her Majesty, and amounting according ■ the ■ ■ ■ here above to 5,354,435 fr. 44cents, have been applied, is authenticated by ■ ■ ■ duly balanced, and which prove evidently that ■ ■ ■ Empress ■ ■ ■ nothing by. It is ■ ■ ■ a known fact, that the taste of her Majesty led her to display still more liberty, ■ ■ ■ generosity, than ■ ■ ■ permitted.

It would ■ ■ ■ easy ■ ■ ■ convince oneself ■ ■ ■ above-mentioned result, by consulting ■ ■ ■ papers of ■ ■ ■ Treasury, ■ ■ ■ by examining ■ ■ ■ accounts, ■ ■ ■ which I have duplicated ■ ■ ■ my possession.

■ ■ ■ have wished, M. Le Comte, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ give you more ample information, so as to meet the wishes ■ ■ ■ the ■ ■ ■ of ■ ■ ■ Leu, by recurring to the period of the marriage of her august mother; but I do not ■ ■ ■ the necessary documents to that effect. They would moreover have been of little use, the Empress having, during that space of time, received much less money ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ succession ■ ■ ■ the throne.

I ■ ■ ■ ■ honour ■ ■ ■ be ■ ■ ■ respectfully, M. ■ ■ ■ Comte, your ■ ■ ■ humble ■ ■ ■ obedient Servant,  
(Signed) ■ ■ ■ BALLOUCHÉY.

# PLATE VI.

THE DUCHESS OF LAKESIDE TO THE DUCHESS OF

RAGUSA.

From the House of Lake Sternberg, 11th July, 1816.

I do not know how to express to you, my dear friend, all I experienced at the sight of your letter. I had heard that you were in this quarter,\* but I could not believe it; and a letter from you, was a thing I never expected. I am so far from all civilisation, that a letter from a living being, from a friend, makes a terrible impression on me. Since this morning, I have read it ten times over, and the particulars it contains have made me weep like a child. It is the only one that has given me any details on the fatal period; and you spread such charms over what you describe, with much sincerity and naïveté, that in reading your narrative, I was more and more agitated by the sentiments it contained during that extraordinary denouement.

And so it is true, that my poor Emilie† is well: I had been told so, but not as by you. I congratulate you both in your reconciliation. You are worthy of comprehending and loving her. It is what every people in the world should do. They should know what noble, devoted,

\* The Duchess of Ragusa was then at Rome.

† Madame Lavallette.

courageous ~~and~~ were concealed ~~her~~ features so calm, ~~as~~ tranquil, ~~as~~ in appearance. ~~That~~ all of you good care of her, I ~~trust~~ you; watch over her; do ~~not~~ ~~let~~ wretches ~~persecute~~ her. She ~~is~~ a sacred being, the honour of her sex; and it were ~~an~~ everlasting shame if they ~~should~~ ~~make~~ her expiate by persecution ~~her~~ noble and generous conduct. As for me, dear friend, I have passed ~~the~~ months in the deepest solitude, with an ~~empty~~ ~~of~~ heart, and an elevation of soul, that I ~~do~~ not know what ~~to~~ do with, (I need ~~not~~ ~~say~~ ~~that~~ I ~~am~~ ~~not~~ discouraged,) but ~~at~~ the same time with a grief that threw me into convulsions. And, nevertheless, I did not ~~lose~~ humanity; for where is there a ~~man~~ who has ~~nothing~~ to complain of it ~~that~~ I have? Relations, friends, servants, and even strangers, have all behaved perfectly well toward ~~me~~. In this country I should have nothing ~~to~~ do but to mention my name ~~and~~ find friends; and to the ~~misery~~ ~~of~~ those wretches, I might cross ~~the~~ Continent, their proclamation on ~~my~~ breast, without meeting ~~me~~ an insult. This is my comfort. But ~~my~~ poor ~~heart~~ ~~is~~ so pained, so horribly lacerated, that, to be ~~able~~ to support my situation, I have need ~~of~~ courage, which will finally be exhausted. I do however all I can to divert my melancholy. I live ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~place~~ in ~~the~~ mountains, ~~and~~ the ~~company~~ of ~~the~~ ~~mountains~~. I have, as a companion, a good ~~young~~ ~~man~~ a skilful draughtsman, with ~~whom~~ I

sketch a part of the day. I spend the other part in going over the studies of my youth, and in the company of the giants of antiquity, who mocked adversity and supported misfortune in so noble and graceful a manner. I pray and weep when I think of those I love, and of my Country, so fallen, so degraded, that I scarcely dare name her. I learn the language of this country, for my companion does not know a word of mine. I talk with the peasants, who bear cheerfully their situation. They are governed by a sovereign who is much praised in the newspapers, but whose name is blessed in the cottages: they know neither my person nor my misfortunes; but they seem disposed to love me because I have not the appearance of a bad man, because I am charitable to them.

The wretches who have used me so cruelly, never suspected me a woman so weak, so unfortunate, so oppressed, would be stronger and more courageous than all of them together. I wish them no ill: I am revenged by the contempt I feel for them; but I am sure that they will succeed by following the bloody track.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have nothing of my friend I have here: \* he has been less good, less generous. I have seen him and his family frequently for some time. They are

angels of goodness. How happy he is! The sight of his bliss does me a great deal of good.

And you have my poor little Josephine.—My God! What will become of her? I shudder when I think how unfortunate she will perhaps one day be. Alas! how agreeable it would have been for me to complete her education! When I think on all that, I thrust my head against the wall, and I do not know what I might not be able to do to myself. Tell me repeat to me my noble friend,\* who has been so kind to me,—repeat to me that I love you all again, and shall enjoy your happiness, for mine is yours for ever, and I have a forewarning that a little corner of ground awaits me in a country churchyard.

Amiable Caroline!† So she is with you. May God bless you! You deserves a friend like you. Tell me where is her husband? Is it true that he directs his steps to the East? Where is he going to? I am uneasy on his account, for he has one of the most noble hearts I ever met with. You will meet again my good friend Mollein. Tell him that I love him, and that I think of him every day, and a great part of each day. Remember me to his lovely wife; I wish her happiness. She is the last person I saw; for I was com-

\* The Queen Hortense.

† Madame Lallemand, the wife of the General.

ing from her home that I [redacted] my liberty, [redacted] her [redacted] compassion has remained engraved in my heart.—Remember me also to Freville; he has given me a proof of friendship of which I keep a dear remembrance. Think on me, all of you, and you in particular, my dear friend,—you of whom I love [redacted] much the noble disposition and courageous mind. I hope you love my dear English [redacted]. Why did so noble an action draw on them [redacted] odious a persecution? What will become of them? The misfortune of Bruce will make me doubly unfortunate myself! It costs dear to act nobly; Vice [redacted] luckier!—Adieu! Adieu!

P. S. If you are back at Emily's *fête*, send her a flower in my [redacted]

## No. VII.

LETTER [redacted] THE SAME TO THE SAME.

From the Banks of Lake Starnberg, 14th August, 1816.

I SHALL not speak of the pleasure your letter gave me, dear friend; that would be ridiculous. You must however know, that the day I received it, [redacted] is to say, [redacted] day before yesterday, I read it twice in the morning, and twice again [redacted] the evening. It appeared [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] if I heard you speak, and almost as if I saw you. In [redacted]



morning I went to read it under the cover of a thick wood which surrounds my hermitage, and I was saved by a storm, that would not have driven me away if I had not been there. I was so much interested in your dear writing. How sweet are the comforts of friendship in the hearts of the unhappy! Past sufferings vanish in reading your letter; futurity smiles on me; and my solitary life gets charms, by the idea that in any other situation I should not have the same enjoyment.

A few days before the arrival of your letter, I experienced a moment of very great happiness. My friend's father-in-law\* whom you saw at the watering-place, came to dine with his son-in-law, and brought me with him. He had made it a condition that I should be of the party. He spoke to me of you with such sincere, such high praise, that I found him a hundred times more venerable than he was. He repeated several times the same words. His reception of me was perfect. He treated me with a degree of kindness and delicacy I would be unable for me to describe. I was a good fortune to his son-in-law and daughter, who are exceedingly kind to me; but let me hope that you also spoke to him of me. The thought does me good.

You will be interested in particulars on my manner of living:—here they are.

I shall now speak of the first six months. My wound

\* The old King of Denmark.

was deep; but my mind was raised to a very high pitch. All my pleasures are destroyed. The implacable truth says, "Thou art in a foreign land, far from the objects of thy love; thou hast banished all the past from thy memory, and thyself in grief by living on thy recollections." Dear friend, I struggle against this terrible situation. I wear out my life with labour, and especially with reading. I have got only two works, but they charm my solitude without fatiguing my imagination. These are, Condillac and Plutarch. The former is a man of excellent judgment, great erudition, and who speaks only in reason. His work is a complete course of education. I find in him Locke raised to perfection, with the elements of history and mathematics. On the other hand, Plutarch fortifies my mind against the strokes of fate. I learn in reading him, how one may fall into misfortune while fulfilling all one's duties, and how, in that case, misfortune is preferable to all the vain happiness of the world. A horrible truth! Three-quarters of the world whose history he wrote, has died violent deaths; and this is the modern and wretched history.

Do you recollect Mr. Sullivan's old husband, that Englishman who was so kind and had such a beautiful collection of pictures? I went there one day with the Queen of Naples. We entered a saloon where there

were ~~the~~ magnificent portraits. ~~All~~ the persons they represented had perished either by the hand of the executioner, or by ~~the~~ ~~of~~ assassins, except Louis XI., who had so many others killed. They were the Duke de Montmorency, Cinq Mars, and De Thou, Henry III., Henry IV., Don Carlos ~~and~~ his unfortunate stepmother, who died poisoned by ~~the~~ ~~of~~ Philip II., Coligny, and, finally, the Prince ~~of~~ Condé, assassinated in so dastardly a manner on the field of battle. When one witnesses such horrors, ~~and~~ ~~has~~ reigned for so long a time, the heart is rent by a sort of despair. One curses civilization, ~~and~~ ~~at~~ being a man.

I do, however, ~~and~~ always give ~~me~~ ~~to~~ such ~~and~~ thoughts: I ~~am~~ ~~am~~ unworthy of ~~my~~ misfortune ~~and~~ it did ~~me~~ ~~me~~ sweet comforts. I frequently think myself happy, not ~~and~~ having escaped from the scaffold, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ having been saved by such ~~and~~ hands. Wife, child, friends, domestics, and even those noble strangers, — all ~~and~~ united, all have wrestled, all ~~and~~ suffered, all have triumphed for me! I have ~~and~~ right ~~and~~ complain of men: ~~and~~ ~~and~~ an unfortunate ~~and~~ one honoured by so much devotion, so much courage! ~~and~~ I have lost nothing in the wreck, and still my grief at times almost becomes despair. Alas! my friend, ~~and~~ I was so happy!—my recollections kill me: and when I succeed in driving ~~and~~ away, or in subjugating

them, the phantom of my poor Country torn to atoms, and so vilely betrayed, throws me into a state of melancholy that makes me burst into tears.

Can it be possible, say, that we should be hurled into the whirlpool of infamy, without being able to do anything of it? What! so many noble efforts, so bloody a struggle, so many triumphs,—all terminating in dishonour and disgrace! No, no, dear friend! I will never see my Country again! Never will I cast down my eyes on the cowardly outrages that are heaped on us—never! But enough of that—for the expression of my indignation might be hurtful to your feelings.

I am going to sketch for you, but I shall not trouble you any thing for some time. At present, I only daub:—you may see Louise,\* who has two of my paintings. Wait a little.

You ask where I live, and how? I live retired, on the borders of a lake that would be no disparagement to Switzerland, the lake is five leagues long by one broad. I occupy a chamber and a cabinet in the lodging of the keeper of a pretty French country house. I have before me my magnificent waters, beautiful wooded hills, and high mountains topped with snow. In my walks, I have the woods, agreeably cut in lanes, and

\* Mademoiselle Cochelet, who was at that time with Queen Hortense.

full of deer, I leave in peace. My hosts are honest peasants, who know how to cook tolerably well Spartan black broth; and it is without pleasure that I eat of brown bread. I have a servant—his presence might be dangerous. My companion is an Italian artist, without reputation, who knows a little of my language, and smokes the livelong day; but I teach him French, and we understand each other tolerably well. He wakes me every morning at six o'clock: we sketch till nine. After the frugal breakfast, we set ourselves again to work till twelve o'clock; and after dinner, from two to five we work again. I afterwards devote three hours to reading. At seven we walk till supper-time. I have taught him to play chess: we play till ten o'clock, and then I lock myself up; but I do not go to bed until one in the morning. These night-hours are sacred to the anguish of my heart, and to all my dismal recollections. I write little—my pen is ill-disposed to that: you will observe it too well by this letter. But I talk much to myself; and I believe if I had pleaded my cause as I do while walking in my cell, I should indeed not have won it, but I should have made the wretches blush that have used me so ill. At last, fatigued with my long soliloquies, I go to sleep, and me to lie down on one of the worst beds in the many, and to suspend for a few hours the recollection

my sufferings, and those occupations by which I strive to divert them.

Adieu, adieu! Why should your mother write to me? We are all unhappy! Alas! her ring has destroyed the power of the Genius of evil—but that was not her fault. I love her much: I should wish to know she is happy; for, that I have no hopes of happiness for myself, that of my friends alone is good. But, adieu, dear excellent friend! write often to me, and if any letters annoy you, you shall be indulgent. When you return to Paris, promise me you will go and embrace my poor child at her boarding-school; but do not show my letter to Emilie, it would make her uneasy. Tell her only that I am well and tranquil. Adieu!—once more adieu!

15th August.

I thought this letter would reach you to-morrow. The opportunity is delayed by which I was to write to you, or rather to Louisa, who will forward it into your hands. I send you a few words for Emilie. See her often, comfort her, protect her if you can. You are great many strangers; praise her to them; and that, in case she is attacked, she may have some support in her good sentiments of their sovereign. Write to your brother for me:—let him know whether he is many thanks. Alas! my friend, you are ima-

grieve how the death of my child has afflicted me! I should be so happy if it were on my mother's breast! Poor Emilie, how dear I cost her! Adieu. Try to write me sometimes: my letters I receive from my friends are my only comfort; and they will last long, for I do not intend to change my mode of living. The sight of men makes me tremble.

When you go home, you must do one thing on which I lay great importance—you must persuade Emilie to have her portrait painted in oil colours by one of our first artists, such as Gerard or Girodet. I have entreated her for it already these twelve years: I had mine painted with purpose to set her the example. Her bad health, and a little negligence, have however made her forget her promise: force her to keep it, I beseech you. Settle that business, and tell her that she will do me a very great pleasure: I shall write to her on the subject, but speak little to her. It will be easy to do it without drawing public attention: I should prefer Gerard; he has been long acquainted with me, and I should be very grateful if he would exert all his talent in it.

## NO. VIII.

MEMOIRE DE M. LAVALETTE (DE SON NOM)  
 ON A MISSION TO SAXONY.

Paris, 15th Pluviose, 2nd year of the Republic.

CITIZEN Lavallette shall write to the First Consul from

the **same** places through which he will pass. He shall give **the** information—

On **the** public spirit.

The coming in **of** the **armies**

The conscripts.

The conduct of the civil **and** military agents.

Citizen Lavallette **shall** seek in Saxony the **best** maps of Germany he **can** find.\* **He shall** get all those that may have appeared since that time.

He **shall** make inquiries into the situation of the Austrian armies in Italy, in Bavaria, in Sussia.

He **shall** write twice in each decade to the Minister of the Foreign Department.

Independently of the diplomatic news, Citizen Lavallette **shall** spare no expense **to** obtain **the** the information he **can** **on** the situation of the armies, the generals, **the** infantry, **the** cavalry, the **the** artillery, **the** the siege artillery.

He shall give me all the information he will be able **to** collect **on** **the** situation of Ulm, and **the** various **of** **the** **and**

He shall direct particular attention to the Russian army, the number **of** its regiments, **the** **the** position. He shall inquire what is going forward in Poland.

\* When I was in Illyria and Carylthia, they printed very fine maps not only of the Hereditary States, but also of all Germany.



He shall address all his military information to General [redacted]

When [redacted] lays out any money to get the required informations, [redacted] shall send over an account, and the sum [redacted] be reimbursed.

BONAPARTE.

## No. IX.

ABSTRACT OF THE [redacted] [redacted] GIVEN BY [redacted]  
[redacted] ON THE [redacted] [redacted] TO [redacted]

3 Pluviose, [redacted] Year.

POLITICAL agents in foreign countries represent the vigilance and force of the government that sends them. In that double point of view, their functions [redacted] graduated on a scale of activity which it is important to unfold in a distinct and precise manner.

1. The political agent secretly observes and watches assiduously even the Government near which [redacted] resides. The observations he makes, the information [redacted] gets, are by him transmitted with [redacted] to his own Government; [redacted] it is by such means that the Government sees by the eyes of its agent all that is useful to the [redacted] interests, [redacted] to them.

2. The political agent [redacted] his watchfulness, [redacted] acquaints the ministers of the Government [redacted] the object of it, [redacted] such a measure, [redacted] an attempt,

they meditate, escaped sagacity; that from the the indication execution shall threaten disturb in degree the existing connexion between the countries, he find means them with all the zeal and energy his duty require.

3. The political agent directly ostensibly into connexion with the Government which resides; but unless he already precise and especial instructions concerning the direct object communications have in view, he is satisfied with notifying to that Government that he is disposed to discuss it, going to take the orders of his Government.

4. Finally, the political agent has received the orders of Government; in this case, he addresses declarations the local Government, and replies them. He debates, discusses, transacts—in word, he negotiates.

Such is the scale of the various functions political agents have to abroad. The Government of Republic having given their approbation the unfolding of it, recommend its study the particular attention of each agent. They equally approve the following reflections, which, comprising the general rules they follow, will acquaint them the responsibility, with means by they may fulfil it.

The first class of duties political agents have to fulfil is entirely limited to the exercise of their vigilance. That vigilance supposes that they have acquired, and that they use all their endeavours to complete their knowledge of the interest and natural rights of the country where they write, which comprises not only the whole extent of our commercial connexions, and the whole of our political connexions. This knowledge is extended and completed by the practice of a well-constituted agency. For the obstacles which impede intercourse diminish the activity and amelioration of commercial connexion, and the means which intrigue, personal ambition, and the selfish character of the government, perpetually lay in the way of freedom of political connexions, are essential parts of political science, and can only be well known to those whose business it is daily to wrestle with them.

In the first class of their duties the political agents are kept back by no restrictions: they are in full and unlimited exercise of their zeal. They try to discover that is susceptible of being known: they transmit to the Government of the Republic all they have succeeded in discovering.

But when they enter into the second class of the duties of their situation, prudence, which is one of the most important qualities that situation requires, must

accompany all their determinations. They have, ■ yet, nothing to do, but to ■ the ministers of the Go- ■ ■ ■ which they reside, ■ that they have penetrated such or such indications of ■ ■ ■ views ; ■ ■ ■ they ■ ■ ■ them in their secret attempts ; ■ ■ ■ they ■ ■ ■ in the track of their projects. However, they must ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ without reflection on such a manifestation of their watchfulness, for the natural ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ prevent or stop the progress of these ministers ; ■ ■ ■ there ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in which it may be more ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ let them go on ; to leave them a wider scope, so as to pronounce themselves more clearly. It may happen ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ being certain of repairing the ambition ■ the ill will of an enterprising minister, it may be more prudent ■ do ■ if ■ ■ did not perceive views which national dignity might wish to ■ ■ ■ retracted as soon ■ they ■ ■ ■ discovered. The skill of the agents ■ ■ ■ in these cases consult the spirit of ■ ■ ■ mission which is entrusted ■ them, ■ ■ ■ the honour of the Government they represent. Here their responsibility lies entirely in the ■ ■ ■ of their discernment.

As ■ ■ ■ third ■ ■ ■ of duties of political agents, it ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ its object ■ ■ ■ to perceive its guarantee. Here the political agent puts himself in an ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ connexion with ■ ■ ■ ministers ■ the local Government. ■ ■ ■ perpetually bear in mind ■ ■ ■ systems ■

rights which are clearly traced by the existing state of things, the received customs, the wording of treaties; and, the question is to ameliorate the established connexion, the states seek the titles in the spirit of the treaties, and in the general system of mutual interests of the two Governments.

Although, in the execution of the duties, the political agent may see with one glance of the eye the result that lies open before him, he must however call all his prudence to his aid before he engages in it: as long as a political agent observes, he has no connexion but with his own government; when he lets his observations be perceived, he enters, in some respect, into an indirect connexion with the ministers, whom he acquaints that they are the objects of his attention; nevertheless, these ministers are yet nothing but power, and derive no advantage from the knowledge they have of the manner in which he fulfils the obligation of his situation; but when the political agent speaks officially, the ministers see in him the government of which he is the organ, and his thought must be for them a perpetual motive of circumspection and discretion.

The rule observed in that respect is, to pre-empt nothing; to act without interrogating; to follow precise instructions, and to be well informed with the principle, that in a matter of positive discussion,

whether ■ ■ ■ declaring ■ in replying, ■ Govern-  
ment alone prepares and negotiates, while ■ diploma-  
■ agents are only its organs.

The diplomatical agents have ■ right either ■ choose,  
■ to allow, or to refuse, or ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ They officially  
declare the determination of the Government they repre-  
■ ■ ■ ■ they are organs without a will of their own,  
they ■ ■ ■ be organs without intelligence. When  
they expect the decision they ■ ■ interpret, they must  
plead justice, and choose the most favourable time and  
■ ■ ■ to insure their success. Their responsibility  
■ wholly in the ■ ■ ■ with which they keep within the  
bounds of their instructions, the sagacity that teaches  
them their real bounds, and the exactness with which  
they conform their conduct to them.

In every instruction regarding a discussion of right,  
there ■ ■ degrees ■ demands or sacrifices which, after  
these instructions have once been laid down by the  
Government that approved of them, ■ ■ ■ ■ leave ■ the  
discernment of the agent who is to act, a great latitude  
of power; but in this he must ■ be mistaken. The  
responsibility of ■ agent is ■ determined by ■ maxi-  
mum of sacrifices ■ the minimums of demands ■  
■ ■ ■ in ■ instructions. The duty ■ ■ ■ ■ ■  
■ ■ ■ essentially in acting in ■ best way possible: he  
■ ■ ■ have continually ■ ■ ■ way ■ ■ ■ eyes,

to animate his [ ] and encourage [ ] endeavours; and [ ] is by these endeavours alone, and not by [ ] result of them, [ ] [ ] conduct shall be judged. For, [ ] prudence, discretion, and [ ] in their fullest extent, belong [ ] [ ] really important part of [ ] diplomatical agent; [ ] also, justification and guarantee, [ ] *their* fullest extent, [ ] essentially into [ ] means of [ ] responsibility.

M. TALLEYRAND.

## XX.

SINCE the beginning of the [ ] there have existed [ ] direct connexions between the Republic and the Government [ ] Saxony. The Elector entered into the [ ] tion, in consequence of the general feeling of anxiety and hatred which not [ ] of the governments of the Empire could resist; he quitted it by the sole act of drawing [ ] [ ] quota, and by [ ] declaration [ ] publication containing [ ] intention of remaining neutral.

From the period of the above-mentioned declaration, the [ ] [ ] that prince to the neutrality of the North [ ] Germany [ ] acknowledged by [ ] Government [ ] the Republic; but that transaction took place by intermediate [ ]. The act which consecrated it [ ] signed only by the [ ] of [ ] King [ ] Prussia, as vouchers [ ] [ ] Conventions of Neutrality, [ ] [ ] Plenipotentiary of the Republic.

However, towards the middle of the sixth year, the Executive Directory wished to have a regular agent near the Court of Saxony. They accordingly sent Helldin-  
ger, who having no predecessor in Dresden, went him-  
self through the necessary forms with the Saxon Ministers.  
He was generally well received, and the Elector expressed  
his satisfaction in having an agent of the Republic  
near his person.

But Citizen Helffinger, though acknowledged by the Ministers, was treated by them with great consideration, displayed a public character at Dresden. His mission was barely one of observation, and the conversation he was authorized to hold with the Foreign Affairs giving opportunities rather to officious than to communications, served only to keep up the mutual good disposition of the governments, and to preserve some of the ancient friendship that connected the countries.

That is the point of view under which Citizen Laval must consider the mission that I entrusted him. As an observer, his part is susceptible of great activity; as a diplomatic agent, his part lies wholly in expectation.

The policy of the Court of Saxony is, on various aspects, like the agency of the Ministers who reside there, an observation policy:—how exterior and interior



obliges him to act with the greatest reserve, and his personal sentiments of the Prince perfectly those principles of prudence and circumspection which circumstances prescribe him to follow.

The nation is, of all the nations of Germany, which, through its character, approaches to the wise reflecting part of the French nation. A constitution which in many points resembles England, by classing and circumscribing the prerogative of the classes, maintains the rights of all, and the jealousy of Liberty always struggles with advantage against the pretensions and encroachments of hereditary power.

This persevering struggle which the grand impulsion given to public opinion by the Revolution has with a double strength, necessarily obliges the Government to great prudence in all its resolutions, might hurry it to an augmentation of expenses, to political combinations of an unknown tendency. Thence a constant attention to keep exterior connexions in bounds, to avoid whatever might lead to engagements. The Court of Saxony has no other wish but that of remaining insulated in the midst of those powers that tend to place the European in a situation of mutual distraction and enmity. Wholly occupied with her administration, and

■ preservation, she has succeeded in neutralizing her ambition ■ well as her territory. She would perhaps have also succeeded, by a principle of interest and wisdom, to guard herself from anti-revolutionary impressions, if those impressions were not attached ■ prejudices and passions that nothing can ■

There exists therefore, many ■ ■ believe that Savoy will not abandon her system of inactivity, unless she be forced to do so, and that she will resist with all her strength the instigations of our enemies. She will ■ protected ■ this wise determination by her position, the good state of her military force, and the personal reputation of the Elector.

Nevertheless, ■ the obstinacy and petulance of the aristocrats and ministers of the Coalition stop before ■ obstacles, Citizen Lavallette will find them constantly occupied in conspiring against the system adopted by the Savoy Government. Their attempts must every where ■ the object of the assiduous observations of an agent of ■ Republic. They must be the principal tint of ■ information Citizen Lavallette must incessantly seek ■ acquire and carefully to transmit to Govern-  
■

By the intrigues that ■ will ■ going forward, ■ of which ■ ■ study to discover ■ ■ he will keep his eyes constantly open ■ ■ England.

If he knows how to figure out the real just situation in which Saxony, her interests, should remain in respect to these two Powers, he will perfectly feel how false abroad is the policy they may wish to place her in any other

The Ministers of the Powers may also be the objects of his watchfulness. The greatest part of them, departing from the principles of their mission, by prepossessions of envy and personal considerations of personal and party interest, often frequently throw out advocates of a cause inimical to the interests of the Government they represent. Their mistaken ideas, by holding them perpetually out of the line of the real concerns of their country with the one that resides in, will make Citizen Lavallée fully understand (and help him in ruling his own conduct) the system of real connections which ought to exist between Saxony and the Governments that have not acceded to the Coalition. That is the task to which he will conduct the inquiries he will constantly apply himself to make on the plans and measures that will seem to deviate from them.

There exists in Saxony an able agent of any friendly Power except Spain. Citizen Lavallée will be freed from his predecessor, and his connexion with the Minister in his personal connexion with the foreign agents, and with those of the Electors, all the information he stands in need of. Citizen Hellfinger is

generally respected at Dresden. The notice and advice he will be eager to give to his Government cannot but be extremely useful to the latter in regard to the success of its missions entrusted to him.

M. TALLEYRAND.

# No. XI.

Paris, 11 Nivôse, of the 9th Year of the French Republic,  
One and Indivisible.

THE MINISTERS OF THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT, TO CITIZEN  
LAVALLÉE.

CITIZEN,

I HAVE to acquaint you with the convention for the cessation of hostilities that has been concluded between General Moreau and the Archduke Charles. You will find the particulars of it in this day's *Moniteur*, which I inclose. This new suspension of hostilities, consented to before the gates of Vienna, by an army whose march no obstacle could stop, will be in the eyes of Europe a proof of the moderation of Government and its invariable disposition to pursue the war in any other view than to obtain peace. We may last believe that Austria will yield to necessity, and that the present truce will be converted into a definitive peace.

I salute you.

M. TALLEYRAND.

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